

Johnson's Library
NEW MEMOIRS

ESTABLISHING

A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND,

BY DISCOVERING THE

AFFECTIONS of the HEART,

AND THE

OPERATIONS of the UNDERSTANDING,

In the various Scenes of Life :

BEING

A CRITICAL INQUIRY

INTO THE

Nature of Friendship and Happiness.

AND

ESSAYS on other Important SUBJECTS.

By the MARQUIS d'ARGENS,

Lord of the Bed-Chamber to the King of Prussia, Director of his Royal Academy of Sciences, and Author of the *Jewish Spy*.

INTERSPERSED WITH

LETTERS from the Baron de Spon, the Emperor's Minister at Berlin ; from a Member of the Royal Society at London, &c.

AND

TWO NOVELS, *Spanish* and *French* ; shewing the Tragical Effects of *Jealousy* ; the dissembling Arts of *Coquetry* ; and the unhappy State of the *Comedian*.

WITH

Thoughts on the Art of BEAUTIFYING the FACE.

By MADEMOISELLE COCHOIS,

The FAVOURITE both of the Court, and the Theatre, of Berlin.

V O L. II.

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NEW MEMORIALS

AT THE
APPOINTMENT OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LANDS

AND
THE
REVENUE

IN
THE
YEAR 1841

AND
THE
REVENUE

IN
THE
YEAR 1841

AND
THE
REVENUE



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NEW



New Memoirs, &c.

VARIOUS and CRITICAL
REFLECTIONS
ON A
HAPPY LIFE:

BY THE
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

CHAP. I.

*What the Ancients wrote concerning a
Happy Life.*



THE ancient Philosophers, who treated of the Things which had a Tendency to make Life happy, indulg'd themselves, in the general, too much in metaphysical Ideas. They did not consult simple Nature, but suffer'd themselves to be carry'd away by their Imagination; and made true Happiness

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to

9. | to consist in a chimerical Being, which existed nowhere but in their own Ideas. They were for putting Mankind on a Rank with the Deity, and pretended that their Happiness only consisted in the Love of Virtue; so that whoever was virtuous, let his Misfortunes be ever so great, was always happy. But every Day's Experience is a Contradiction to such Sentiments; and the most virtuous People are sensibly convinc'd, that they are often very unhappy, and have sore Vexation. 'Tis true that Virtue serves to comfort them under such Trouble, and to give them Strength to support it; but, after all, they still feel it; and, tho' they acquiesce in it as a Stroke of Fortune, which they can neither ward off, nor prevent, yet they are very sorry to suffer it, and cannot think themselves happy, notwithstanding all the Assurances that the Philosophers can give them that they are so in reality. 'Tis very singular, not to call it senseless, for one Man to go about to persuade another that he does not suffer, when he feels acute Pains; that he is rich, when he is miserably poor; that he is content, when he is devour'd by Chagrin; in fine, that he is perfectly happy, when he is truly wretched.

The Discourses of the Stoics on the *perfect Happiness* of their wise Men were not only contrary to Truth, but repugnant to good Sense; and I wonder that Notions so chimerical, as those Philosophers entertain'd concerning Happiness, did not deprive them of their Reputation with all Men of Sense. Where is the Man, who will but reflect and examine whether a Discourse is right or wrong, but must clearly see that there is nothing so inconsistent with Truth, as all *Cicero's* frothy Eloquence.

Eloquence to prove, in his second Paradox, that whoever has Virtue, has every thing necessary to render him happy. *As there is no happy State*, said he, *for those who have not Wisdom, Virtue, and Fortitude, so the Condition of those who have them, can never be hard and unhappy*. Is it possible to advance an Opinion, of which we have in ourselves a stronger and more evident Conviction that it is wrong? Who can deny, but with all the Wisdom and all the Virtue possible, he may be a Sufferer? Does Wisdom remove the Pains in a Fit of the Stone? Does Virtue cure those of the Gout? Wisdom and Virtue indeed assist such as are attack'd with those Distempers to support them with less repining than other Men; but they are still painful, and render those who are attack'd with them very unhappy.

The Argument by which *Cicero* pretended to make it appear that there can be no bad or unhappy State for those who have Virtue, is a downright Paralogism, and I wonder that so great a Man was not ashamed to make use of it. 'Whoever, *said he*, is worthy of Praise and Esteem, for his Manners and Virtue, is in a Condition that is to be esteem'd. Now a Condition that is to be esteem'd, is not to be fear'd or avoided; tho' if it were a miserable one, it were to be fear'd. Every Condition, therefore, which is estimable, far from being miserable, is happy and flourishing, and by Consequence desirable.' *Cicero* confounded things together, which ought to be separated. Though the Condition of virtuous Men is laudable and estimable, with regard to the Virtue which appears in them, it does not follow that it is desirable if it be miserable in any

other respect, as may very well be the Case. The Evils which the most virtuous Men suffer, are as truly Evils as those which the Wicked endure. They feel the burning of a Fever, the Inconveniencies of Heat and Cold, the Necessity of eating, drinking, and sleeping, and, in fine, are subject to all the Pains and all the Wants to which Nature has made other Men liable. Therefore the Virtue which they have, does not hinder their Condition from being sometimes very miserable, and indeed to be dreaded rather than desir'd. All the Arguments of the Stoics cannot change the Nature of Evils, which are always such in themselves; so that their Discourses are mere Delusions, which can only impose on such, who being happy and content, never knew Pain and Sorrow, or, at least, but slightly, and in such a manner as scarce made any Impression on them. No wonder that such People suffer themselves to be deluded by the captivating Speeches of the Stoics, and to be seduc'd by their pompous Objections which seem to be charg'd with the sublimest Idea of Virtue, tho' in the main, 'tis a pernicious Idea, because by striving to exalt Virtue, they raise it to a lofty Pitch, above the Reach of Mankind to attain it.

The Temper of the Stoics had a very great Influence on their Opinion. They maintain'd or condemn'd an Hypothesis, according as it suited their Self-love. As they were exceeding vain, they affected to pass for Men who had nothing in common with the Vulgar. They strove to be consider'd as Demi-Gods, who were not subject to human Misfortunes, and the Name of Virtue which they incessantly larded all their Propositions with, serv'd as an Authority for all their Opinions.

They

They resembled the *Pharisees*, and cover'd their Pride, Ambition, and all their Vices with the Mask of a violent Love for Probity : And as to their Wisdom, 'twas only an artful Imposture. The Philosophers in general have done more Harm to Mankind than Good ; and those who are at this Day their Imitators, and who make use of their Doctrine to defend Opinions, as false as they are singular, discredit the Study of Philosophy with Men who think honestly, because they give the Title of Philosophers to those who are for establishing Chimeras as Points essential to Morality.

Seneca wrote a Treatise on a happy Life, wherein there is a great deal of Wit, of which that Author had an infinite Share ; yet the false Opinions he maintains in it, render it very defective. 'Tis certain that a very bad Cause may be defended by Wit, which, unfortunately, is too often the Case with Men of Letters, who are generally more studious to please by florid Harangues, than by solid Arguments. A Man who should look into *Seneca's* Work for the Means of rendring himself happy, would scarce find any but Precepts in a manner impracticable, and Comforts altogether as afflicting as Sorrow itself : And one of our best Poets had reason to say,

*Homere adoucit mes mœurs
Par ses riantes images,
Senèque aigrit mes humeurs
Par ses préceptes sauvages :
En vain d'un ton de Rheteur,
Épictète a son Lecteur
Prêche le Bonheur suprême ;*

*J'y trouve un consolateur
Plus affligé que moi-même.*

i. e.

Homer softens my Temper by his pleasant Images, *Seneca* sowers it by his rigid Precepts, *Epictetus* preaches supreme Happiness to his Readers in the rhetorical Stile, but in vain ; for the Comfort I find there is greater Affliction than what I felt before.

C H A P. II.

In what True Happiness consists.

THE principal Fault in the Stoics Definition of true Happiness is, that it makes it consist in one thing only ; whereas there must be several other Constituents, without which a Man cannot be happy. *There is no Good*, says Cicero, *but Honesty and Virtue ; and no good and no happy Life, but what is conformable to both.* This Philosopher was in the right to assert, that without Virtue, Life cannot be happy ; but he advances also what we see and know every Day to be false, when he asserts, that Virtue alone is the only Good, and that it is sufficient of itself to render Life happy. We have seen that 'tis possible for Men to be virtuous, and at the same time unhappy ; and we shall not insist more largely on the Proof of what all virtuous Men are already convinc'd of. We will suppose Cases that are but too frequent, *viz.* that a Man loses his Estate and is reduc'd to Beggary ; that he sees his Children suffer

suffer an ignominious Death by the Hands of the Hangman; that he loses the only Friend he had left in the World, by Shipwreck; that he is disgrac'd by his Wife's being debauch'd, or his Daughter ravish'd. Can such a Man be happy, and is Virtue sufficient to make him feel complete Felicity! Such Talk comes better out of the Mouth of a Fool than a Philosopher. Such a Man can, in no Sense, be pronounc'd happy, except he be an unnatural Father, a base Friend, and a dishonest Husband; whereas the Stoics' wise Man, whom Virtue alone renders fortunate, is a Person truly venerable!

*Can such
be virtuous*

True Happiness consists in three things. 1. In such an Innocence that the Mind has nothing criminal to reproach it with. 2. In learning to be content with that Station wherein Heaven has plac'd us. 3. In the Enjoyment of perfect Health. If either of these be wanting, we cannot be truly happy. Virtue is at that time of Service to comfort us, but it cannot exempt us from the Evils which we suffer. There is a great Difference betwixt comforting a Man, and curing him: We assist the Former to bear up under his Misfortunes, but we change the Pain and Sorrow of the Latter into Pleasure and Joy.

'Tis certain that a Man who abandons himself to Wickedness, be his Estate, Dignity, or Post, ever so great or eminent, cannot be happy. The Wicked are their own Judges; the Horror of their Crimes follows them wherever they go; and tho' their Guilt is so far unknown to the Public that they pass for Men of Virtue, yet they are not easy in their Minds. *The worst Punishment,* says Juvenal, *which a wicked Man suffers, is, that*

he cannot declare himself innocent, tho' he is acquitted and discharged out of Court; and tho' the Prætor takes a Bribe, and obtains him a Pardon, yet he cannot absolve himself. 'Tis a Mistake to think that bad Men can intirely stifle the Remorse of Conscience. Sometimes they fancy they are above the Reproaches of it; but soon after, they condemn themselves, they are struck with a secret Horror, persecute themselves, and are their own Executioners. The Torments which they endure are not to be express'd; and is it not a question whether there is any one more cruel in Hell than a Conscience bearing secret witness in the Soul against a Man's Guilt Day and Night? No Pleasures, Banquets, Plays, or any other Representations, nor even the Charms of Love, can restore a Calm to a Breast which is troubled with a Remorse for Wickedness. Conscience is not silent in the most pompous Entertainments, but like an implacable Fury which nothing can pacify, it poisons the most dainty Dishes, and turns the most lively Mirth into Uneasiness.

They who appear to us to be the boldest Offenders, are the most timorous after the Commission of their Crimes: They are equally afraid of the Indignation of Men, and the Wrath of Heaven, and turn pale at the least Flash of Lightning. If it thunders, they are half dead; for they do not consider it as proceeding from a natural Cause, but imagine that Heaven, provoked at their Wickedness, is ready to dart its Thunderbolts at their guilty Heads. Nor are they much more tranquil after the Storm is over; for they imagine it only a Reprieve from their deserv'd Punishment. The slightest Malady that seizes them they take

take to be mortal, and what will deprive them of this Life, to give them a new one full of Torments. I make no question, that if the Wicked did but foresee what Troubles their Crimes would involve them in, they would abstain from committing them ; but they do not begin to see and feel the Enormity of them, till after they have committed them ; yet they go on to perpetrate new ones, because of their natural Bias to Wickedness ; so that they cannot help doing the Evil which in their Judgment they condemn. They hope to be less troubled in Conscience by fresh Transgressions than by the former, and flatter themselves that they shall make Wickedness familiar to them by repeated Acts of it. What Wretches are these, who think to obtain a Cure by what increases their Disease, and are incessantly procuring themselves new Torments !

The common People, who only judge by external Appearances, very often think Men happy who are actually devour'd with Chagrin. They cannot conceive how a Sovereign, to whom all is Obedience, can be unhappy ; that a great Nobleman, who keeps a plentiful House, who has Mistresses, Domesticcs, Equipages, Palaces, and Manors, can be tormented with a thousand Uneasinesses ; but wise Men know that this Sovereign, who does not govern by the Rules of Justice, finds that he is hated by his People, despised by foreign Nations, and doom'd to be transmitted to Posterity as a wicked Prince. There is no Man, be he ever so bad, but is sorry to be hated and despised. The Wicked have a Love for themselves as well as the Good ; and while they have so, Hatred and Contempt wound them. If we

read the History of the most cruel and savage Tyrants, we shall find them more than once lamenting that they were the Abhorrence of Mankind ; and their Vexation at the Thoughts of it made them still more fierce and barbarous ; whereas they had not been so bloody and inflexible, if they knew they had not been so much detested. They committed the more Crimes, to be reveng'd for the Abhorrence form'd of them ; and such their Vengeance added to the Measure of their own Uneasiness, and of the Public Hatred.

Therefore no Man can be truly happy, let his Condition be what it will, if he be not virtuous. The Prince and the Peasant are on the same Footing in this respect ; and the one is as much punish'd by Remorse, on his Throne, as the other is at his Plough. Whoever seeks to live a happy Life ought to be more afraid of Guilt than of Death ; for the Latter only puts an end to our Days, whereas the Former renders them unhappy. The virtuous Man, when he dies, goes to the Enjoyment of much greater Happiness than what he loses ; whereas the Criminal, while he lives, is overwhelm'd with Misfortunes here, and tormented with the Fear of those that threaten him in the Life to come ; and tho' he should not believe the Immortality of the Soul, yet he would not be the less unhappy, because he would have no Hopes of finding a Change of his Misfortunes into Happiness, after his Death.

The second thing which is absolutely necessary towards leading a happy Life is, to know how to make ourselves easy in the Station wherein Heaven has plac'd us. If a Man has a Competency ; if he has every thing that is needful to keep him
from

from Want; why should he envy others for the Possession of great Riches, which perhaps would only conduce to render him unhappy? 'Tis not *Wealth*, as *Horace* wisely says, *that makes a Man happy. None can be esteem'd happy, but they who are so wise as to be satisfy'd with whatever the Gods send them.* When Men give themselves up to their Ambition, and don't put a Check to their Desires, they become Slaves to their Passions; and wherever those bear arbitrary Sway over a Man, he is sure to be always unhappy.

The wisest and most important thing in Life is, to be able to know how to be content with the Portion allotted us by Heaven. He who is for encreasing his Revenues, by illegal Methods, is tormented by Remorse; and he who strives to encrease them by honest Methods, but such as are painful, is oppress'd with Care and Anxiety; two Faults which must equally be avoided, if we would live happy. Why should we be perpetually thinking of what we may want some Years hence? We should leave every thing to Contingencies, and make the best of it that we can. Besides, do we know certainly that it would be for our Advantage, if Heaven was to gratify our Wishes? Perhaps from the very Moment that we saw them fulfill'd, we should date the Beginning of Misfortunes which would sink us, and never leave us till Death; at least certain it is, that they would encrease the Thirst after Riches in us, and would only render our Avarice the stronger. When once the Heart is set upon the amassing of Wealth, the Treasures of all the Princes upon Earth cannot satisfy it: *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa*

pecunia crescit; the more a Man has, the more he covets. Avarice is a Passion, which can never be satisfy'd; the more we seek to gratify it, the stronger it grows, and the more it manifests its Power. 'Tis an unmerciful Tyrant, which nothing can pacify: Or rather, I will call it a Devil within us, who makes us act as he pleases, and leaves us not a Moment's Freedom. ' If, ' says Persius, your Masters are the Natives of ' your own Breast, and if they play the Tyrant, ' are you not as much Slaves as the Lackey that ' is afraid of Correction, if he does not do what ' he is bid? You lie dissolv'd in Sloth all the ' Morning; come, rise quickly, says Avarice: ' What! don't you stir? Get up, I say. *Alas!* ' *I can't.* Don't tell me that; get up. *I am* ' *so easy, why should I rise?* D'ye ask for what? ' Why, get aboard that Ship; go and scour the ' Sea, and bring home a Cargo of Fish, Beaver- ' Skins, Ebony; exchange Goods for Goods; ' perjure yourself; don't hesitate one Moment. ' *But Jupiter—— Jupiter!* What an Idiot thou ' art! If you think of nothing but how to please ' *Jupiter*, you'll be a Beggar, and a miserable ' Wretch, for your Life.' This is a Picture, not less true than lively, of the fatal Consequences of the Lust of amassing Riches. A Man needs not be a Philosopher, to be sensible that an honest Mediocrity is infinitely more desirable than immense Riches; 'tis sufficient if we hearken to plain Reason, and if we will but make use of it.

Great Honours and Dignities are altogether as unlikely as Riches to procure a happy Life. A Peasant may be happy, tho' he is not a Judge, or Justice of the Peace, in his Village; a Citizen ought

ought not to envy the Office of the Sheriff, nor a Member of Parliament that of the Chancellor. In all States we may be easy, if we acquit ourselves in all Relations to them with Honour and Prudence. Employments are so far from rendring a Man the more happy, that commonly they do but diminish his Felicity, by subjecting him to a greater Number of Duties that are indispensable, and which he cannot neglect without failing in his Obligations to himself and the Public, and consequently without forfeiting his Happiness; because, by the Principle we have establish'd, 'tis prov'd, that whoever is dishonest cannot be happy.

Wise Men always knew how difficult it was to enjoy perfect Tranquility, and to be at the same time in high Posts. They did their utmost to avoid Dignities, which, by raising them above other Men, laid them under new Obligations. They thought the Condition of a mere private Man more likely to render them happy, than that which was offer'd to them; and never accepted Employments till they were forc'd to it, and till they could not refuse them, without the Breach of Order, and of their Obligations to Society; but they were sure to resign them, as soon as they found a fair Opportunity. Thus acted Mr. *Locke*: When he could no longer stay in *London*, he resign'd his Post to the King, alledging, that he was oblig'd to go into the Country on account of his Health. Nevertheless the King solicited Mr. *Locke* to keep his Post; and told him expressly, that if he stay'd in *London* but a few Weeks in a Year, yet his Services in that Place would be of use to him; but at last his Majesty comply'd with Mr. *Locke's* Solicitation; who
could

could not prevail on himself to hold an Employment of such Importance as his was, without performing the Duties of it regularly.

It may be said of Offices, Birth, Kindred, and Riches, that all these things are according as they are consider'd by those who enjoy them. They may be reckon'd as Blessings to those that know how to make use of them; but they become great Misfortunes to those who don't make the Use of them which they ought to do: And as it requires great Wisdom for a Man to know how to conduct himself in Prosperity, the Wealth and Grandeur which raise us above other Men are commonly more prejudicial than useful: From being real Advantages they become Misfortunes, and are Obstructions to the Happiness of Life; but because Honours and Dignities may become dangerous by the Use that may be made of them, we must not infer from thence, as *Seneca* does, *That there's no Republic that can bear with a wise Man; nor no wise Man that can live in the Offices of any Republic.* This is a wrong Way of arguing. Be a Magistrate ever so wise, he may live very happily, if he performs the Functions of his Office with Honour; nay the wiser he is, the happier he will be; and 'tis ridiculous to pretend, that 'tis absolutely impossible for a Man charg'd with the Affairs of the Public to be happy. *Seneca's* Arguments in support of his Opinion are only mere Declamations. 'I ask you, *says he*, to what Republic you would chuse to go? Would it be to *Athens*, where the Virtuous are punish'd thro' Envy, where *Socrates* was condemn'd, and from whence *Aristotle* fled for fear of the like Fate? Or would it be to that of the Carthaginians,

' *thaginians*, where Sedition is continually raging,
 ' where Liberty is prejudicial to the most virtu-
 ' ous of the Citizens, where Justice and Equity
 ' are despis'd, and where Hostilities are actually
 ' exercis'd against their own Subjects? The wise
 ' Man, no doubt, will also shun this State. If
 ' I were at liberty to name all Governments, one
 ' after another, I should not find one that can
 ' bear with a wise Man, nor one that a wise Man
 ' can bear with.' What Man is there, if he has
 the least Penetration, but must see the Errone-
 ousness of *Seneca's* Way of Reasoning? For if
 his Opinion was admitted, it would follow, in
 the first place, that all Republics ought to have
 Knaves for their Governors, or at least Fools;
 which would be the Ruin of all Societies. But a
 wise and virtuous Man, who is call'd to public
 Offices by his Power and Fortune in the World,
 ought to be so far from refusing them because some
 are occupy'd by wicked Men, that Virtue on the
 contrary ought to induce him to accept them, in
 order by his Justice to counterpoise the Injustice
 of wicked Judges, and as far as possible to redress
 the Wrong done to honest Men. The unjust
 things that are done in the Government, when,
 tho' a Judge, he has no Hand in them, ought to
 disturb him no more than if he was but a private
 Man. One may disapprove an unjust Sentence,
 and be mortify'd at it, without being a Privy-
 Counsellor or Member of Parliament. There
 was not a Citizen in virtuous *Athens* who was not
 uneasy at the Sentence pass'd upon *Socrates*. One
 of his Judges, who was for acquitting him, and
 who, notwithstanding his Vote, saw him carry'd
 out to suffer Death, could not be more afflicted
 than

than such Citizen; on the contrary, he must have an Advantage of the Citizen, in the comfortable Reflection that he had done every thing in his Power to save that wise Philosopher's Life. When a Magistrate performs the Duty of his Office like a Man of Honour, the Fooleries that are committed by his Collegues ought not to give him any more Pain than they do other Citizens, and by consequence cannot affect the Happiness of his Life. If *Seneca* had only said, that it was easier for a wise Man, under any Government whatsoever, to be happy in a private Station than in being advanc'd to a Post of Honour, he would have argued justly; but 'tis wrong to imagine, that a Man may not be happy in the highest Posts, when he endeavours all he can to discharge his Duty. Great Men cannot so easily come at the Enjoyment of perfect Tranquility, as little ones can; but 'tis possible for them both to attain to it.

Perhaps it will be ask'd, that if 'tis easier for mere private Men to be happy, than great ones; why the latter, who desire to be happy and tranquil, don't descend to be private Men? The Reason is very plain; 'tis because they are so attach'd to their Office or Station, by what they owe to their Family, their Country, their Prince, and themselves, that they cannot quit it without Breach of their Duty. Should they take a Step which they knew was not fitting for them, they would not be happy in such new State, because the thing which is most essential to the Happiness of Life is, to have nothing wherewith a Man can reproach himself. 'Tis natural therefore for Men of Wisdom and Penetration to continue in the Posts wherein Heaven has plac'd them, and to which it has allotted

allotted them; and that they should endeavour therein to make themselves happy, without having recourse to an Alteration, which, instead of being for the better, would be to their Prejudice, and distance them for ever from the Mark which they would fain arrive at.

C H A P. III.

Of certain Cases wherein 'tis allowable for Persons to alter their Condition.

THE general Maxim we have been establishing, that every one must study to be easy in his Station, is liable, however, to several Exceptions. For if we are in a Post where Crime of any sort is necessary, if a Man cannot avoid submitting himself to unjust Customs, and being a Tool to the Wickedness of a Prince, the Cabals of a Party, the Misdemeanors of a Leader; 'tis then not only lawful, but virtuous, to change ones Condition. And be the new Station what it will, so long as a Man is not forc'd to act in it against his Conscience, he will always be happier than in that which he quitted. All the Treasures in the World, and the greatest Honours, ought not to make us fond of an Employment that renders us criminal, that gives us Matter of Vexation every Day, and will, some time or other, deliver us over to Remorse, the more cruel, because the Repentance for the Faults committed, will come too late to repair the Evil we have done. The most considerable Advantages are no longer such, when they

they make us abandon Virtue, but they are Evils more pernicious than Famine and the Pestilence.

Men are only obliged to remain in their Station, when they are therein necessary to the Good of the Community: When they are indifferent to it, they may leave it; but when their Continuance in it is hurtful to the Community, they are under a Necessity of abandoning it. As a Man keeps his Post, without regard to his Tranquillity, so he ought not to continue in it purely for the sake of getting Riches. Money is either our Tyrant or our Slave; it tyrannizes over the Person, who either for keeping or acquiring it, is guilty of Dishonesty; but 'tis the Slave of him who knows how to make a proper use of it, and can part with it when needs must, without Regret. Every wise Man knows that 'tis better that Money should obey us, than we should obey Money; and he thinks the same with regard to Stores, Employments, and other things; the Goodness of which is only dependent on the Use we make of them.

'Tis also allowable for a Man to alter his Station, and to think what he wishes to obtain as the more happy one, if such a Change can be made without failing in his Duty. A Merchant, who after having gain'd vast Wealth, gets himself ennobled, and thinks he shall be more happy when a Patrician than a Plebeian, places his Happiness in a thing which many People would not value; but after all, he does very well to content himself, and gratify a lawful Ambition, which perhaps depriv'd him of Part of the Pleasure he took in his Fortune. That Magistrate who, weary of the Exercise of his Office, sells it to a Man of known Merit,

Merit, and Capacity for it, and is desirous of retiring to private Life, cannot be blam'd. He discharges his Obligation to the Community by the Choice of his Successor, and procures himself the desir'd Satisfaction. The Peasant who advances himself to the Rank of a Burgher; the Burgher who turns Merchant; the Woman who, after having settled the Affairs of her Family to her Mind, retires to a Convent; the Father who accepts of Offices, with a View of placing his Children in them; all these are in the right to alter their Station, it being certain there was something wanting that disturb'd their Happiness in that which they quitted. An Endeavour to gratify Desires that are lawful is an Indication of a Man of Sense.

We have asserted, that Health was one of the three essential Articles in the Happiness of Life; and we look upon it also as one of the Reasons why a Person may change his Condition; because without Health Life is but a Burden; and Death itself is preferable to Years of Pain. There is nothing so silly as what the Stoics advance with regard to Health. According to them, 'tis not a real Good; because such Good cannot be destroy'd, but is secure against all Attacks from without. From the same Principle upon which those Philosophers asserted that Health was not a real Good, they pretended that Pain was not an Evil; because Evil was nothing more or less than a Disagreement with Order: And from these two Principles they concluded, that as there was no happy State for those who were not furnish'd with Wisdom and Virtue; so there could be no evil or unhappy one, for those who had Virtue, Wisdom, and Fortitude. So that, according to
the

the Stoics, a virtuous Man, tho' dead alive, was in a very happy State. As foolish and absurd as this Opinion is, *Cicero* has display'd all his Eloquence to prove it very conformable to Reason and Nature. If we may believe him, he would have been glad to have suffer'd the severest Tortures; and one would be tempted to think that he could have been as easy in a Barrel, stuck with Iron Spikes, as in a Bagnio. 'No, says he, ' I never thought the Condition of *Regulus* either ' unhappy, uneasy, or to be pitied; for the Tortures which the *Carthaginians* made him suffer, ' could make no Impression on his Magnanimity, ' nor his Wisdom, nor his Probity, nor his Constancy, nor any other of his Virtues, nor consequently on his Understanding. 'Twas in the ' Power of his Enemies to seize his Body, and ' make it suffer what they pleas'd, but his Soul ' being fortify'd, and as it were surrounded with ' so many Virtues, was intirely out of their Reach.' If *Cicero* had not so far indulg'd his Imagination, or if he had had a violent Fit of the Gout when he wrote all these fine things, he would have been sensible that the Soul of the greatest Man, as well as that of a Porter, is forc'd to participate of the Sufferings of the Body. In vain will such Soul affect to soar above Suffering, and to separate itself, as it were, from the Body: All the great Sentiments which it calls that Moment to its Assistance, will not hinder it from being subject to the general Laws of Nature, and from sharing in the Pains of the Body.

That a Man who is a Sufferer, be he ever such a Philosopher, most certainly wishes for an End to the Evil which he endeavours, is a Truth which
none

none but a Madman or an impudent Liar will deny : Whereas, if such a Man did not consider Trouble or Pain as an Evil, he would not care how long it lasted, but would consider it as an indifferent thing, which, whether it existed or not, 'twas all one to him. I agree that Persons of Virtue and Firmness of Mind bear their Misfortunes with more Patience than others ; but tho' they endeavour not to be overwhelm'd with Grief, and strive to suffer with Constancy what cannot be avoided, they are not the less sensible of the Evil. 'Tis with Pains of the Body as with those of the Mind. A Man loses his Son, his Estate, his Mistress, his Friend ; he says to himself every thing that he thinks capable of giving him Comfort ; he fortifies his Mind that it may not sink under the Pressure of Melancholy ; yet the Loss which he regrets, touches him to the quick. He puts a Dressing on his Wound, but 'tis not cured, it will bleed a long time, and perhaps never will be heal'd. Another has the Stone or the Gout, he suffers great Torture, he resolves to do what he can to diminish them, he studies for what may operate a Cure ; and if he does not expect it, he hopes that Death will put an End to his Pains. The Hopes either of a Cure or of a Coffin encourage him to take Patience.

If those Men who were so eminent for their Virtue, did not think the Pains of the Mind and the Body as real Evils ; if their Souls, in the midst of Torment, could receive no manner of Harm ; if the Triumphs of their Enemies ; if the Outrages which they receiv'd from them, did not disturb the Tranquillity of their Mind ; if they could bear up under all the Accidents of this mortal

tal Life ; if they despis'd the Insults of Fortune ; and if, as *Cicero* says, their Virtue form'd an impregnable Rampart, which hindred them not only from being vanquish'd, but so much as shaken ; Why did the most renowned of those virtuous Men kill themselves to put an End to the Pains which they felt, or to avoid those which they fear'd ? The Shame and Vexation which *Cato* suffer'd at falling under the Power of *Cæsar*, oblig'd him to put an End to his own Life. This Man, so wise, that the Ancients set him up singly against all the Gods, could not bear the Thoughts of seeing his Conqueror. What do all *Cicero's* Arguments avail, when there is a Necessity of putting them in Practice ? They vanish, and suffer the Fate of all chimerical Notions which have but a false Lustre : They stand their Ground while they are only speculative, but when they come to be reduc'd to Practice, they appear but Delusions, like Dreams to Persons awaking out of their Sleep. It must be allow'd, therefore, that both Reason and Nature convince us every Moment that Pain is an Evil, and Health consequently a very great Good, because this alone excludes all Disorders of the Body. Without Health 'tis impossible to be truly happy, and the greatest Wisdom can be but a small Mitigation of the Sorrow and Pains which we feel by the Loss of it.

Health being absolutely necessary to the Tranquillity of Life, surely we may be at Liberty to quit a Station that deprives us of it, because whatever Care we take in other Respects to be happy in such a Situation, we can never be truly so without Health. What signifies good Cheer to a
Man

Man who has no Stomach or a bad Digestion ? What signify Riches to one who is bed-ridden, and forced to live on Broth and Barley-water ? What Advantage does a Person reap from Honours who has not the Enjoyment of the Pleasure of Society, and only the poor Comfort to find himself call'd, *Your Highness*, by his Physician, Surgeon, and such of his Family as are appointed to attend him in a long Illness ? Is the Reputation acquir'd by a General, an able Magistrate, or an illustrious Scholar of much Ease to them in a Fit of the Gout ? In short, all the good Things of this World become as it were insignificant, and lose three fourths of their Value without Health, which therefore we cannot take too great Precaution for preserving, or for recovering it when lost. Nothing can oblige us to continue in a State that deprives us of it, but such Reasons as compel us to continue in it, tho' it be with the Hazard of our Lives. We should prize Honour and Virtue more than Life ; and every honest Man dreads Guilt more than Death. Moreover, the Health which we should acquire at the Expence of our Probity would not make us happy ; for by gaining one of the Points essential to the Happiness of Life, we should be depriv'd of another, which is the Testimony of a good Conscience ; and the Soul would be a Loser, tho' the Body should be a Gainer, there being no true Happiness without the Tranquility of both.

C H A P. IV.

That it is not in our Power to make ourselves happy.

WHAT we have been saying necessarily leads us to an Enquiry, whether 'tis in our own Power to be truly happy? This is what has been asserted by several of the ancient Philosophers, and assented to by many of the Moderns; but neither the one nor the other spoke as they thought. They have affected to establish an Hypothesis, but study'd to give it a Lustre rather than Solidity. How could they imagine that Happiness was in their own Power, since it must unavoidably happen many times, that when they most desir'd to be happy, they were unfortunate? Was it in their Power to prolong the Lives of their Friends or Kindred? Could they exempt themselves from the troublesome Duties which they were oblig'd to discharge? Had they Health whenever they wanted it? Were they exempt from the Pains either of the Mind or Body? As they had not all these things in their Power, and at their Disposal, therefore it was not in their Power to be happy, because most of those things make Life either happy or miserable.

Men must surely be very much blinded with Pride, and must reflect very little on their own Case, who tho' by the State of Nature they are not only expos'd to all Evils, but are often unavoidably overwhelm'd by them, yet persuade themselves, and would make others also believe, that 'tis in their Power to be happy; that is to say, to controul

controul the Elements, so that they may have nothing to fear from the Rigour of the Winter, or the Heats of the Summer ; and that neither they, nor those whom they love, may ever be sick : For, in short, the Happiness of Men could not be at their Command, unless every thing which contributed to such Happiness was determin'd by their Will and Pleasure.

A Man of Sense is convinc'd that he may be unhappy, even at the Time when he hopes to be most happy. He knows that he is not secure from the Strokes of Fortune, that he is liable to Distempers, and Death, and that in spite of all his Wishes and Precautions, his Joy may be turned in one Moment into Sorrow, and his Health into a Consumption. Our Condition depends not on our own Will, but on that of Heaven, which sends us Good or Evil as it thinks fit. One of the most evident Proofs of the Immortality of the Soul is the Impossibility we find ourselves under of procuring ourselves the Happiness we aim at in spite of the Frowns of Fortune. We have it in Idea, we know that there is such a thing, and yet we can't acquire it when Fortune does not favour us. It must therefore be reserv'd for us in another Life, and the Hopes we have of finding it there, is the best Remedy to comfort us under our Misfortunes, and to give us a Fore-taste of that Happiness in Part.

The wise Man only depends on the present Moment, without tormenting himself for the Prevention of what may happen to him. He uses the Precautions which every Man of Sense ought to take, because he would not have reason to reproach himself for having been the Cause of the

Evils that may happen to him, and then waits resign'd to the Destiny reserv'd for him. He knows that God in his Wisdom has thought fit to fold up Futurity in thick Darkneſs, and laughs at thoſe Mortals who preſume to look beyond the Limits which the Divine Being has preſcrib'd to them. Such insignificant Precautions only ſerve to teize thoſe by whom they are taken, and to rob them of the Pleaſures of the preſent Moment, without ſecuring them againſt the Miſfortunes which they fear hereafter. We ought inceſſantly to bear in Mind that Maxim of *Horace*, Ode xxix. *Lib.* iii.

———ille potens ſui
*Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
 Dixiſſe vixi.*———

i. e.

He is happy and Maſter of himſelf who can ſay at Night, I have liv'd this Day, and made good Uſe of it.

A Man can only call the preſent Moment his own ; Why then does he loſe it ? As ſoon as it is paſt, 'tis impoſſible for him to recall it ; 'tis carry'd off on the ſwift Wings of Time, and the next Moment is perhaps as unhappy as the other would have been happy, if he had but made good Uſe of it. Fortune which delights in being croſs, and baffling Mens Projects, is continually transferring Honours, Riches, Poverty, Joy, Sorrow, Health, Sickneſs, &c. from one Head to another ; and what ſhe gives this Day to one, ſhe carries Tomorrow to another.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

In what sort of Life Happiness is the most easily acquir'd.

A Life neither too solitary, nor too public, seems to me to be the most likely to make us happy. 'Tis necessary to chuse a just Medium betwixt Solitude and the Crowd of Quality ; for the recluse Life, and the tumultuous one, have each their Defects. We will instantly consider both.

Offices, Dignities, and great Riches are so far from contributing to true Happiness, that they are often contrary to it, and are almost always rather the Impediments than Instruments of such a State. An honest Mediocrity, with all Necessaries, is a hundred times better for the Person who would live happy, than those Heaps of Treasure which are greedily amass'd by many Persons who think to find in them what they never contain.

Of all the Blessings which Heaven bestows on its Favourites, Mediocrity is one of the greatest : It prevents them from being Slaves to the Passions which tyrannize over the Great, and secures them from the Evils under which the Unfortunate groan ; for whatever many Philosophers say, Poverty is an Evil, and an Evil so much the worse, because it is the Source of many others. It ought not, 'tis true, to mortify us, or to be a Disparagement to our Courage ; for we cannot pretend to account for it in our way of thinking ; and 'tis not our Fault if we are born poor ; but in order to be happy, we must endeavour to repair this Misfortune,

tune, and apply by lawful and honest Means to get such a Competency as may secure us from the Train of Inconveniencies attending the Plague of Poverty.

'Tis ridiculous in the Stoics, and some of the modern Philosophers, to assert that Riches are not salutary. *Seneca* may tell us ever so often, That *If Riches were a real Good, they would make the Possessors good Men; and that what we find in the Hands of the Wicked cannot be called Good.* Such bombastic Discourse has no more in it than those Bubbles of Soap, which are blown into the Air by Children, and have nothing in them that is solid. If Riches were not a real Good, because they don't make Men better; it would follow, that Health, which, next to Virtue, is the greatest Good, would not be a real Good, because it does not render Men good; and because a wicked Man, who recovers from a Fit of Illness, does not change his Disposition. *Seneca's* second Reason is no better than the first; for if Riches were not a real Good, as they are common both to the Just and Unjust, Sight, Hearing, and Taste, could not be really good neither, because they are common to all Mankind. I add, that the Knowledge of *God* is the most precious of all Enjoyments; but shall this be deny'd to be a real Good, because 'tis a Knowledge common to the Wicked as well as the Righteous? Such Knowledge renders the former criminal by the Abuse, as it does the latter happy by their Improvement of it. So it is with Riches, which are a very great Blessing to such as know how to use them, and an Evil to who misemploy them.

Seneca,

Seneca, notwithstanding his subtle, and philosophical Reasoning, is forc'd to own, that Riches are necessary. *I am not*, says he, *for treating them as really good, and calling them Blessings; but I agree that 'tis necessary to have them, that they are useful, and that they bring with them great Accommodations for Life.* How now! What, is a thing useful, does it furnish Life with great Accommodations, and is it not a Good? If Philosophy teaches this Way of Reasoning, let us take care of becoming Philosophers. But this is not so; Philosophy has too much good Sense in it to make us reason so unfairly; 'tis our ill Use of it that plunges us into Error. We think to follow it, and we deviate from it; we imagine ourselves to be guided by it, while it has forsaken us. 'Tis Prepossession in favour of our own Notions that persuades us that they are conformable to True Philosophy. The Fondness we have for our own Opinions has many times seduc'd the greatest Men; and when *Cicero* consider'd their Error, he could not help saying, that *there was nothing so absurd and senseless, as what had been maintain'd by some Philosophers.*

Seneca, to prove that Riches are not a real Good, tho' useful, has this Reflection: 'Put me
' in a House richly furnish'd, and full of Vessels
' of Gold and Silver, I shall not think myself a
' Jot more worthy of Esteem. Carry me over
' the wooden Bridge, and set me down among
' the poor Beggars, I shall not think myself the
' less to be valu'd.' This Argument of *Seneca* is a fallacious Sophism, and confounds Contempt with Misfortune. A Man may be very worthy of Esteem, and yet very unhappy. *Belisarius,*

when he begg'd Alms in the Streets of *Constantinople*, was not an Object of Contempt, tho' he was unfortunate, and very much so. I allow, that a Man ought not to have the less Opinion of his own Wisdom and Virtue, or is the less deserving of Reward, because he is in a State of Indigence; but he must needs think himself not so happy as if he wanted for nothing. A Man who has a malignant Fever does not think himself deserving of less Respect, than another who enjoys perfect Health; yet he is far from being so happy.

C H A P. VI.

The Inconveniences of keeping Grand Company.

'TIS not an easy Matter to find true Happiness in the wild sort of Life which Men lead with those of Quality. In order to be happy, the Mind must be quiet and easy; which is, as it were, impossible in a Life of Trouble and Confusion.

Men who have great Employments are so busy'd in the Affairs of others, that they have scarce Time to mind their own; and they live for the Public, rather than for themselves. The Magistrate spends the whole Day in enquiring into the Merits of the several Causes that he is to report: The Minister is over-burden'd with Affairs of State: The Officer spends his whole Life in the military Articles that are committed to his Care: In short, every Station, whereto Men are advanc'd above their Fellow-Creatures, and which obliges them to labour for the public Good, takes off
all

all their Attention to their own Affairs. What they are forc'd to give to those of others is so much taken from their own; besides, that the Increase of Duty is the Increase of Fatigue, and too often of Vexation.

Persons who have only their own Affairs to mind have an Advantage of acquiring Happiness with so much more Ease than those who have the Public to take care of, as a Man who carries but two Pounds Weight on his Shoulders can sooner arrive at the End of the Race, than he that carries the Weight of three hundred. 'Tis not impossible, nevertheless, that he who is encumber'd with so heavy a Load may arrive at the Goal; but with how much more Ease could he do it, without such a monstrous Burden? Just so a Man who is employ'd in the Affairs of the Public, or those of War, may at length, be they ever so perplex'd, find some Time to think of his own private Concerns; but he has two hundred and ninety-eight Difficulties to surmount, out of three hundred, more than the Person who has nothing to do with the Public.

There are Persons, who form three Parts in four of those we call *Mén of Fashion*, who, tho' they have no Employment, are as unconcern'd about their own Affairs, as if they were oblig'd to govern the State. Their Passions put them into as much Disorder, as Perplexity does the others; and they pass their Lives in perpetual Confusion. Instead of looking at home, they don't know themselves; but act always without Reflection. Avarice, Jealousy, Love, Hatred, Revenge, are the sole Incentives of their Actions; and they abandon their Minds to the Impressions of the most

dangerous Passions. There are many who indulge themselves in Debauchery, and think that in good Cheer they shall find that Happiness which escapes their Pursuit. After they have been Gormandisers at those great Tables, where they were at a loss which to chuse, in the Variety of Dishes, they appear generally with broken Constitutions, pale, wan Complexions; and their Bodies, worn down by excessive Intemperance, communicate their Dulness to their Souls, and render that spiritual Breath terrestrial and material, which is sufficient of itself to make us happy, if it was undisturb'd.

There are many People among the Quality, who spend their Lives in forming Desires which they can never gratify, and in envying the Condition of others; nay they go so far as to hate those they envy, from no other Cause, but a jealous Opinion that they are happier than themselves, tho' they often are not so. These Men are like Travellers, who take to a Road, which the longer they follow it, carries them the farther from the Place they are bound to. Nothing is a greater Obstruction to Mens Happiness than Envy: The more jealous a Man is of another's Happiness, the more miserable is he himself. The Tyrants of *Sicily* did not invent a Punishment more cruel than Envy. Every Man that is wise, and seeks to be happy, ought not only not to be envious of another Man's Prosperity, but if he finds that what he wish'd is above what he can reasonably hope to obtain, he should check himself forthwith. Reason requires, that every one should stick to what is suitable to him: But the Voice of Reason is not to be heard in that revel-
ling,

ling, noisy State wherein great People live : It must be consulted also, before it will speak ; but People seldom think of having recourse to it, whose Passions are their Masters, and rule them with as arbitrary a Sway, as they do the Hearts of most of our fashionable Gentry.

This Wisdom, so necessary for the Happiness of Life, is not easy to be acquir'd, without frequent and careful Reflection upon ourselves. There are few People of that Fortitude of Mind, or that natural Understanding, as to be able, by a plain and short Meditation, to perform that which requires a long and painful Scrutiny. Yet there are a few peculiar Favourites of Heaven, who can do that with Ease, which shall cost others a great deal of Labour ; but the Generality of Mankind, in order to render themselves virtuous, have need to be very circumspect, and to begin betimes to acquire those Qualities which must be of service to them as long as they live. The Heart must be stor'd with good Principles, and the Understanding with Knowledge, before the Passions have shed their Poison in both. A Vessel retains the Smell of the first Liquor that was pour'd into it, a long time. The first setting out in Life of the gay Part of Mankind is generally the Cause of their being so far out of the right Way, even in old Age. The most critical Step, for those who think to be happy among the Quality, is the first that they take ; if it be bad, the others are almost always the same. Of this first Step we may say what *Despreaux* has said of Crimes :

*Dans le Crime il suffit qu'une fois l'en débute.
Une chute toujours attire une autre chute.*

*L'honneur est comme une isle escarpée et sans bords,
On n'y remonte plus, quand on est dehors.*

i. e.

The first Act of Wickedness is enough: For one Transgression brings on another. And Honour is like an Island with a steep Shore, on which there is no relanding after 'tis once quitted.

C H A P. VII.

The Inconveniencies of a solitary Life.

TIS certain, that a retired Life has a greater Tendency to make us happy than public Life; because, in the former, the Mind is not so much disturb'd by the Passions, as in the Tumult of Society; and from some of the Passions it is entirely exempt: Hatred, Envy, and Ambition, have no Hold of a Person in Retirement. He sees no body; of whom then should he be jealous? He desires nothing more than what he has; whom should he envy? He hates the World and its Grandeur; how can he be susceptible of Ambition? 'The Multitude, and Plenty, says Charon, are much more frightful than Retirement, and Scarcity. In Abstinence there is but one Duty; but in the Management of many different Things there are many Things to be weigh'd, and sundry Duties. 'Tis much more easy to live without Estates, Honours, Dignities, Offices, &c. than for a Man to conduct and acquit himself in them as he ought. 'Tis much easier for a Man to live single, than to be encumber'd with the Charge of a Family, and
live

‘ live altogether as he ought with his Wife and Children ; so that Celibacy is an easier State than that of Wedlock.’

There’s no body who does not assent to the Truth of what *Charon* says. The Weight of his Argument will be more plainly perceiv’d, if it be consider’d, that every Necessity adds to a Man’s Unhappiness ; and that he brings Cares and Troubles upon himself, in proportion to the Alliances which he forms with a great Number of Persons, who thereby become dear to us ; for their Vexations give us Concern ; their Uneasinesses afflict us ; their Pains torment us, and their Sorrows oppress us. Thus, in public Life, we are oblig’d not only to bear our own Misfortunes, but those of Persons with and for whom we are engag’d ; and even tho’ we were not united to them by Friendship, but only by Interest, we are ever oblig’d to take a Share in what affects them, and their Afflictions rebound partly upon ourselves. If the Great Man who protects us, and to whom we are attach’d, not by Affection but from political Views, suffer Disgrace, we are involv’d in it as much as if he was really dear to us ; for his Fall draws on ours with it. In fine, while we are in public Life, in what manner soever we adhere to those we are related to, our Tranquility depends partly on theirs ; and how odd soever it may appear, ’tis nevertheless certain, that we are often disquieted in public Life by the Misfortunes that happen, not only to Persons whom we don’t love, but even to others whom we mortally hate.

Heaven gives us the Heart as well as the Understanding to part with all Superfluities. A Man who quits a great deal for Retirement is nevertheless

less a very great Gainer. He has satisfy'd his Ambition; he has quench'd the Thirst he had for Riches; he has forgot the Injuries done him by Enemies; in fine, by separating himself from Mankind, he has attain'd to that View which he would never have compass'd by staying longer among them.

Tho' a retired Life has some Advantages over a public one, tending to the Happiness of Life; yet it has its Dangers and its Inconveniencies. 'Tis especially pernicious to Youth, to whom it often proves fatal to be left to themselves. *Crates* perceiving a young Man walking alone, in a solitary Place, admonish'd him to take care that he did not converse with a wicked Man, nor give Ear to his Counsel. 'Tis in Solitude that weak Minds contrive bad Designs, inflame their Passions, and whet their loose Appetites. 'Tis very hazardous for Persons to be left to themselves, unless they have a good Head-piece, and a well-settled Mind.

As we ought to study every thing that may render us better Men, for the same Reason we ought to shun Retirement, in which we have Cause to be fearful of ourselves, and are depriv'd of all the Advantages which we may expect to meet with in civil Society. A Man of the best Understanding, he who has the Art of Contentment, is nevertheless uneasy sometimes to be depriv'd of all manner of Conversation; he changes his Mind therefore by Degrees till he loses that Tranquility of which he had a Taste when he was first secluded from a Correspondence with Mankind. Then there is some danger of his falling into a Misanthropy which will poison every thing that pleas'd him before,

before, and not only make him averſe to things which are foreign to him, but render him even hateful to himſelf.

The wiſeſt and the moſt eminent of the Philoſophers conſider'd Solitude as a State that depriv'd Men of all manner of Reliſh, and even render'd all Pleaſures inſipid to them; nay, they were of Opinion, as we obſerv'd in the firſt Volume of this Work, in the Reflections on the Pleaſures of *Society*, that were a Man to be liſted up to the Firmament, from whence he might, at his Eaſe, ſurvey the wonderful Theatre of this World, he would have but little Taſte of the Pleaſure which ſuch a View would convey to him, if he was to be always alone, and to have no body to converſe with. 'Tis certain there is nothing more diſagreeable to the Nature of Mankind than a Deprivation of all manner of Society; and to think that 'tis poſſible for a Perſon to be really happy with Eaſe in deep Solitude, is turning a deaf Ear to the Voice of that Nature, which perpetually demonſtrates the Neceſſity it has of being ſupported by a Communication with Men of Wiſdom and Virtue.

The Dangers of a Life too ſolitary, may be ſhewn by the Errors which many have fallen into who have embrac'd it. They enter'd virtuous into that melancholy State, but came out of it Criminals. Before they ſecluded themſelves from all Society, they were Men of Senſe, but afterwards they became Fools. They would not have loſt either their Virtue or their Senſe, if they had been aſſiſted by that Converſation with Men of Probity, of which they had deprived themſelves; for 'tis to the Opinions and Leſſons of ſuch Men
that

that the greatest of the Philosophers were oblig'd for their Virtues and their Talents. If *Plato* had liv'd in a Desert, he would not have had such a Master as *Socrates*, but being left to himself might, perhaps, have turn'd out as bad a Man as he was a good one.

Many People are inclin'd to a retir'd Life, for Reasons that are very often bad, and not duly consider'd. Sometimes 'tis Faintheartedness, which ought to be deem'd a sort of Cowardise, that makes us fearful of doing our Duty; 'tis often Spite, Love, or some other Passion which does not allow us time to reflect, but carries us away, and unaccountably leads us we know not whither. We fly from Mankind, and endeavour to hide ourselves, thinking that the Vexation and Perplexity which press upon us with such a Weight, will find Relief in Solitude; but instead thereof they increase in it, and at length we find too late, that we can expect no Comfort from a Course that we took without consulting Reason, which ought to be a Guide to all our Actions.

It must therefore be established as a certain Maxim, that the most proper State of Life to render Men really happy, is that which is neither too public, nor too solitary; a State free from the Hurry and Tumult, to which those unavoidably are subject who pass their time with People in high Life, and in the honourable, but fatiguing, Exercise of Employments; and a State, which, on the other hand, has not the Dangers and Inconveniencies of that which is too solitary.

———A private Man, who has a moderate Income just to answer his Occasions, keeps Company with some virtuous Friends, whose Temper
he

he likes, and enjoys the Charms of Society in a kind of a Retirement and Absence from the busy noisy World, is in the fairest way to be happy. Here it might be proper enough to say something of the Advantages of Society, and to shew what has a Tendency to make it most profitable and pleasant; but we refer our Readers to what we have said of it already in the first Volume of this Work, where we have given a very ample Dissertation on the Subject.

C H A P. VIII.

It is difficult to live happy with Great Men.

Liberty contributes very much to the Happiness of Life, and the most easy way to acquire it, is to despise Fortune, and to accustom one's self early to value things at no more than what they are worth, and not to think the Lot of great Men either more happy or more to be esteem'd than that of private Men. When a Man is got to the Bounds of his Wishes, and values others according to the Share they have more or less of Virtue, the Condition of the Great no longer dazzles his Eyes; he looks on them from the only right Point of View, and sees nothing in them of what so much strikes the Eyes of the Vulgar. A true Philosopher knows but one single Advantage that great Men have, an Advantage which, nevertheless, they know not how to improve, but despise it. He envies them neither their Riches nor their Honour, nor their Offices,
nor

nor their Palaces, nor their Banquets, but he wishes it was in his Power, as it is in theirs, to reward Men of Merit. If he was in their Place, he would do the only thing which they omit doing, and would omit every thing that they perform.

Whoever knows what great Men are, knows that in the general they have all the Faults that are capable of obstructing the Happiness of those who adhere to them, or are oblig'd to depend on them. Commonly the higher a Man is rais'd, the more Right he thinks he has to deceive other Men. When he has Occasion for them, he amuses them with fair Promises, but when they should be perform'd, they vanish.

Great Men are as ungrateful as they are insincere ; they have a thousand ways to rid themselves of a Man who has done them good Service, when he can be no longer useful to them. They disgust him, despise him, give him cruel Mortification, and, in short, act such a Part, that the Man thinks himself very happy to be quit of them. He is succeeded by another, who holds his Place no longer than needs must ; for whatever Service he does, how punctually soever he discharges his Duty, a Day will come he too shall be cashier'd as well as his Predecessor : Every Moment of the Time that was to establish his Fortune, accelerates his Ruin ; and when he thinks he has done the best that he could do, that Instant he is disgrac'd.

Great Men seldom chuse Persons of much Merit for their Friends, either for want of Discernment, or because the Company of Men of Virtue seems as a Curb to them, and because they are afraid of their Advice, which is a sort of Reproach

Reproach for their Misconduct. They repose a Confidence in those who have not Qualities worthy of it. They, moreover fancy themselves wiser than all other Men, and they grant their Friendship to Persons for the sake of having Flatterers rather than Friends.

Be the Diffimulation of great Men ever so deep, and how much soever they find their Advantage in appearing the very reverse of what they are in Reality, such is the Vanity which beguiles them and persuades them they possess the most uncommon Qualities of the Mind, that they cannot conceal the Malignity of their Hearts. The Pleasure they feel in shewing their Superiority over Persons that approach them, induces them to rail and backbite, and nothing is safe from the Virulence of their Tongues. ' They cannot, says the wise
' *la Bruyere*, conceal their Malice, their extravagant Propensity to laugh at another Man's
' Expence, and to throw out Ridicule often when
' there is no Foundation for it. These fine Talents are discern'd in them at first Sight, and,
' no doubt, admirable Talents they are for intangling a Cully, and making a Fool of any
' one that was no better before; but they are
' still more likely to deprive them of all the Pleasure which they might reap from a Man of Wit,
' who could turn and wind himself a thousand agreeable and pleasant ways, if the dangerous
' Humour of Courtiers did not engage him to be
' reserv'd: For in Opposition to that he puts on
' a serious Air, in which he entrenches himself,
' and acts his Part so well, that the Railers, ill dispos'd as they are, can have no Room to laugh
' at him.' One of the greatest Mortifications for
those

those Men of any Spirit who are attach'd to the Great, is to be subject to their Jokes, which are the more cutting, because the Air of Superiority, and sometimes of Contempt which accompanies them, gives them a Bitterness which they would not be tinctur'd with if they were vented by private Persons. There are Men of such a mean servile Temper, that they soothe the Great in the Vice of scandalising Persons of the greatest Worth by barbarous Expressions and cruel Banter: They applaud what they ought to condemn, and their fordid Flattery entails Perpetuity on a Fault, which might, in Process of time, be by virtuous Counsel corrected. If great Men did but know how much they suffer in the Opinion of other Men, by endeavouring to make them ridiculous, and to what a Degree they make themselves hated by them, they would, perhaps, have so much Regard for themselves as not to involve themselves in the public Hatred, for the sake of venting a Joke, which is often a bad one, and always unworthy of their Quality, and of that Decorum which they ought to keep up.

When we are with great Men whom we are desirous of pleasing, 'tis not enough to forbear saying things to them which may disoblige them, but we must be incessantly commending them; and even tho' we see nothing in them that is praiseworthy, we must nevertheless applaud them, and ascribe Virtues to them of which they have the least Share. We need be under no Apprehension of any Danger from their being sensible that they don't deserve it. *Juvenal* has judiciously remark'd, that there is no Praise which comes amiss to such as are vested with a Power equal to that of the Gods.

Gods. What a sad Employment must it be for a Man of Wisdom and Virtue to approve what ought to be condemn'd !

Reason and Wisdom are, as it were, Incumbrances upon such as think to make their Fortune under the Protection of great Men ; for they shew them every Moment how ridiculous, nay how criminal, such Behaviour is ; and yet they are oblig'd to act as they do, or they must renounce their Hopes. It would be happy for those Men if they had not so much Sense, because then they would not perceive how highly their Actions are to blame.

The Submission paid to great Men by those who approach them, is beyond all Imagination. The Soul of a Courtier only acts, or rather thinks according to the Impressions which it receives from the Sovereign, his Ministers, or his Favourites.

The Complaisance that must be paid to a Court, almost deprives the Understanding of its Operations, and puts Courtiers upon doing things which are sometimes cruel, and sometimes pitiful, often ridiculous, and seldom rational. In the Court of *Henry III.* Devotion always march'd close to Luxury. In the Morning they plung'd themselves in the most abominable Debauchery, and at Night they made Processions in the Garb of Penitents. It was ever the Custom for almost all Men that were attach'd to the Great, to leave no Stone unturn'd to do them a Pleasure ; and they not only sacrific'd their Peace, but even their Honour, to their Ambition. Some, for the sake of preserving the Favour which they enjoy'd, have even depriv'd themselves of a Part of their own Bodies. *Combalus*, a Favourite of *Seleucus*, and passionately be-
lov'd

lov'd by his Wife the Queen *Stratonice*, having publish'd throughout all *Syria*, that in order to guard the Queen's Virtue from all manner of Suspicion, he had made himself an Eunuch; several Courtiers who were for doing *Combalus* a Pleasure, and for gaining his Interest with the King, submitted to the same Operation, as he had done, and voluntarily ceased to be Men, in order to cherish and cultivate their Hopes of Favour. We have known many Persons who have quite smother'd the Voice of Nature, and have been so assiduous to approve every thing done by a Sovereign, that they have, with an Unconcernedness peculiar to Courtiers, applauded the very Barbarities which have depriv'd them of their own Children. *Herodotus* tells us, that *Astyages* having ask'd *Harpagus* whether he lik'd the Flesh of his his own Son, which he had made him eat, he answered, that there was no bad Food at the King's Table, and that he thought every thing which his Sovereign commanded was good. The same *Herodotus* said, that *Cambyfes* having taken Aim at the Heart of a young Man, which he pierc'd with an Arrow in the Presence of his Father, and asking him what he thought of his Dexterity, the Courtier, the Father, made him Answer, that he did not think that *Apollo* himself could have taken a surer Aim. *Seneca*, speaking of this Tyrant's Cruelty, thought with Justice that it was not so criminal as the Father's Answer.

After we have seen how Courtiers can stifle in their Breast the least Glimpse of paternal Love, no wonder to find them forgetful of Decorum. *Dionysius* the Younger, having drank Wine to such a Degree that he was almost blind, his Courtiers pretended

pretended to be all blind ; they jostled one another, and often suffer'd themselves to be thrown down. The most artful of them also made Bumps in their Foreheads, and every now and then pretended at Table that they could not see the Dishes. Some even affected to be so short-sighted, that they could not see the King, or plac'd themselves in a Situation to receive his Spittle. Because *Alexander* the Great, carry'd his Head leaning upon one Shoulder, all his Courtiers did the same. The *French* cut their Hair very short in the Reign of *Francis I.* because that Prince was oblig'd, by reason of a Wound which he had receiv'd in the Head, to have his Hair cut in the same manner. In the Reigns of *Francis I.* and *Lewis XIV.* all the Courtiers affected to pass for Men of Learning, for they knew that those Princes lov'd and protected the Sciences.

The Court-Air is so contagious, it inspires such a Meanness of Spirit, and it accustoms People to so absolute a Vassalage, that the Philosophers who long frequented it have commonly lost their Virtue: Few of them had the Wisdom of *Solon*, or the Steadiness of *Calisthenes*, but, on the contrary, debas'd themselves, and rais'd their Reputation by their lavish Flatteries of their Sovereigns. *Anaxander* being with *Alexander* the Great, and hearing a terrible Clap of Thunder, desir'd that Prince to be so good as to own to him if it was not he, that in Quality of *Jupiter's* Son, had thunder'd so loudly. *Pliny* the Younger, in his Panegyric on *Trajan*, wish'd in the City of *Rome*, that the Gods would imitate *Cæsar*, and propose him to themselves for a Model. A certain Christian Prince, if we may believe *Eusebius*, had
the

the Impudence to tell *Constantine*, that he not only deserv'd to command in this Life, but also to govern in the other with the Son of God. *Tribonianus*, that great Civilian, that wise Legislator, often said to *Justinian*, that he was continually afraid he should see him carry'd up to Heaven when he least thought it. Such Sayings as these shew to what a Degree Persons who pass for the wisest Men are capable, I will not say of flattering, but of cringing and lying, when a Court Life has robbed them of their Virtue. What Treasure is there that can make them Amends for the Loss of that Virtue, without which all the Substance they have acquir'd cannot make them happy?

Would it not be a hundred times better for a Philosopher to live in a Tub like surly *Diogenes*, and preserve his Honesty, than to dwell in a stately Palace, where he is liable every Moment to lose the Fruits of his painful Study? *Diogenes* judg'd very wisely when he blam'd *Aristippus* for his eager Pursuit of a Court-life; and *Aristippus* made a very bad Excuse for himself. In short, what he alledg'd in his own Vindication, was in one Sense a fresh Crime. If *Aristippus*, said *Diogenes*, could be contented with Pulse, he would not make his Court to Kings. *Aristippus* answer'd, If *Diogenes* knew how to make his Court to a King, he would soon be out of Conceit with Pulse. I take *Aristippus*'s Answer to be altogether unbecoming a Philosopher; for it says no more nor less, than that if *Diogenes* had known what it was to eat and drink well, at the Expence of his Liberty, and the Hazard of his Virtue, Pulse would have been nauseous to him. Besides the Indecency there was in what *Aristippus* said, the Argument was unjust;

just; for it is certain that a Man may know how to make his Court to Kings, and yet think himself more happy in feeding on Pulse than turning Courtier. Whoever is cur'd of Ambition, and knows the Evils which are the Consequences of that Passion, will always think so too: For one happy Man at a Court, there are five hundred unhappy. And *Lucretius* had Reason on his Side when he plac'd all the Torments of Hell in the Hearts of the Ambitious. According to him, the *Sisyphus* of Hell is the Man whom we see in Life fervilely petitioning the People for the Fasces and the Ax, and who exposes himself to fresh Rebuffs, and to return home full of Hopes and Fears after making Interest for a Government which has nothing but an empty Name. To aspire, without Success, to the Power of commanding, and to miscarry even after suffering the greatest Indignity and Cruelty to attain to it, is like the Labour in vain of the unhappy Wretch who rolls a great Stone up a Hill, which when it is at the Top, continually tumbles back again, and forces him to renew his painful Task.

C H A P. IX.

There is a certain Pleasure which is consistent with Virtue, and ever gives it new Lustre.

IT is fit to observe in the first Place, that we mean by Pleasure, the Peace of the Mind, and the Health of the Body; for of these two things

things doth it consist, and in these consisteth all our Felicity. The *Stoics* and some other Philosophers exclaim'd against *Epicurus* for making the Happiness of Life to consist in Pleasure; and upon this Subject they made very long and florid Declamations, in which there was little Truth, and if any, not much more good Sense. For the Pleasure meant by *Epicurus* consists in the Tranquility of the Mind, that is to say, in Wisdom, Prudence, Virtue, Probity; without which Qualities 'tis impossible for a Man to be tranquil, and free from Remorse; and as Health, which is the second Attribute that constitutes Pleasure, is only an Exemption from Pain, 'tis absolutely repugnant to Reason to assert, that Pleasure taken in *Epicurus's* Meaning, is not the chief Ingredient of our Felicity. *Gassendi*, in his Explanation of that great Man's Philosophy, remarks very judiciously, that the greatest Conduements to a happy Life necessarily proceed from the Peace of the Mind, and the Health of the Body. ' If the Body, *says he*, be free from all manner of Pain, what Good can be procur'd for it more? If the Mind is tranquil, and perfectly at rest, if a Man tastes so great a Felicity that he desires nothing, but is satisfy'd with what he possesses, what greater Pleasure can be given him than that he already enjoys? As the Clearness of a Sky cannot be greater than it is at a certain Degree of Serenity, so the Happiness of a Man who enjoys Health and Tranquility of Mind, cannot receive any Addition. If an Estate falls to him, it keeps him in Health, and protects him from Adversity, but does not make him the more healthy.'

Cicero

Cicero employ'd his Eloquence in confuting *Epicurus's* Opinion, and exclaims against Pleasure in his Works, wherever he speaks of it. He says, that 'tis the most pernicious and the most fatal Principle that Nature has implanted in Men; that it excites Passions in Youth; ruins both Monarchies and Republics; is the Root of all Misfortunes, the Enemy of Virtue, the Bane of Reason; and that it reduces Men to the Condition of Beasts. But *Cicero* would not have given himself the Trouble to scatter those Invectives, in his Works, against Pleasure, if he had but reflected on the Nature of what *Epicurus* laid down for the Principle of Pleasure. This wise Man was very far from meaning by Pleasure that violent Passion which excites us to satisfy our irregular Desires, without any Regard to Reason. Now this Passion ought to be call'd a Fury, and not a Pleasure; at least this was the Sense in which *Epicurus* understood it; and this is what *Gassendi*, among several other of that ancient Philosopher's Adherents, who have explain'd his Sentiments, has very well prov'd, in the *Treatise of the Passions*, which he wrote at the End of his Work intituled *Syntagma Philosophiæ Epicuri*. For my own part, I am inclin'd to think, that *Cicero* preterf'd to be ignorant of what *Epicurus* meant by Pleasure, purely that he might have an Opportunity to display his Rhetoric. Sometimes he took a Delight in finding Matter to make a Parade of his noble Sentiments; especially when he thought it would prejudice the *Epicureans*, whom he did not care for. After all, how could so wise a Philosopher as he not perceive the Injustice that was done to *Epicurus*? *Seneca*, who was a zeal-

ous and rigid Stoic, agrees that the Pleasure meant by *Epicurus* was very sober and very moderate; and St. *Augustin* was so fond of that Philosopher, that he says, in his *Confessions*, that he would have preferr'd *Epicurus* to all Men, if he had believ'd the Immortality of the Soul. Certainly *Seneca* and St. *Augustin* were as rigid as *Cicero*; and if they could have suspected that the Pleasure meant by *Epicurus* was that which *Cicero* charg'd him with having establish'd as the Principle of Happiness, they would not have spar'd him.

The Case is the same with what many Authors have wrote against *Epicurus*, as with what *Cicero* said of him. They imputed an Opinion to that great Man, which he never entertain'd; and charg'd him with the Debauchery of some of his Disciples, who, by perverting his Doctrine, thought it an Authority for their Licentiousness. It must be establish'd for a Certainty, that whatever *Epicurus's* Adversaries have said against his Notion of Pleasure has not at all prejudic'd that Opinion, which is demonstrat'd by Reason and Experience, and confirm'd by the Concurrence of all Men who rightly understood it. Those Writers have not attack'd the Opinion of *Epicurus*, but a Chimera which existed only in their own Imagination; and which they said was the Opinion of *Epicurus*.

The Pleasure which that Philosopher maintain'd is not only not contrary to Virtue, but it gives it a new Lustre, and renders it as it were more gay, sociable, and useful. A Stoic is a rugged Mortal, whose Equity has something in it that is harsh; who, in the midst of Torments, thinks he ought to boast his Happiness; and who by consequence
finds

finds fault with those who in their Sufferings complain, and say they are unhappy. The *Epicurean* is meek, compassionate, sympathises with others in their Affliction, and pities them. In fine, his Virtue is that of a Gentleman; whereas the Stoic's Virtue is like that of a Man-hater, who does every thing with such an ill Humour as lessens the Merit of it.

C H A P. X.

True Pleasures are render'd the purer by a moderate Use of them.

TO know how to moderate our Desires is going a great way in the Path which leads to true Happiness. The Generality of Men pass their Lives in wishing for what they cannot obtain; or if they obtain that Wish, they presently form new ones. Their Hearts are swell'd with more Desires than there are Waves on the troubled Ocean. Some are confus'd, others hurtful, some horrid and detestable: Some are ridiculous and senseless; while there are others conformable to Reason and Virtue. In fine, there is nothing that is either allowable or criminal, but what is by turns the Object of Mens Wishes.

To expect that a Man should have no Desires is the same thing as to require him to cease to be Man; for there are many Desires which are essential to his natural Existence. These do no Prejudice to his Happiness, but on the contrary tend to his Preservation, and instruct him in what is necessary to it. To desire to eat, drink, sleep, or

walk, when Nature makes us sensible of Hunger, Thirst, Drowiness, Uneasiness to be always sitting or lying down, is but natural. To wish the Prosperity of our Kindred, Friends, and of good Men, is acting according to Reason; but there are other Desires, which are as pernicious, and as much to be condemn'd, as those are useful and commendable; and nevertheless, as vicious and unreasonable as such Desires are, they are so violent that there's nothing which a Man will not attempt to satisfy them. He scowrs Sea and Land, exposes his Life to War, violates Friendship, paternal Love, filial Tenderness; betrays his Country; abandons his Religion and his *God*; and after so many enormous Crimes, it often happens that he is justly punish'd, not only in being disappointed of what he desires, but in the Loss of what he enjoys. By coveting Superfluities, he deprives himself of Necessaries; and Fortune, from which he expected new Favours, deprives him even of those for which he was oblig'd to Nature. He torments himself to acquire Riches; but remains poor, and loses his Health. He hazards his Life, to gratify his boundless Ambition; but tho' he has lost an Arm perhaps, he is still only where he was: He has betray'd his Friend, to make his Court to his Sovereign; who loves the Treason, while he hates the Traitor: He has chang'd his Religion, in hopes to be reveng'd on its Professors; but is as much despis'd by those of the Religion which he embraces, as by those of the Religion which he quitted.

If Men were not so blind as they are, they would not spend so great a Part of a Life so short, in an Uneasiness betwixt the Fears and Hopes of satisfying

satisfying their Avarice or Ambition : They would see, that the Happiness they propose is not in every thing of which they are desirous ; they would know, that true human Felicity consists in the Tranquility of the Mind, and the Health of the Body, and that 'tis impossible to find it elsewhere ; they would also be sensible, that the real Demands of Nature are but few. Nature, in order to be preserv'd from Distress, needs no stately Palaces, nor spacious Gardens adorn'd with Statues of Marble and Brass ; but is satisfy'd with the natural Tapisstry of the tender Grass, and enjoys all the Comforts of Health near some fresh running Stream, and under the Covert of Trees. Why does Man form so many Schemes to obtain Grandeur which is no Conducement to his Happiness, and which cannot procure him either Health or Peace of Mind ? *Montaigne*, whom the *French* are oblig'd to for having taught them to think, gives us a very true and edifying Description of the Miseries of the Great : ‘ Do Fevers, Gouts, and Apoplexies, *says he*, spare them any more than us ? ‘ When old Age hangs heavy upon a Prince’s Shoulders, can the Yeomen of his Guard ease him of that Burden ? When he is terrify’d with the Approach of Death, can the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber comfort and fortify him ? ‘ When Jealousy, or any other Caprice, fills his Brain, can our Compliments and Ceremonies restore him to good Humour ? The Canopy of the Bed he lies on, embroider’d ever so much with Gold and Pearl, has no Virtue against the Colick. At the least Twitch of the Gout, what signifies it to be call’d *Sire* and *Majesty* ? ‘ Does he lose it by the Remembrance of his Pa-

‘ laces and Grandeur? If he be angry, can his
 ‘ being a Prince keep him from looking red, or
 ‘ turning pale and grinding his Teeth like a Mad-
 ‘ man? The least Prick of a Pin, or the least Pas-
 ‘ sion of the Soul, is enough to deprive a Man of the
 ‘ Pleasure of being sole Monarch of the World.’

Nature is as easily to be satisfy’d with regard to the Understanding, as to the Body. In order to render the Mind contented and tranquil, ’tis not necessary to possess great Employments, to enjoy vast Wealth; ’tis sufficient for us to love Virtue, and to know how to be satisfy’d with a Little, because ’tis but little that we really want. In proportion as we retrench ourselves, all that Heaven grants us besides is Superfluity. The more we wish to acquire, the more we want, and the farther we deviate from that Happiness which we aim at. What Felicity can Greatness give us, that is not to be met with in a middle State? Whosoever knows how to limit himself to a moderate Fortune is truly rich. If a Man measures his Necessities by Nature, he will never be poor; if by Opinion, he will never be rich. A Man need not be a Philosopher to learn how to contemn Grandeur, and to know of what little Avail Riches are to the Attainment of true Happiness; he need only examine what such Wealth and Grandeur amount to in the End: For, in fine, if it be evident to him that they cannot procure real Felicity, but are often pernicious to the Owners, he will be convinc’d, that a Condition where a Man has barely what is necessary, is preferable to a State of Superfluity. Let us only consider what Advantage Great Men can possibly reap from their Wealth and Grandeur. If their Aim be to save
 their

their Riches, or to increase them, it gives them a thousand Uneasinesses ; and if they desire to make a good use of them, and distribute them prudently and according to their own Option, they subject them to infinite Cares and most vexatious Perplexities ; nor is their Grandeur less a Burthen to them than their Wealth. If a King be virtuous, he is unavoidably taken up continually with the Government of his State, he is under a Necessity of being watchful for the Happiness and Preservation of his People, and must consider himself as the Father of a Family oblig'd to maintain Peace and Plenty among his Children. If this King be not virtuous, he is nevertheless oblig'd to act for his Subjects out of State Policy, tho' not from any Love that he bears them. His Fear lest his Neighbours should rob him of Part of what he enjoys is enough to give him a thousand uneasy Thoughts. Thus every Sovereign is necessarily expos'd by his Condition to a thousand Cares, from which a private Person is exempted. 'Tis therefore senseless to desire the State of a Sovereign, and to think it more capable of rendring us happy, than that of a Man who, far from Noise and free from Ambition, lives contented with what he has, and looks upon Health as the most precious Boon of Heaven, next to Virtue. *Anacreon* has a very fine and delicate Banter on the Trouble which Men give themselves to acquire Honour and Riches, which don't give them Happiness, while they neglect what might complete it. What he says is thus paraphras'd :

In Imitation of the 23d ODE of ANACREON.

On GOLD. To a MISER.

Could Heaps of Wealth prolong our Fate,
 And stretch our Days beyond their Date;
 Were Life as well as Pardons sold,
 And Death like Hell brib'd off with Gold;
 Then I would scrape, and save, and be
 At least as covetous as thee:
 Then, if the Messenger should come,
 That brings to all the fatal Doom,
 I'd scorn to give him these Remains
 Of Time, worn out with Age and Pains:
 I'd use him kindlier than so,
 And pay in *Gold* the Debt I owe.
 But since we Mortals vainly try
 To purchase Immortality;
 It is as vain to sigh and grieve,
 And fearing Death neglect to live.
 If the Minutes will not stay,
 With Pleasure they shall pass away;
 In Streams of Wine shall smoothly glide,
 Wasted down the purple Tide:
 Or let 'em still more gently move,
 Borne on the gentle Wings of Love.
 Useless *Gold* why should we save;
 We are the Tribute of the Grave.
 Come, give me Wine, 'tis brighter far
 Than thy *Gold* or Jewels are:
 Look in the Glass, and see it rise
 In Sparkles, like *Lucinda's* Eyes;
 Like her can charm, like her inspire
 The Soul with Mirth, and gay Desire.

Our

Our Friends are come, the Bowls are crown'd;
 Let's drink, and let her Health go round.
 Let's drink, and let's our Time improve,
 The Day with Wine, the Night with Love.
 Of Life we all should *Misers* be,
 And none should *trust Futurity*.
 The golden Hours that now are gone
 We have enjoy'd, and made our own.
 If longer Life the Gods will give,
We surely shall the Gift receive;
We that best know how to live.

The last Part of *Anacreon's* Verses does not carry that Morality in them which is conducive to Happiness, as we shall shortly demonstrate; for without Temperance there is no true Felicity in Life: But the Beginning of them is worthy of the most sage Philosopher.

Whatever a Man enjoys, he is unhappy so long as he desires an Addition to it. His Greediness to obtain what he covets, hinders him from having a true Relish of what he possesses. He is a Slave to his Desires. Then it is that he thinks superfluous Wealth necessary; and his Fancy; which is continually brooding new Wishes, drags him to a Precipice, which has no Bottom nor Banks, where he can stop: But when a Man is contented with what he enjoys; when he has within himself what the Covetous and Ambitious think to find in the Fortune which they pursue; they know the full Value of what Goods they have, and they enjoy them with that pleasant Tranquility which renders them the more pure and delicate. The covetous Man, who travels thro' *Europe* to enrich himself, knows not the Sweetness of Sleep like
 D 5 that

that Citizen who lives quietly in his own House. The Former grudges the Time he abandons to Rest, as so much Time lost in the Improvement of his Affairs; and, drowsy as he is, he gets up early in the Morning. The other sleeps quietly as long as he will; and, when he awakes, his Mind and his Body are refresh'd by the Rest which he has taken; he is quiet, he laughs, eats, drinks, and in short does every thing with Pleasure, while the covetous Man, being quite worn down with Fatigue, finds no Relish in what he eats, is in an ill Humour, is angry or uneasy at the least Trifle, and spreads the Bitterness of his Gall upon all Pleasures, which the Man who desires but little enjoys without Alloy.

C H A P. XI.

Without Temperance there is no true Happiness.

IF Temperance was not a Virtue, which deserves to be cherish'd for the sake of the Good which it does to our Mind, we ought nevertheless to practise it with Care, for the sake of the Advantages which it procures the Body; it being that which preserves it in Health, and cures it of Maladies. How can we be happy, if we suffer acute Pains, if we are tormented with the Gout, if our Stomach ceases to perform its Offices, if our Legs swell'd and weak refuse to carry us, if our Lungs are so inflam'd that we cannot breathe without Difficulty? But all these and many other Evils are the certain Consequences of Intemperance.

He

He who purchases the Pleasure of the Bottle at the Expence of the most acute Pains, pays very dear for his Wine. If we reason consequentially, the more we love Pleasure, the fonder we should be of Temperance, because 'tis the latter which makes the former durable. 'Tis so far from being an Enemy to Pleasures, that it preserves them, and only checks the excessive Use of them, because it is most evidently the very thing that destroys them.

Temperance is altogether as necessary to the Mind as to the Body. When the latter is sluggish, the former is sensible of it, and is as it were oppress'd by its Infirmities. In the Person that feels any Pain or Decay, we don't find that Gaiety, that Briskness, that Serenity, which adorn the Understanding, and at the same time render him happy. The Intemperate are generally of a gloomy, melancholy Temper: As long as they are eating and drinking, the Wine and good Cheer give them a sort of Mirth; but it goes off with the Fumes of the Spirit that rais'd it. Such Persons are like Lamps almost extinct, whose Flame is renew'd by pouring in a few Drops of Oil, but give Light no longer after those Drops are spent by which they are fed.

Intemperance is generally the Cause of many Vexations, from which Sobriety preserves us. 'Tis often also the Occasion of many Crimes. It obliges the Rich to be at great Expence, and the Poor to a greater than they can afford. The former are under an Apprehension that they cannot always hold out to live high; they waste their Estate, and this makes them mad. They cannot forbear Feasting, and yet grudge the Money

which it costs them. As to the others, they frequently have recourse to Rapine, Robbery, and even Murder, to supply the Demands of their insatiable Appetites.

The Necessity of Temperance is commonly discover'd too late ; for we don't begin to prize it as we ought, till 'tis impossible to remedy the ill Consequences of Debauchery. I have seen melancholy Instances that ought to have been Lessons to those who were Witnesses of them ; but few had the Wisdom to take warning by them. The others, sway'd by their Passions, pav'd the way for the same Evils to come upon them which they dreaded, yet had Hopes of avoiding by trusting to the Goodness of their Constitutions. At length Distempers overtook them, their Health was destroy'd, their Hopes vanish'd, and were succeeded by vain Lamentations.

C H A P. XII.

On the Advantage of forgetting Affronts, and despising Fools and Knaves.

TO forget Injuries, and to forgive those who have offended us, is an Action as conducive to the Happiness of Life, as it is conformable to the Rules of Virtue. Hatred poisons the brightest Part of Life, it scatters a Venom upon all Pleasures ; and the Heart in which it bears sway cannot have a Relish for true Felicity, as we have shewn in our Reflections on the Passions, in the first Volume of this Work,

We

We should never hate, if we consider'd that by Forgiveness we revenge ourselves on our Enemies, because we are the more esteem'd for it, and that the acquiring such Esteem from good Men is inflicting severe Chastisement on those who do not love us. 'Tis depriving them of all the Power of hurting our Reputation, and reducing them to the Dilemma either of losing their own, or of agreeing that they were in the wrong to endeavour our Harm.

A wise Man ought to bear with Affronts, as he does with Cold, Heat, Rain, and Wind. They are Evils which it is out of his Power to avoid, but yet cannot prejudice his Virtue or his Honour. He is no more injur'd by the Affronts which he receives, without having deserv'd, than the Saints are by those who demolish their Statues, and deface their Pictures. The greatest Men have taken no notice of Affronts, but consider'd those who insulted them as Fools or as Children, who were thereby Objects of their Pity. When *Cato* endeavour'd to dissuade the People from receiving a Law, they took his Robe from his Shoulders, and drove him from the Rostrum to *Fabius's* Arch, whither the seditious Mob pursu'd him, hissing and spitting at him all the way; but his great Soul was not ruffled; and he only pity'd his Revilers.

'Tis, however, sometimes necessary to punish those who have affronted us, both to correct them for their Faults, and for the Security of other Men. Then it is that the Good of Society demands we should act with Rigour; but Passion must have no Share in our Conduct, and we ought to banish every Principle of Revenge. The Offenders must be punish'd as Madmen whom we
would

would by certain Remedies restore to the Use of their Reason, or as Children whom we hope to make more tractable and careful by wholesome Correction.

Without disturbing the Calm of Life by the Anxiety which arises from a Hatred of, and Desire to punish, our Enemies, let us forget the Harm they have done us, and rest assur'd, that sooner or later, others will revenge us. The Wicked always have their Wages, and at the long Run pay that Tribute which they owe to Justice. The Fable of the Fool and the wise Man exactly fits them.

T H E F A B L E.

‘ A certain Fool having pelted a Philosopher
 ‘ upon the Road with Stones, the Philosopher
 ‘ turn’d back and said to him, Friend, thou hast
 ‘ done well; take this Crown for thy Pains.
 ‘ They deserve indeed more, for the Workman,
 ‘ as they say, is worthy of his Hire. Mind that
 ‘ Man who is coming by: He has Money enough:
 ‘ Make thy Presents to him, they will have their
 ‘ due Reward. Our Fool, allur’d by the Hopes
 ‘ of Gain, went and saluted a Burgher with the
 ‘ same Compliment; but it happen’d that he was
 ‘ not paid this Bout in Money, for a Footman
 ‘ comes up immediately, seizes him, threshes
 ‘ him, and knocks him down.

Whatever be the Rank, Birth, or Power of Men who insult us without Reason, let us not think that their Misbehaviour will pass unpunish’d. Even the Throne is no Protection against the Retaliation which they meet with who abuse other Men. The Death of *Caligula* was owing much more

more to his cutting Jokes than to his cruel Deeds. He banter'd *Valerius Asiaticus* one Day at an Entertainment concerning the Countenance of his Wife when she was embrac'd. When he gave his Orders to *Chæreas*, who tho' he was very brave, had an effeminate Air ; the Word he whisper'd to him was, *Venus* or *Priapus*. These two Men punish'd *Caligula*, not only for the Affronts he had put upon them, but upon all that came near him. *Chæreas* was the first of the Conspirators that struck *Caligula*, and with the Blow he gave him, cut off half of his Neck.

If we did but accustom ourselves betimes to conceive a Contempt for the Approbation of Fools ; and if the Pleasure which we feel in Praise, from whatever Quarter soever it comes, did not make us esteem such Suffrages, as some Addition to our Merit, we should also despise their Abuse, and their Scandal would give us as little Pain as their Praise does Pleasure. But by an inexpressible Weakness which can never enough be condemn'd, we even court the Commendation of Fools ; and the Consequence of a Behaviour so blameable, is that we are mortify'd by their Criticisms and their Scurrilities, which really ought to give us a Pleasure, if we thought wisely, because for a Man to have his Actions approv'd by a Fool, is to have something in common with him ; whereas, to be condemn'd by him, implies there is no Resemblance between them. The Fear of *Pericles*, who was apprehensive that he had said some silly things, because he saw himself applauded by the Vulgar, would be proper for such as are fond of Praise from whatsoever Quarter it comes.

What Harm is it to us if Fools condemn us ?
They

They have always, from the Beginning of the World, found Fault with Men of Sense. They have abus'd them, and endeavour'd to render them ridiculous. Why should we think to be exempt from a general Law? That military Gentleman who is only fit to keep Guard at the Gate of a Town, to go the Rounds upon a Rampart, to march to an Attack at the Head of fifty Men, whom he leads on like an Ox stalking at the Front of a Herd accusom'd to follow it, and who grows old and dyes in the obscure Honours of some Legion, condemns Learning, despises, nay abuses those who cultivate it, why should any wonder at this Man's way of thinking? It was always the Fashion of the military Gentry. *Persius* complain'd of it seventeen Centuries ago, as did, no doubt, many others before him.

*Hic aliquis de Gente hircosa Centurionum,
Dicat quod satis est, sapio mihi ; non ego curo
Esse quod Arcefilas, ærumnosque Solones,
Obstipo capite, & figentes lumine terram,
Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa silentia rodunt,
Atque exporrocto trutinantur verba labello,
Ægroti veteris meditantes somnia ; gigni
De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
Hoc est quod palles ? cur quis non prandeat,
hoc est ?*

*Hos populus ridet, multumque torosa juvenus
Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.*

i. e.

Methinks, says the Poet, I hear one of the goatish * Centurions talking in this manner:

* Dr. Sheridan, in his Translation of *Persius*, terms this some *Fop of the Army*.

‘ I am

‘ I am wise enough already. I should not care to
 ‘ be like *Arcefilas*, and the thoughtful *Solon*, who
 ‘ walk with their Heads reclin’d, and their Eyes
 ‘ fix’d on the Ground, murmuring and growling
 ‘ to themselves no body knows what, stretching
 ‘ out their Lips, and musing on things as incohe-
 ‘ rent as the Dreams of a sick old Man, viz. *That*
 ‘ *nothing is made of nothing, and that nothing can*
 ‘ *be turn’d into nothing.* Is it for this that Scholars
 ‘ get a pale Complexion, and have no Stomach
 ‘ to their Dinner? I can tell them that they are
 ‘ the Laughingstock both of Men and Boys.’

This is a true Picture of what we see every Day. An insipid sorry Jest sets a number of People a laughing, who have no Wit nor Judgment; shall we then vex our selves at whatever was since the Creation, and ever will be till Doomsday?

The Number of Men of Wit and Wisdom is very small to that of Fools and Knaves. Let us despise the Suffrages of the Multitude, and we shall be above the Affronts of the Silly and the Wicked. By the Word *Multitude*, I don’t only mean the common People, but all Persons who have not either Genius or Virtue, let them be of what Rank they will: For if they are not Men of Sense, their Judgment is of no more weight with me than that of Children not yet attain’d to the Years of Discretion, to whom indeed they bear a perfect Resemblance. Children in their Diversions are the Counterpart of Magistrates, Generals, Priests, and Princes, who play at the very same Games in the Palace, the Army, the Sorbonne, and at their Hotels. The only Difference betwixt them and
 Children

Children is, that the latter hoard up Nuts, Cards and Counters, whereas the former amass Gold, Silver and Land; but 'tis with as little Discretion, Both the one and the other are alike inconsistent, equally bent on gratifying their Taste, without examining whether their Desires are conformable to Reason and Virtue; equally wicked when they think they can be so with Impunity; equally destitute of the Knowledge which conveys sound Judgment; and by Consequence equally incapable of hurting a wise Man.

C H A P. XIII.

The Improvement of our Understanding is essential to our Happiness.

IT is impossible that we should enjoy that Tranquility of the Mind which forms true Happiness, if we don't take care to cultivate our Understanding, and to store it with every thing that is capable of regulating and sharpening it. 'Tis a hard Matter for a Man who knows nothing, to have a Competency within himself; and whoever has not this, but stands in need of foreign Aid to be happy, cannot be thought to enjoy a happy Life; for the Helps on which his Happiness depends, very often fail him, and from that Moment he becomes unhappy. A Person loses his time who does not employ it to guard himself against the Accidents to which Mankind is liable, by such useful Reflections as furnish us with the Means not to make an ill use of good Fortune,
and

and not to be cast down with bad. 'Tis necessary therefore, to take as much care of the Mind as of the Body, because on its State depends all the Happiness of our Life ; and 'tis necessary to be always providing for its Support, because 'tis like a Lamp which goes out if not supply'd with Oil.

There is this Difference betwixt the Mind and the Body, that whereas too much Exercise and Fatigue enervates the latter, 'tis Exercise that supports the former. The more its Genius is cultivated, the more Strength it gathers ; and old Age itself, which has so entire a Power over the Body, can make no Incroachment on the Mind when 'tis habituated to a proper Sublimity of Thought to secure it against its Attacks. *Cicero* justly observes, that 'tis not to old Age that we are to charge the Defects which we perceive in credulous, forgetful, and irregular old Men, but to their Sordidness, Sloth, and Negligence. And as the Follies of Youth, tho' 'tis a State more subject to Fire and Passion than old Age, are not, however, to be found in all young People, but only in those who are ill-natur'd, so we do don't find that all old Men doat, but those only who are Triflers, and Men of shallow Capacities. We ought therefore to consider the Understanding as a Treasure that is of use to us at all times, and which we cannot take too much Pains to increase.

Acquir'd Knowledge is not only useful, but pleasant ; it gives the Mind a twofold Satisfaction, and preserves it from Rust, that Poison which is so fatal to the Tranquility of the Mind, and corrupts the most precious Enjoyments. A Man who loves the Arts and Sciences, is never idle ;
all

all his Moments are employ'd, and wheresoever he is, whithersoever he goes, he always carries what will agreeably amuse him. The Sciences are form'd for all Stages of Life, and the older a Man is, the more necessary they are. In Youth they serve for Amusement, at Years of Maturity for a Companion, and in old Age for a Comforter.

Study furnishes us with a thousand Ways to dispel that Uneasiness which makes us so unhappy. A Mind that is employ'd, easily forgets many things which would make a stronger Impression upon it, if it was idle. The Grievances of the Body are also relieved by Study; for the Application of the Mind to certain Objects which please it, hinder it from perceiving the Necessities of the Body. Even old Age, after a Life spent in Study, does not discover its Infirmities by the disagreeable Symptoms which reduce us, as it were, to Childhood. It comes on without being perceiv'd, we stoop under it insensibly; but tho' at last we drop into the Grave, we don't fall into it all at once. Thus did *Newton*, *Boerhaave*, and *Beausobre*, pass their old Age, and thus now does the illustrious *Fontenelle*. The greatest Men among the Ancients improved their Understanding to the last. *Sophocles* compos'd Tragedies till he was exceeding old, and 'tis said that he was not less than an hundred when he wrote his *Oedipus*. His Children, finding that the Application that he gave to his Plays made him neglect his Family-Affairs, commenc'd a Suit of Lunacy against him; but *Sophocles* made no other Defence than the reciting the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which he had just finish'd, before proper Judges of the Drama; and having then

then ask'd them whether they thought the Play was the Composition of a Man that had lost his Reason, he was acquitted of the Charge.

C H A P. XIV.

The Choice of our Friends is essential to our Happiness.

WE have shewn in our Reflections upon *Friendship*, of what Importance the Choice of our Friends is to our Happiness. 'Tis from them that we are to receive Advice in good Fortune, and Comfort in bad. They are our Support in whatever State we happen to be; and it would be of much more Advantage to us to have no Friend, than to have weak or bad Friends, because when we should depend on them, these would fail us at a time of Need; whereas, if we had not thought them to be Persons from whom we ought to expect substantial Service, we should have taken timely Care and proper Measures to subsist without them.

C H A P. XV.

The Choice of a Wife, or a Mistress, has an Influence upon all our Actions, and consequently on our Happiness.

FEW People have the Patience of *Socrates*; and a Wife of *Xantippe's* Temper is the most formidable Bane to the Happiness of Life. I don't by this intend to put in a Declaration against the Women, and what I say of them as much concerns the Men; for if it be dangerous to the latter to have a bad Wife, and one of an unfociable Temper, 'tis equally so to the Women to fall under the Power of a jealous, fantastical, brutish, and avaricious Husband.

Marriage had its Dangers among the Ancients, but they were nothing to what they are to the Moderns. The Misfortunes of which it was heretofore the Occasion, might be repair'd by a Divorce, but now they are for Life. By our Laws we have made it a Gordian Knot, which cannot be cut but by Death. Is there any thing so horrible as to live for ever with a Woman whose Taste does not suit us, whose Humour we despise, and who, instead of behaving in such a manner as to gain our Esteem, hates us even more than we hate her, insolently thwarts all our Inclinations, poisons any Pleasures that may fall in our way by the Uneasiness she gives us, and actually rejoices in what gives us Vexation?

The most astonishing thing is, that tho' the Consequences of Marriage are so dangerous as they are, we generally marry without a previous Knowledge

ledge of the Woman's Temper. We take her to free ourselves from the Restraint under which the Sons of a Family are generally kept, for the sake of new Alliances, for the Honour which she may procure us, and, in short, for a thousand other selfish Views, without ever considering her Temper or Personal Merit. These two Circumstances are so much neglected in the Marriage of most People, that three fourths of those who marry, especially among the Quality, have never convers'd with the Woman beforehand, and sometimes never seen her till the Bargain is made, and ready to be sign'd. Such senseless Conduct justly deserves the Punishment it generally meets with. We take the greatest Precaution not to associate in Commerce and other civil Affairs with Persons whom we can't depend on. We endeavour to be certain of their Honesty before we make a Contract with them, and yet don't scruple to make a Bargain which we can never depart from, and on which the Happiness of Life intirely depends, with a Person who is, as it were, unknown to us.

Mean time Repentance is to no more Purpose than the Trial of Remedies to repair the Misfortune a Man has brought on himself, which grows every Day worse and worse. Philosophical Arguments are of no Efficacy upon this Occasion; *Plato, Cicero, Seneca*, and all the pretended Preceptors of Mankind, may display their Eloquence and their fine Maxims till the Day of Judgment; they read well in their Writings, but fall to the Ground as soon as they are to be put in Practice. We may apply to them what was said by an Intriguer in the *Epidicus* of *Plautus*. ' I was the
' other

‘ other Day at the Theatre, and saw the fine
 ‘ moral Maxims that were utter’d by a Come-
 ‘ dian, clapp’d by all the Audience; but when
 ‘ they were return’d home, no body remember’d
 ‘ them.’ When a Man is plagu’d by his Wife,
 when she disgraces him, ruins him, plunges him
 in Difficulties, all the Advice of Philosophers will
 not make him easy. Vain would be the Counsel
 of *Epictetus* to him, as it is given in the fifth
 Chapter of his Characters. ‘ When you see any
 ‘ thing that gives you Vexation, habituate your-
 ‘ self to think that its nothing but Fancy, and that
 ‘ the thing is not really such as it appears. After
 ‘ you have encouraged yourself in this manner,
 ‘ take your own Measures; and above all, con-
 ‘ sider if the thing which has such a scurvy Ef-
 ‘ fect, is of the nature of things which you can
 ‘ chuse or refuse; for if it be not, say to yourself
 ‘ very coolly, that it is not your Concern.’ ’Tis
 very easy to prescribe, that we must look upon
 a thing that vexes us, as mere Imagination, but ’tis
 impossible to put the Precept in practice. When
 the Wife of the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius* dis-
 grac’d him; that Prince, with all his Philosophy,
 was uneasy at her Behaviour. *Seneca*, that rigid
 Stoic, was so far from treating Injuries as merely
 imaginary, that he enter’d into a Conspiracy
 against *Nero*. *Epictetus*’s second Maxim is hardly
 of more Service than the first to a Husband. It
 will be of no Purpose to say to him, ‘ Tho’ you
 ‘ are disgrac’d by your Wife, tho’ she ruins you,
 ‘ frequents Gaming-houses, and sees bad Com-
 ‘ pany, all this ought not to discompose you; ’tis
 ‘ not your doing: That which gives you Trouble,
 ‘ is of the nature of things that you cannot help;
 ‘ ’tis

‘ ’tis not in your Power to help it; why then
 ‘ do you afflict your self that you are a Cuckold?’
 There are Sentiments which are, as it were, born
 with us, and which from our Infancy make so
 strong an Impression on our Mind, that ’tis im-
 possible to erase it. If we have sometimes seen
 People brave enough to be intirely divested of
 Prejudices, the Number of such is so small, that
 their Example cannot be recommended as a Rule
 of any Service to Mankind.

The Choice of a Mistress is almost as essential
 to the Happiness of Life, as that of a Wife. In
 the Choice of a Mistress, there is only this Ad-
 vantage, that if a Man does not like one, he
 may take another; whereas a Wife is not to be
 chang’d; but it often happens, that a Man deeply
 in Love with his Mistress, has not the Command
 of himself to make use of the Right he has to
 change her. He is bound by Chains stronger than
 those of the Law. Love keeps him in a cruel
 Slavery in spite of himself. How many unhappy
 Lovers don’t we know, who pass their best Days
 under a tyrannical Dependence? Their Body and
 Mind are equally weaken’d by the extraordinary
 Vehemence of their Love; and what is worse
 than all, they often lose their Reputation and
 their Honour: They consume their Estates: They
 are negligent in their Employments: They leave
 no Stone unturn’d to please the Passion that besets
 them: They waste the Patrimony which their An-
 cestors acquir’d by their Labour, and lay it out in
 Cloaths, Jewels, Entertainments and Feastings.

There are Women who, tho’ not so mercenary,
 are, nevertheless, altogether as pernicious as others,
 being like to the *Syrens* whose melodious Voice

prov'd the Ruin of such as listen'd to their Song. They only flatter a Lover to ensnare him, to keep up the Violence of his Flame, and conceal the Disposál of their Favours to others; but in vain do they take all Precautions for hiding their mysterious and criminal Conduct from the sharp Eyes of their jealous Lovers. And 'tis impossible to be too suspicious of a Mistress who endeavours to keep her Actions secret; 'tis an infallible Sign that she is a Dissembler and a Cheat. If she was candid and truly deserving, she would not be afraid to let her Lover know every thing she does; and even tho' some of her Actions should be blameable, such sincere Conduct would oblige the Person to reflect that there is nothing so charming but what has its Faults.

It is not Beauty that we ought to prize in a Mistress, but Temper; and the Man that prefers a Woman only because she is handsome, is like a Madman who should venture out at Sea in a small Wherry tempted by the Calm, but quite expos'd to the Danger of future Storms. The Lovers in general, whose Passions are the most happy and the most durable, are not smitten by the Beauty of a Face, but by that of the Understanding, which, when accompany'd with a true Heart, renders a Woman not only worthy of Love, but of Esteem.

C H A P. XVI.

To be truly happy, a Man must banish all Fear of Death, and accustom himself early to expect it without dreading or desiring it.

IF Men had a Love of Virtue, if they kept up strictly to the Principles of Probity, if they had an Abhorrence of Wickedness, they would no longer be afraid of Death: They would only consider it as the Expiration of that Term, which he who brought us into the World, is pleased to allow for our Stay in it. They would wait the Destiny which God has reserv'd for them, and, without being uneasy for what they can neither avoid nor avert, they would esteem every Day as a fresh Present from Heaven; but the criminal Conduct of the Generality of Mankind is the Cause of their Fear of Death. As often as they think of it, the Idea torments them; they are sometimes struck with Death, or the Fear of Death, in the midst of their Carousals, and even when they are with their Mistresses in Beds strew'd with fragrant Flowers. And well may they dread the Moment when they shall be summon'd to give an Account of their Actions, and to receive the Punishment which they deserve.

We cannot be truly happy if we are under a constant Apprehension, and we cannot be free from it but by being virtuous; which is another Proof of the Necessity that Men are under of be-

ing virtuous and good, in order to enjoy that Peace of Mind, without which there is no true Happiness.

When we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, when we employ Life as we ought to do, why should we be afraid to quit it? 'Tis no more than returning what was lent to us. A wise Man ought to retire from Life as he would from a Feast to which he has been invited. Would it not be ridiculous for him to expect that his Host should maintain him always? Has not Nature a Right to demand back a Life which is only granted on Condition of Restitution? 'Tis an Order immutably fix'd and determin'd in the Existence of Beings, that when old Age is arriv'd at a certain Term, it should be banish'd out of the Rank of all things, and that the Universe should be embellish'd with the Charm of new Productions. Nature is repair'd by the mutual Destruction of Beings, as well as by their reciprocal Generation. Those who are gone before us have made Room for us; can we without Injustice refuse to do the same in favour of those who are to come after us? We ought to repine the less at making way for them, considering that they in turn must do the like to others, and that after having made their Appearance on the Stage of Life, they must undergo the same Fate as ourselves; Antiquity has been a Prey to Death; Posterity shall not be exempted from the Stroke of it; what Right have we to expect more Favour? We don't hold Life by virtue of any Treaty; we ought, therefore, to be satisfy'd with the Use of it as Tenants at Will.

Were

Were we to live ten Millions of Ages, we should only see the same things over and over again, and what those saw who are gone before us. Nature offers us in the time present and past a Looking-glass wherein we may contemplate Futurity, and see what will happen during the immense Term of Ages to come. 'Tis not the Length of Life that renders it happy, but the Use we make of it.— ‘ Let us think every Day, says ‘ *Horace*, the last of our Lives, for then every ‘ Moment that the Gods shall please to give us ‘ beyond what we expected, will be the more ‘ agreeable to us.’ In short, why are we solicitous for another Day? Let us live tranquil, and whatever be the Number of Days that it shall please Heaven to grant us, let us study to improve the present Moment. That which is just gone is no more ours, and we are not sure of that which is to follow the present.

They who fear when they dye that they shall lose their Riches, their Offices, their Children, their Mistresses, &c. ought to consider that *Craſſus* the richest of all the *Romans*, *Julius Cæſar* the Master of the Republic, *Priam* the best Father in the World, *Petus* the most tender of all Husbands, and *Leander* the most faithful of Lovers, are all dead. Is there any Sense in expecting what could not be obtain'd by Men who possess'd all things that can endear Life to us, in the highest Degree.

If it was in our Power to prolong Life for many Ages, Death would not appear the less disagreeable when it comes to put an End to it, nor would Eternity be the less with regard to this

World. ' The Éternity of Time, *says Lucretius,*
 ' is equal to all Men, and the Person who was
 ' buried to Day will be as long the Victim of ir-
 ' revocable Age as one that was expung'd out of
 ' the Rank of Beings several Months, nay Years,
 ' ago.'

END of the REFLECTIONS on a HAPPY LIFE.



THE



THE
 Count *de* RONANCOURT,
 A
 FRENCH NOVEL,
 BY
 MADEMOISELLE *de* COCHOIS.

 HE Count *de Ronancourt* was arriv'd to that Age when the Passions are most rampant: He was just turn'd of Twenty, and being of a gay Temper, he could not bear the Thoughts of that State of Life for which he was intended, viz. a considerable Post in the Law, which he study'd at the University of *Montpellier*. Being out of Conceit with an Employment which he thought so painful and tedious, he purpos'd to quit his Family, and travel to *Paris*. He chose that City preferably to another, because he hop'd that he could be *incog.* there with the more Ease, and that he could make the better Shift there for a Subsistence. At his Departure from *Montpel-*
lier

lier he fell out with his Father, who was a Man of a harsh, stubborn Temper, that look'd on his Children as so many Slaves, who were to pay a blind Submission to his Commands. From such a Father the Count *de Ronancourt* expected no Pardon, for the Fault he was conscious to himself he had committed; but his Passion to be entirely at his own Disposal had the Ascendant of all the Reflections that he made. He foresaw the Danger to which he expos'd himself; yet was willing to run the risque. Passion stumbles at no Difficulties; so that oppose it with what Rules and Reasons we will, they only serve the more to inflame it.

The Count *de Ronancourt*'s Father was as covetous as he was crabbed; so that his Son was kept very bare of Money: He borrow'd some privately therefore of Friends; he even took up an hundred Pistoles of an Usurer, who made him give a Bond for it: In short he manag'd so cunningly, and had such Success, that he went off with a thousand Pistoles in his Pocket. His Father made all possible Enquiry to know what was become of him, but in vain; he had chang'd his Name, and taken such other Measures as secur'd him against all Search. He pretended, in Whispers to several of his Acquaintance, that he was going to *Italy*; and this they did not fail to publish as soon as he was gone. The Father believ'd as much, and was fully bent upon punishing him, by cutting off his Estate from him, and settling it by Will on another of his Sons.

The Count *de Ronancourt* arriving at *Paris*, took a Lodging in *St. Denis-street*, by the Name of the *Chevalier de Javelle*. He found it necessary to be
very

very frugal of what Money he had, for fear that he should miss of a Supply, in a Country where he was oblig'd to shun the Prefence of such as perhaps might have known him, and where he could not expect any from those to whom he was quite a Stranger. A Comedian happen'd to lodge in the same House, whom he sometimes visited, and by degrees made an Acquaintance with him, which was the more agreeable, because it gave him an Opportunity of going every day to the Theatre, without spending his Money; which was a considerable Article in his Favour, as Affairs then stood with him.

The Count's Acquaintance with the Comedian, and his Fondness for Plays, made him resolve to commence Actor; for he often thought what he should do when the Money he had yet left was spent, and saw no better Shift that he could make, than to turn Comedian. He was young, comely in his Person, and had a good Memory; which were Qualities that made him think he should succeed in that Profession. He communicated his Design to his Friend the Comedian, not doubting but he would approve it; but to his very great Surprize he found the contrary. ' I advise
' you, *said his Friend*, to take other Measures.
' If you did but know our Condition, you would
' not wish to be a Player. The Profession seems
' genteel, amusing, lucrative; but 'tis scandalous, tiresome, and we have much ado to live
' by it. I speak to you now as a Comedian of
' *Paris*; for when I come to give you the History of the Perplexities and Misfortunes of the
' Country Players, I shall have a much larger
' Field for the Display of the Misfortunes of

‘ the Stage-Life. Nevertheless, at your Com-
 ‘ mencement of Comedian, you will be forc’d
 ‘ to enter yourself in a Country Band; and herein
 ‘ I find another Inconvenience; for as your Com-
 ‘ panions stroll from Town to Town, it is almost
 ‘ impossible for you to be unknown. You will
 ‘ then be oblig’d to travel into foreign Parts,
 ‘ which is still worse; and the first Step you
 ‘ make on a Theatre abroad will banish you
 ‘ from your own Country. Pray mind what I
 ‘ am going to say to you, which shall be with
 ‘ the Sincerity and Candour of an honest Man,
 ‘ who for the sake of setting off his Calling, and
 ‘ thereby rendring himself the more considerable,
 ‘ is not willing to engage his Friend to take a Step
 ‘ that he may repent of as long as he lives. When
 ‘ you know the Quintessence of a Comedian’s Pro-
 ‘ fession, I don’t doubt but you will lay aside all
 ‘ Thoughts of embracing it. In order to give
 ‘ you a just Idea of it, ’tis necessary that I should
 ‘ represent it to you in three different Points of
 ‘ View; the first, as a Comedian of *Paris*; the
 ‘ second, as a Country Comedian; and the third,
 ‘ as a Comedian in foreign Parts. To begin with
 ‘ the first:

‘ You see that we keep company with the
 ‘ Courtiers, who are quite civil to us, humour
 ‘ us, and even are pleas’d with us; but their
 ‘ Friendship is a poor Support, we are not a jot
 ‘ the better for it, nor does it screen us from the
 ‘ Contempt of the Populace: The Cit, the Par-
 ‘ son, the Tradesman, and the Labourer, look
 ‘ upon our Calling as dishonourable, and even
 ‘ somewhat scandalous; and they are confirm’d
 ‘ in this Opinion by the Religious, our mortal
 ‘ Enemies,

‘ Enemies, who not only despise but scandalize
 ‘ us, and when we are dead, deny us Christian
 ‘ Burial. ’Tis true that the Courtier and the
 ‘ Wit care little where we are interr’d ; but we
 ‘ only pass a few Moments with them, whereas
 ‘ we have Business twenty times a Day with
 ‘ thirty different People, who convince us of the
 ‘ little Regard they have for our Rank. Nothing
 ‘ is so mortifying: The greater is our Merit, the
 ‘ more are we concern’d to see ’tis no better
 ‘ esteem’d. We are oblig’d to spend three Fourths
 ‘ of our Time in getting our Parts, and in re-
 ‘ hearing them privately, before we act them in
 ‘ public ; and, in spite of all our Care and Pains,
 ‘ we are not sure that we shall not be hiss’d.
 ‘ Some stupid Fellow or other, that knows no-
 ‘ thing of the Matter, a drunken Soldier perhaps,
 ‘ some Country Coxcomb, that would fain be rec-
 ‘ kon’d a Man of nice Understanding, or it may
 ‘ be some Author or other whom we may have dis-
 ‘ gust’d by saying what we thought of his Work ;
 ‘ in short, the first Man that has a mind to be
 ‘ spiteful hisses us, and for all the Pains we have
 ‘ taken we are rewarded with the grossest Affronts.
 ‘ You can’t imagine the Effect of a Hiss. It
 ‘ shocks a Comedian like a Clap of Thunder. A
 ‘ Poet who sees his Play damn’d at the first Re-
 ‘ presentation of it, a Client who hears a Verdict
 ‘ given that ruins him, a Lover who receives his
 ‘ Dismission from a Mistress whom he admires ;
 ‘ all these are not so mortify’d and so much vex’d
 ‘ as a Comedian when he is hiss’d. Besides, ’tis al-
 ‘ most impossible for a Comedian to get an Estate.
 ‘ The Revenues of the Theatre are very casual ;
 ‘ they not only depend on the Goodness of the

‘ new Pieces, but on the Weather ; excessive
 ‘ Cold or Heat being alike the Cause of a thin
 ‘ House. The best Plays are often damn’d by
 ‘ the Cabals of Authors. The Dresses we have,
 ‘ which are very chargeable, cost us almost all
 ‘ the Money we receive ; and I scarce ever knew
 ‘ a Comedian who left any other Estate at his
 ‘ Death but his Cloaths.

‘ We come next to the Life of the Country
 ‘ Comedian. This is even more disagreeable
 ‘ than that of the *Paris* Comedian. The best
 ‘ Actor in the Country is as much oblig’d as
 ‘ the worst to change his Residence every two or
 ‘ three Months. One while he is in *Languedoc* ;
 ‘ another in *Bretagne* ; sometimes he is forc’d to
 ‘ decamp from *Roussillon* to *Flanders* : He is like
 ‘ the State-Messengers, who are continually tra-
 ‘ velling, and never stay longer in a Town than
 ‘ is necessary to deliver their Letters, or receive
 ‘ the Answers. The Country Comedians often
 ‘ lose in one Town what they get in another ;
 ‘ they live only from Hand to Mouth ; they are
 ‘ expos’d to the capricious Humour of Audiences
 ‘ of far less Understanding than the *Parisians*,
 ‘ and are often damn’d when they deserve to be
 ‘ applauded. The Country Gentry, being proud
 ‘ and haughty, despise them ; and tho’ they affect
 ‘ in every thing to ape the Courtiers, they are
 ‘ too vain to imitate them in their Civilities and
 ‘ Kindness to the Comedians.

‘ Then as for the Actors who go to foreign
 ‘ Parts, they are not more happy, nor more
 ‘ esteem’d, than the others. There are Com-
 ‘ panies of them at several *German* Courts : At
 ‘ some of them they are paid regularly, at others
 ‘ the

' the Pay is very bad, but at all of them the Pro-
 ' fession of the Comedian is very little esteem'd.
 ' All Foreigners, except the *English* and *Ita-*
 ' *lians*, have the same Notion of Comedians as
 ' the *French* People have. Nay you would not
 ' find that Advantage with them which we have at
 ' *Paris*; for the Man of Quality will not distin-
 ' guish you, for fear of being suspected of an In-
 ' timacy with you; and had you the Merit of
 ' the famous *Baron*, he would be shy of treating
 ' you as an Acquaintance. You are now to con-
 ' sider whether you will embrace a Profession
 ' which cannot but be disagreeable to you. I
 ' have talk'd to you with the Sincerity of a true
 ' Friend, and I again advise you to take to any
 ' thing rather than the Theatre.'

The Count *de Ronancourt* reply'd to the Come-
 dian, ' I find so much good Sense in what
 ' you have said, that I am inclin'd to drop my
 ' Design. Nevertheless I must live, my Cash
 ' shrinks every Day, what shall I do when 'tis all
 ' gone? I am to expect nothing from my Father,
 ' but have every thing to fear from him; and I
 ' know no body that can save me from Poverty.
 ' Do but seriously consider my Condition; for be
 ' the State of a Comedian ever so ignominious, it
 ' cannot be near so bad as mine must be in a few
 ' Months.' ' I fancy, *said the Comedian*, that I
 ' have hit upon an Expedient that will do your
 ' Business. You have a Genius, write, turn Au-
 ' thor: You shall compose some Pieces for the
 ' Stage; and I will undertake that my Comrades
 ' shall receive them. If they succeed, you may
 ' live handsomely upon the Profits of them.' *You*
speak before you think, said *Ronancourt*. *You advise*
me to commence Author, whereas I am not qualify'd to
write

write well, and yet have too good an Opinion of myself to add to the Number of bad Writers. ‘ You
 ‘ may say what you please, *reply’d the Comedian,*
 ‘ an Author you must be, and one of my making.
 ‘ To-morrow I will give you the Plan of a small
 ‘ Comedy, and you shall execute it.’ ‘ But,
 ‘ *said Ronancourt,* you little think what substantial Reasons I have to be unknown. If
 ‘ you bring me upon the Theatre I shall be discover’d sooner or later, tho’ I have chang’d my
 ‘ Name.’ ‘ I have even a Remedy against that
 ‘ Inconvenience, *said the Comedian;* I will give
 ‘ out your Piece, without naming you; and if
 ‘ you have the Profit, you may dispense with the
 ‘ Honour of it. Moreover you will find an Advantage in not being known; you will run no
 ‘ danger from those Combinations which often
 ‘ prove the Ruin of the best Plays; and if your
 ‘ Comedy should not happen to be lik’d, which
 ‘ I don’t suppose will be the Case, you will have
 ‘ this secret Satisfaction, that you are not known
 ‘ to be the Author of it.’

Ronancourt was still loth to comply with his Friend’s Advice, but the latter persisted in his Opinion; and the Count conform’d to it at last only to please him, but was determin’d, whatever was the Fate of his Piece, not to let it be known that it was his. The very next Day after this Conversation, the Comedian gave him the Plan which he talk’d of, and the Count executed it in the best Manner he could. He wrote a Comedy in three Acts; and when it was finish’d, he gave it to his Friend the Player. The latter read it, and embracing *Ronancourt* at several Passages of it which he thought were better than ordinary,

‘ You

‘ You are a brave Man, *said he*; that’s good;
 ‘ that will take; this will bring in Money.’ Then
 he made some sensible Remarks, which *Ronan-*
court was glad of improving. The Count was
 even surpriz’d at several Discoveries which his
 Friend made of his just Discernment. The Co-
 median perceiving his Astonishment, said to him,
 ‘ I clearly perceive you think it strange that I should
 ‘ discourse with you on certain Points which re-
 ‘ quire more Learning and Knowledge than is
 ‘ common to Comedians. Not content, as the
 ‘ Generality of my Comerades are, with a sort of
 ‘ habitual Acquaintance with the Drama, acquir’d
 ‘ merely by the Force of Exercise, I have en-
 ‘ deavour’d to know something more, and, de-
 ‘ spising the common Road, which is the sole
 ‘ Merit of almost all our Actors, I was desirous,
 ‘ after the Examples of *Moliere* and *Baron*, to
 ‘ know the Art I profess, by its true Principles.
 ‘ I have trac’d them in the best Authors; and
 ‘ to what I acquir’d by my Study and Reflections,
 ‘ I have added many Discoveries owing to fifteen
 ‘ Years Practice. I have observ’d the Fate of the
 ‘ Plays that we have acted in that Space of Time;
 ‘ during which, through the Envy that is pre-
 ‘ valent among Authors, I have seen several run
 ‘ down, that deserv’d the Esteem of the Public;
 ‘ and the Cabals of those very Authors have kept
 ‘ others in Countenance, that deserv’d to be
 ‘ damn’d: However, Time has done Justice to
 ‘ Merit, the Cabal was dispers’d, the bad Pieces
 ‘ have been bury’d in Oblivion, and the good ones
 ‘ reviv’d on the Theatre. Not long ago an ex-
 ‘ cellent Play was silenc’d at the third time of act-
 ‘ ing it, on account of a Pique between its Author
 ‘ and

‘ and a certain Abbé, who was a Man of Letters.
 ‘ This Abbé coming to the Playhouse when all
 ‘ the Places were taken up, so that he could not
 ‘ get a Ticket, he took this Exclusion as an
 ‘ Affront contriv’d for him by the Author.
 ‘ To be reveng’d on him, he went to several
 ‘ of the Magistrates who were his Acquaintance,
 ‘ and inflam’d some of the Clergy, who
 ‘ exclaim’d every where that the Play which was
 ‘ then in Performance was an Attack upon Religion,
 ‘ and a Breach of the Rules of Honour and Probity.
 ‘ In short, the Abbé push’d the Matter so far as to excite the Zeal of the public
 ‘ Magistrates, and the Play was prohibited at
 ‘ *Paris*, tho’ acted all over the Country with universal
 ‘ Applause. The severest Critics among
 ‘ those charg’d with the Police perceiv’d no Token
 ‘ of that Impiety which the Cabal had discover’d
 ‘ at *Paris*. A melancholy Instance this, of
 ‘ what a Combination can do, and of what Influence
 ‘ it has over theatrical Compositions !

‘ I should never have done, were I to let you
 ‘ into the Secret of all the iniquitous Practices of
 ‘ Authors, of which I have been Witness, and
 ‘ what is worse, the Victim: But you may be
 ‘ very easy, you have no Enemy as yet in the
 ‘ Commonwealth of Learning. Besides, as no
 ‘ body knows who is the Author of your Comedy,
 ‘ you cannot be hurt by Envy. However, you shall
 ‘ have the Pleasure to hear what the World says of it:
 ‘ Therefore, when your Piece is given out, I will
 ‘ carry you to an Assembly of Wits, and such as
 ‘ determine the Fate of dramatic Compositions;
 ‘ who nevertheless are not always of the same
 ‘ Opinion, but

‘ on

' on the contrary often clash with one another.
 ' They have turn'd the Pit into a Field of Battle,
 ' wherein they fight for the Advancement of such
 ' as are their Favourites, and for the Disgrace of
 ' those whom they hate. They are not guided
 ' either by Genius or Wit, but by Passion. They
 ' are ready to enter the Lists against all Comers,
 ' even before they know the Subject they are to
 ' quarrel with; 'tis enough for them if they know
 ' that what they are to attack and endeavour to
 ' demolish comes from a Person whom they hate.
 ' If you ask me the Reason of such Hatred, I must
 ' tell you that they would be at a Loss themselves
 ' to declare it; for they would not care to ascribe
 ' it to the Merit of their Enemy, which is an
 ' Offence to their Vanity; and nevertheless that
 ' is the only true Cause of their hating him. In-
 ' deed to conceal the Baseness of their Conduct,
 ' they trump up fifty frivolous and pitiful Pre-
 ' tences. After all, I will leave you to be the
 ' Judge, whether they are Men of Solidity, or
 ' Integrity.'

The Comedian was desirous to give *Ronancourt*
 an Opportunity of being himself a Spectator of
 what he had so justly painted; and therefore, two
 Days after his Play was given out, he carry'd him
 to a Coffee-house where was a Rendezvous of
 Wits, and of several Fools their Admirers, who
 by frequenting that Assembly thought to pass with
 the Public for *Men of Letters*. The Physiognomy
 of *Ronancourt* being unknown to all these Gen-
 tlemen, they no sooner perceiv'd him but they
 star'd at him very much. The Wits, not know-
 ing but he might be of their Fraternity, were
 cautious of saying any thing that might give
 him

him a disadvantageous Idea of their Merit. One of them address'd his Discourse to him, and ask'd if he knew who was the Author of the new Play that was given out (meaning that which he had written)? He answer'd, that he did not so much as know that there was a new Play to be acted. From *Ronancourt's* Air of Indifference and Simplicity the Wit took it for granted that he was not a Man of Letters, therefore he left him, and taking one or two of the Gentlemen aside, he told them, that he was not even worthy of their Notice, and that he did not seem to have any Share in the *Nouvelles Literaires*. All this while *Ronancourt* sat alone by a Table in a Corner of the Room, without being honour'd with the Notice of any of the Wits; and the other Persons that were in the Room following their Example, he remain'd quite disengag'd. Then the Conversation beginning to be somewhat warm, ' I think, ' *said a Man with an Air of Importance*, that I ' have Reason to believe this will be a bad Play, ' because so much Care is taken to skreen the Author. If there was a good Opinion conceiv'd ' of it, there would not be so much Art us'd to ' conceal him. The Fear both of the Author ' and of the Comedians I take to be a very bad ' Omen, and I will venture a Wager that I know ' who wrote this Comedy. He is not in the ' wrong to be *incog*. two of his Plays having been ' already damn'd; and if he were to write a ' thousand, they would fare no better. Be it as ' it will, I am prepar'd to hiss it.'

While this Man was talking, *Ronancourt's* Friend, who had pretended all this while to have no Knowledge of him, drew near to him, and whisper'd

whisper'd him, ' Fear nothing, this is a sorry
 ' Poët, who has not much Credit among the
 ' Wits: He is a Fool, who fancies all the World
 ' admires him, and is so self-conceited that he
 ' does not perceive that such as praise him only
 ' jeer him. He is the May-game of the Men of
 ' Letters, whom you see; and if he does but
 ' condemn a Work, that's enough to raise a good
 ' Opinion of it.'

Ronancourt was soon Witness of the Truth of what his Friend had said to him; for a Wit looking upon all about him with a malignant Sneer, said, in answer to the Poet, ' You have, Sir, a
 ' very singular Talent in guessing at the Secrets
 ' of the Theatre; and I make no doubt that the
 ' Author of the Play is the very Man you guess
 ' at; yet it would be unjust in you to condemn
 ' it upon this bare Supposition; for this does not
 ' consist with the Care which you have taken to
 ' divest yourself of all Prejudice.' *I shall pardon him for hissing*, said a certain Abbé, who had a surly Look and a coarse Voice, *if the Play was written by Cleanthes; and if I thought so, I would hiss it too.* ' Good God! *reply'd the same Man*
 ' *that had been bantering the Poet*, will you never
 ' do Justice, *M. l' Abbé*, to Persons that you don't
 ' love? and is every thing that they produce,
 ' whether good or bad, all alike to you? In
 ' truth you are very particular, or rather very
 ' revengeful.' *And you, Sir*, said the Abbé, *are*
very complaisant, or rather very politic; for, in
fact, the Praise which you bestow upon so many Au-
thors is out of Self-Interest: 'Tis a Deposit which
you only lend them, that they may repay it to you
 with

*with Usury; and you expect Ten per Cent. besides
Restitution of the Principal.*

The Abbé's Antagonist was going to return him a smart Answer, when a Wit who had not yet open'd his Mouth, said with a great deal of Warmth, ' Upon my Word, *Gentlemen*, you are
' strange Folks, you cannot be a few Moments
' together without giving one another hard Language, whereas, our Interest requires that we
' should be more united than ever. If we are at
' Variance, our Enemies, who are already but
' too powerful, will easily compass our Ruin. All
' *Paris* approves of their Works; they are demanded in Foreign Parts; they are fondly
' read in the Country, and we shall be thought
' by all *Europe* to have neither Taste, Judgment, nor Learning; or else be reduc'd to the
' Mortification of commending our Enemies.
' As for you *M. l'Abbé*, what is it to you if
' *M——* courts Praise? Does not he take all
' Opportunities to return what you bestow upon
' him? And you, *Sir*, who espouse *Cleanthes*, why
' do you blame *M. l'Abbé* for hating his Enemies? Are you the Director of his Conscience?
' Let us lay aside all these idle Disputes, and
' study rather to keep up the Reputation we have
' acquir'd of being the Directors of Taste. Do
' not let us suffer our Enemies to get the better
' of us, and to rob us of the Honour of being
' the greatest Wits of *Paris*.'

Ronancourt was astonish'd at such a dangerous Lecture, and was wondering within himself, that an Ambition to shine, could carry Men of Letters to such a Length, when his Friend said to him,
' I see that you are surpriz'd at what you hear;
' mean

‘ mean time, ’tis what you must inure yourself
 ‘ to ; but we will withdraw from hence, and I
 ‘ will let you into the Character of those two
 ‘ Men sitting at the lower End of the Room, and
 ‘ of the third who stands by them.’ Accordingly,
Ronancourt went out with the Comedian, who
 said to him, ‘ By what you have now heard, you
 ‘ find what Sincerity there is generally among the
 ‘ Men of Learning. You will have a fuller Idea
 ‘ of it by what I am now going to add. The
 ‘ first two Men that I pointed out to you, are
 ‘ two Writers very well known ; and the third,
 ‘ who was talking to them, is one of those Un-
 ‘ der-strappers, who have nothing to recom-
 ‘ mend them but the Protection granted them by
 ‘ some celebrated Wit. He serves as a Spy and
 ‘ a Hawker to the other two ; he tells them every
 ‘ thing he hears in the Families where he has
 ‘ Access ; he always carries about their Works ;
 ‘ he sends their satyrical Pieces into the Country,
 ‘ and even to Foreign Parts ; he circulates their
 ‘ Epigrams in *Paris* ; in fine, he is charg’d, as
 ‘ one may say, with the Iniquities which those
 ‘ Poets would be asham’d to own ; he executes
 ‘ those Crimes in Public, which the others me-
 ‘ ditate in Private, yet, perhaps, is not so guilty
 ‘ as they who set him at work, and who, to gratify
 ‘ their Vanity, and appease their Envy, make use
 ‘ of another’s Hand to distribute the Poison
 ‘ which they compose. Both those Authors have
 ‘ Wit, Genius, and Learning, but their Ta-
 ‘ lents are employ’d in wounding with the most
 ‘ envenom’d Arrows all those Persons whose
 ‘ Merit is formidable to their Self-conceit. They
 ‘ are very much perplexed to know who is the
 ‘ Author

‘ Author of the new Play: They had a great
 ‘ deal of Talk with me on that Head, and as
 ‘ their Decision is of great Weight, and as the
 ‘ Public pays a due Deference to their Under-
 ‘ standing, I have endeavour’d to make them
 ‘ believe that your Comedy is the Performance
 ‘ of a Friend of theirs. They importun’d me to
 ‘ tell his Name; but I affected great Secrecy
 ‘ as to this Article, and told them, that I was en-
 ‘ gag’d not to divulge it. They believ’d me,
 ‘ and order’d their Spy, wheresoever he went, to
 ‘ recommend your Comedy. It were to be wish’d
 ‘ that the Public knew the Hearts of those two
 ‘ Men, as well as they do their Understanding.
 ‘ They would then discover when they judge
 ‘ right or wrong; they would discern the Source
 ‘ of their Praises or their Criticisms; but the Mask
 ‘ of Probity in which they disguise themselves,
 ‘ conceals the Ambition, Envy, and Hatred of
 ‘ their Hearts, from the most penetrating Eyes.
 ‘ They must be humour’d, in order to gain
 ‘ their Suffrage, or to avoid their Censure; their
 ‘ Opinions, being thought to be dictated by Ge-
 ‘ nius, Reason, and Probity.’

The Count *de Ronancourt* soon found the Truth
 of what his Friend said to him. These two Men
 were partly the Cause of the Success of his Play.
 By their Approbation of it they silenc’d all Cri-
 ticism, and they made Interest with all their Ac-
 quaintance for the Count, as supposing him to be
 one of their particular Friends. Some of the
 underling Authors attempted to form a Party
 against it in the Pit, but they were oblig’d to
 keep within Bounds, and they saw that the Trou-
 ble they gave themselves turn’d to their Confusion.

The

The Piece was approv'd, had a very great Run, and put fifteen hundred Livres into the Count's Pocket. His Friend would have had him to write another ; and indeed considering his Situation, the Money he had receiv'd was enough to have encourag'd him to stick entirely to a Business which furnish'd him with Subsistence, and at the same time pleas'd his Vanity ; but Love broke all his Measures, and frustrated the Advice of his Friend.

After his Play had met with so much Success, the Count was often tempted to discover that himself was the Author. His Vanity was so tickled with the Praise given to his Work, that 'twas a great Mortification to him that the World did not know whose it was. But then the Fear of being known to be the Count *de Ronancourt*, sway'd him more than his Vanity, and oblig'd him to keep Silence. Nevertheless, he blabb'd it one Day by a very odd Accident : He was at the same Coffee-house to which he had been carry'd before his Play was acted, where all the Talk fell on the Subject of the new Play, which was highly commended, and ascrib'd to various Authors. Every one gave his Reason for fathering it upon one Person rather than another. This was a Conversation which the Count *de Ronancourt*, who was only known by the Name of the Chevalier *de Javelle*, heard with Pleasure. A certain Wit of the Company having a Mind to joke with him, said to him with an Air of Derision, and even of Insult, *And, Sir, what think you of it? You have a good Taste, one that is nice and delicate, and I am sure that it is not an easy Matter to puzzle so excellent a Critic as you are.* This ironical

nical Address stung the Count de *Ronancourt*, who was naturally quick of Resentment. ‘ I am
 ‘ capable, *said he*, of giving a better Guess upon
 ‘ this Subject than you are ; and tho’ I am not
 ‘ so vain as to think my self your Superior, I
 ‘ know as much as you do, especially of the Af-
 ‘ fair in hand.’ Upon my Honour, Gentlemen, reply’d
 the Wit, *it pleases me extremely to hear that this*
Person pretends to know more of the Affair than I
do. I am under a Necessity of convincing him of his
Mistake. Had it not been for him, I should never
have mention’d what I am now going to declare to
you. I am in the Author’s Secret, for he read his
Play to me before he gave it to the Comedians ; there-
fore I believe that the Gentleman will not now pre-
tend that he knows as much of this Matter as I do.
 The Count de *Ronancourt* was both astonish’d and
 enrag’d at the Impudence of this Wit, and said to
 him with a disdainful Air, ‘ You are quite mista-
 ‘ ken in your Man; the Author never read his Play
 ‘ to you, for I never chang’d a Word with you in
 ‘ my Life before now, and I my self was the Au-
 ‘ thor of it. If you question it, Mr. D——,
 ‘ who gave my Comedy to his Comrades to get
 ‘ up their Parts, and who brought me the Money
 ‘ that it produc’d, will give you full Satisfaction
 ‘ as to this Point.’ The Wit was so confounded,
 that he had not one Word to say, but took an
 Opportunity to sneak out of the Coffee-room,
 where every body was fond of paying their Com-
 compliments to the Chevalier de *Javelle*. They re-
 proach’d him, but in a most obliging manner, for
 having done all he could to conceal his Genius;
 and they assur’d him they were glad he had met
 with a small Affront, because, had it not been for
 that,

that, they should not have known his own true Merit.

Mean time this comical Scene was carry'd from the Coffee-house all over *Paris*, where many People were curious to know the Author of the new Play, so that the Count *de Ronancourt* was oblig'd, against his Will, to have new Acquaintance, though he took all the care he could not to multiply them, because he was sensible that it would soon be known that the Chevalier *de Javelle* was the Count *de Ronancourt*; and he was much afraid of his Father, who could easily take out a *Letter de Cachet* against him, and get him banish'd far enough from *Paris*. He was in this uneasy State when he happen'd to fall in Love with a young Lady, who was soon to set out into the Country.

Among the many Persons who were curious to know the Count *de Ronancourt*, was Madame *de Millian*, a Lady of Distinction, who had a boundless Ambition to pass for a Woman of Wit and Learning, though all her Talent was a great Fund of Coquetry. She, hearing of the Count's Reputation, did every thing in her Power to bring him to her House. The Comedian, who was *Ronancourt's* Friend, going often to visit her, she learn'd that he was very intimate with *Ronancourt*, and therefore earnestly intreated him to bring him to her House. The Comedian was so importun'd on this Head by the Lady, that he promis'd her it should not be long before she should see the Count; and, in short, he actually introduc'd him to her the very next Day. After the first Civilities were over, the Count congratulated himself on his good Fortune. *I am, said he, too happy in having the Honour of your Acquaintance with so little Merit to*

recommend me. The Countess *de Millian* was charm'd with this Visit; and as she was of no Consideration but for those she receiv'd from Men of the most shining Parts, she imagin'd that by adding the Count to the Number she at the same time increas'd the Reputation she affected of a Lady of Learning. 'Sir, *said she to him*, I know the Value of Merit too well to neglect it. I seek after it wherever it is to be found. I admire it; I protect it; and from this time forwards I make you a Tender of every thing in my Power that may contribute to your Satisfaction, and to every Attainment which such a Gentleman as you deserves.'— After Conversation for an Hour or two upon different Subjects, the Count *de Ronancourt* and his Friend took their Leave of the Countess, who repeated the Promises she had made to him, and desir'd him to come again the first Opportunity.

From this first Visit the Count went away tranquil, but the second produc'd a different Effect; for he therein lost the Liberty which he had enjoy'd till then. There did not seem to be any extraordinary Temptation to allure him thither. Certainly it could not be any Impression that was made upon him by the Charms of *Madame de Millian*. She was fifty Years of Age, and all that remain'd agreeable in her Person, was a certain Air of Nobility which she deriv'd from her Birth. Yet there was a fatal Bias in *Ronancourt* that carry'd him voluntarily to her House, on the third Day after he had been there before. At this second Visit, to his Misfortune, if we may give that Name to the Rise of a Passion attended with Troubles which lead us to a happy Fate, he found

found a young Lady with the Countess, who was a perfect Beauty ; she was the Countess of *Mil-lan's* Daughter, who happen'd not to be present at the Count's former Visit. Her sweet Carriage, and that happy Modesty which is so becoming the Age of eighteen, was an Addition to the Charms with which she was endow'd by Nature. She had, moreover, those Qualities of the Mind in which her Mother was deficient : She had an infinite Share of Wit, without making any Shew of it. Mean time she talk'd with so much good Sense, and such a Grace, that, without her, the Conversation between the Count and her Mother, which was pretty much confus'd, would have been lifeless. The Heart of *Ronancourt* was in such a Flutter, that he did not much attend to what he said. As to the Mother, she took Notice how much the Count was bewilder'd ; and ascribing it to herself, her own Distraction was such, that what she said was quite unadorn'd ; so that the amiable *Julia* was the only Hinge of the Conversation : Not that her Heart was a whit more compos'd than theirs, for the same Shaft that had wounded theirs, had not spared hers. She was sensible of a Disorder of which she could not guess the Cause. She look'd upon the Count at every Turn, and thought she read in his Eyes that she was not indifferent to him. With the Men, Love has a quite contrary Effect to what it has with the Women. A Man who is really smitten, stoops to take up the Burden as it were ; he finds a thousand Delights in it ; with great Complaisance he binds himself with the Chain, and pleases himself with the Fetters of Love ; but a Woman that happens to be smitten, especially if she be young,

secretly enjoys her Triumph, and does not think so much of the Flame in her own Heart, as that which she has kindled in her Lover's. She is not perplex'd about her own Passion, and only studies to feed the other's ; while she lets nothing drop that may tend to betray her. The Care which a Woman takes to dissemble the Secrets of her Heart, is a Custom which has been establish'd by Prejudice ; which Custom is become such a Habit, that it puts her under no manner of Constraint ; she is under no Difficulty to conceal her Thoughts ; she aims only more and more to charm the Heart which she has touch'd, and to make sure of the Prize she has conquer'd. That was the sole View of young *Julia*. It being the first time she ever was in Love, it was the first time that she was sensible of the earnest Desire of pleasing ; nor were the Pains she took for that Purpose ineffectual, for she was never so amiable before. Every Word she spoke was a new Link of the Chain that bound the Count's Heart. If *Madame de Millian* had not been so much blinded by her own Passion, she would, no doubt, have perceiv'd that of the Count and her Daughter ; but her Heart and her Understanding had a Perception of nothing but the Arrow which had wounded her. The Night advanc'd upon them before they were aware, and at length came the Hour when they were to retire. The Count went away with a thousand Regrets, being penetrated with the most tender Love for *Julia* ; the Mother sigh'd at seeing him withdraw ; and her charming Daughter proud of the Conquest which she thought she had made, aim'd at nothing but how to preserve it.

When

When the Count *de Ronancourt* return'd home, he found his Friend the Comedian, who soon perceiv'd how he was alter'd ; but whence his Melancholy, his Uneasiness and Distraction proceeded, he could not devine. The Friendship he had for him made him impatient to know what was the matter with him. ' Has any Misfortune, *said he*, ' happen'd to you ? Has any secret Enemy discover'd to your Father that you are at *Paris* ? ' For God's sake explain your self to me, tell me ' your Grievance, and I will do what I can to ' remedy it.' What he said made the Count uneasy, who. thinking of nothing but his lovely *Julia*, spoke not a Word. The Comedian insisted again upon having an Answer from the Count. *What Pleasure*, said *de Ronancourt*, *can you take in hearing of my Misfortune ? Is it not enough for you to know that you are the Cause of it ?* The Comedian was struck dumb, and the young Count, glad of this Opportunity to ease his Heart, continu'd his Discourse. Such is the Force of Love, that it overpowers all Sentiments of the Mind that have no Relation to it. It's Violence makes the Heart sink under it, and it endeavours to diminish the Weight of it upon the Spirits, by communicating it to a Confidant, to whom every Word that we utter gives us Ease. But to this the greatest Misfortunes of Lovers are sometimes owing ; for they often find Ruin where they hop'd to meet with a Remedy ; and to Confidants, we must almost always ascribe the fatal Consequences of an Amour which, had it not been for them, would have been happy. The Count, indulging his Inclination to reveal his Secret to his Friend, pursued his Discourse. ' Was it not you, *said he*,

' that carry'd me to the House of Madame *de Mil-*
 ' *lian*? How cruel was it! Did you not know
 ' that the most amiable Person in the World was
 ' in that Family? There is my Misfortune.' ' Are
 ' you in Love with her, *reply'd his Friend*?' ' Do
 ' I love her, *reply'd the Count*; I perfectly adore
 ' her. Really my Affection for her can't be ex-
 ' press'd. I left her with a thousand Regrets.
 ' Her Image follows me wherever I go. She is
 ' all that I contemplate, all that I think of.
 ' Don't wonder therefore any longer to see me in
 ' this melancholy Mood, of which you could not
 ' guess the Cause.' ' I am not surpriz'd, *said he*
 ' *to his friend*, that your Heart is smitten with
 ' the Charms of that amiable Lady; but I am
 ' surpriz'd that they have so overpower'd you.
 ' Are you ignorant that by loving that young
 ' Lady you pave your own way to the most cruel
 ' Destiny? Ought you not to summon Reason
 ' to your Aid to oppose it? The Character of
 ' a Friend with which you have honour'd me,
 ' licenses me to represent to you whatsoever
 ' you have to fear from such an Engagement.
 ' *Julia* is the only Child of a Mother who has
 ' a great Estate, which she is hereafter to in-
 ' herit. The bad State of your Finances ought
 ' to check your Ambition of matching with her,
 ' at least by the Consent of the Mother. You
 ' hope, perhaps, that *Julia's* Eyes are not to be
 ' dazzled with Riches, and that you shall find
 ' out the Secret to touch her Heart. I give you
 ' leave to indulge yourself with such Hopes; but
 ' you cannot expect her Love without seeing her,
 ' nor to make her sensible of your Love without
 ' speaking to her, which are two things that you
 ' are

' are debarr'd from. The Countess *de Millian*
 ' generally keeps her out of Sight ; for she is one
 ' of those singular Mothers who think they have
 ' the Power of giving Pleasure, be they ever so
 ' old. She is so jealous of her Daughter's being
 ' thought handsomer than herself, that she endea-
 ' vours to conceal her as much as she can, and
 ' looks upon her as a constant Reproach of the
 ' Decay of her own Charms. You will very sel-
 ' dom have an Opportunity of seeing *Julia*, you
 ' can only speak to her with the Language of
 ' your Eyes ; and then if your Looks should have
 ' the Misfortune to betray you, you are quite un-
 ' done, you are sure to have a mortal Enemy in
 ' the Countess *de Millian*, and an Enemy the
 ' more dangerous, because her Hatred will be
 ' spurred by Jealousy. You may depend upon it,
 ' that when the Countess *de Millian* finds that her
 ' Daughter has the Preference in your Affection,
 ' she will forbid you her House for ever. How
 ' vexatious, how mortifying, will this be to you !
 ' Believe me, you are preparing Troubles for
 ' yourself, which you can never surmount. I
 ' tell you nothing but the naked Truth, for I am
 ' perfectly acquainted with the Temper of the
 ' Countess *de Millian*, and it is really such as I
 ' have represented it to you : Therefore, try as
 ' soon as possible to free your self from a Passion
 ' which can only render you unhappy.' ' I fore-
 ' saw, *said the Count to him, with a Sigh*, a Part of
 ' the Misfortunes which you have mention'd to
 ' me, but my Love has had the Ascendant of my
 ' Reason. I am sensible that if I cannot see *Julia*
 ' again, I shall die, and that it will not be in
 ' my Power to avoid it. I will conceal my Love

‘ as much as I can from the Eyes of her Mother.
 ‘ I shall gain time, and perhaps this Adventure
 ‘ may render me as happy as I fear to be unfor-
 ‘ tunate. I have a certain Forethought which en-
 ‘ courages me, and am resolv’d to pursue it.’ His
 Friend would have proceeded in his Argument to
 divert him from his Design, but the Count would
 hear no more upon that Topic. He launch’d out
 into the Praise of the lovely *Julia*’s Charms, and
 repeated his Passion for her with so much Vehe-
 mence, that the Comedian submitted. He found
 that the Count was too far engag’d, that his fu-
 ture Advice could only be disgusting to him, and
 therefore he only avoided to vex the Heart which
 was so deeply smitten. He imagin’d that Time
 would cool his Passion, and that he might be in a
 better Temper to hear what he had to say here-
 after, than now.

The Count *de Renancourt* spent the Night in
 continual Trouble, and form’d Projects which
 were as soon defeated by some Obstruction or
 other. One while he flatter’d himself with Hopes
 that he had touch’d the Heart of *Julia*, and then
 he thought himself the happiest of Mortals; an-
 other while he fancy’d she was insensible of his
 Love, and then nothing came up to his Despair.
 The Temper of the Countess of *Millian* terrify’d
 him, and the Difficulty of seeing her Daughter
 made him mad; nevertheless he resolv’d to go
 again to her House the next Day, be the Event
 what it would. ‘ At least I shall see my adora-
 ‘ ble *Julia*, said he; and who knows whether I
 ‘ may not have the happy Opportunity of declar-
 ‘ ing my Love to her? If she is insensible to it,
 ‘ I shall die; but the cruel Fair will however be
 ‘ sorry

‘forry to have brought me to the Grave.’ Full of all these uneasy Thoughts, he long’d impatiently for the next Day; and as soon as he saw it break, he long’d as much for the Hour when he was to see his lovely *Julia*. The so much desir’d Moment being come, the Count posted to the House of the Countess of *Millian*: But how great was his Astonishment, when he did not find his amiable *Julia* there! This Misfortune was an ill Omen for him: Yet he had Hopes for a few Moments that he should see her very soon; but when he found she did not appear, he gave himself up entirely to Melancholy. Nothing is more to be pity’d than was the State of his Heart, which was rack’d with a thousand afflicting Ideas that started in his Mind. When we are under the Apprehension of any great Misfortunes, we are always uneasy, and think that every thing is to happen to us according to our Imagination. The Count call’d to mind what his Friend said to him the Day before. ‘Thus, said he to himself, what he foretold is come to pass; these are the Torments with which he threaten’d me. My Passion for *Julia* must have been discover’d by the Countess *de Millian*, and I feel the first Effect of her Jealousy.’ *Romancourt*’s Mind was so sadly disturb’d with these different Ideas, that notwithstanding all the Care he took to conceal his Confusion, the Countess of *Millian* soon perceiv’d it, and she saw his Trouble in the very Language with which he affected to disguise it. Yet he was more fortunate than he had Reason to hope; for the Countess of *Millian*’s Temper, which he so much dreaded, turn’d to his Happiness. After the Count had left her, she was alto-

‘ as much as I can from the Eyes of her Mother.
 ‘ I shall gain time, and perhaps this Adventure
 ‘ may render me as happy as I fear to be unfor-
 ‘ tunate. I have a certain Forethought which en-
 ‘ courages me, and am resolv’d to pursue it.’ His
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 ‘ I shall die; but the cruel Fair will however be
 ‘ sorry

‘ sorry to have brought me to the Grave.’ Full of all these uneasy Thoughts, he long’d impatiently for the next Day ; and as soon as he saw it break, he long’d as much for the Hour when he was to see his lovely *Julia*. The so much desir’d Moment being come, the Count posted to the House of the Countess of *Millian* : But how great was his Astonishment, when he did not find his amiable *Julia* there ! This Misfortune was an ill Omen for him : Yet he had Hopes for a few Moments that he should see her very soon ; but when he found she did not appear, he gave himself up entirely to Melancholy. Nothing is more to be pity’d than was the State of his Heart, which was rack’d with a thousand afflicting Ideas that started in his Mind. When we are under the Apprehension of any great Misfortunes, we are always uneasy, and think that every thing is to happen to us according to our Imagination. The Count call’d to mind what his Friend said to him the Day before. ‘ Thus, said he to himself, what he foretold is come to pass ; these are the Torments with which he threaten’d me. My Passion for *Julia* must have been discover’d by the Countess *de Millian*, and I feel the first Effect of her Jealousy.’ *Ronancourt*’s Mind was so sadly disturb’d with these different Ideas, that notwithstanding all the Care he took to conceal his Confusion, the Countess of *Millian* soon perceiv’d it, and she saw his Trouble in the very Language with which he affected to disguise it. Yet he was more fortunate than he had Reason to hope ; for the Countess of *Millian*’s Temper, which he so much dreaded, turn’d to his Happiness. After the Count had left her, she was alto-

gether as uneasy as he, and she resolv'd to do every thing that she could think would win his Heart. She flatter'd herself that she should soon carry her Point, and thought, as she did at his first Visit, that she was the Cause of that Confusion which she discover'd in the Count. The more disturb'd he seem'd to be in his Mind, the happier she thought herself. She was perswaded that she had touch'd the Count's Heart, and she dextrously turn'd the Conversation to the Delights of Love, and the Happiness of a Lover whose Tenderness meets with a perfect Return.

The Impression which this Discourse made upon the Heart of *Ronancourt* completely bewilder'd him. He answer'd the Countess what came uppermost, in such confus'd and incoherent Language, as fully confirm'd the Countess in her Thoughts of him. Yet she was not entirely satisfied. What she wanted was, a Declaration; which he was far enough from making. She condemn'd the Silence to which Women are enjoin'd by Decency; she was every Moment ready to break it; and nothing restrain'd her, but the Hopes that it would not be long before the Count would declare his Love with his own Lips.

The Countess was not only uneasy at the Bashfulness of *Ronancourt*, but that she was to set out shortly to a Country-house of hers, two Leagues from *Paris*; she propos'd therefore to *Ronancourt*, to go and pass two or three Months there with her. 'Will you go with us, said she, M. de *Javelle*, to my Country-seat? 'Tis a very pleasant Place, and I hope you will have no Cause to repent your going thither. I am oblig'd to leave *Paris* for some time, and cannot possibly avoid

‘ avoid it.’ *Ronancourt* hoping from the Countess of *Millian’s* Way of talking, that her charming Daughter would probably go with her, embrac’d the Offer without Hesitation. ‘ Madame, *said he*, to attend you will be a Happiness which I could never think would fall to my Share.’ The Countess, charm’d at this Answer, settled with him what Day they should set out and desir’d him not to neglect seeing her during the little Stay that she was to make longer at *Paris*. The Count assur’d her, that with her Permission he would do himself the Honour of waiting on her every Day. *Permit you ! said she*, ’tis what I actually desire of you. After some more Discourse betwixt them about the Journey, the Countess was oblig’d to go out, and he took his Leave. It was with no small Regret that he turn’d his Back to the House where he had not seen the only Object that allured him to it. He flatter’d himself all along that *Julia* would make her Appearance ; but he was oblig’d to return without seeing her.

His only Comfort was the Hopes he had of seeing *Julia* with her Mother in the Country, where he flatter’d himself he should have a better Chance than he had in the City. The Offer which the Countess had made to him gave him a different Opinion of her from what he had entertain’d before. ‘ *Julia, said he to himself*, is so amiable, that to be sure the best Companies must be fond of her Conversation ; and this is what deprives me of the Sight of her ; but in that lonesome Place to which her Mother will conduct her, there will be no body to rob me of that Happiness. I shall feast my Eyes with her amiable Presence for whole Days. The Countess de

• *Millian* is not so extraordinary a Person as my
 • Friend describ'd her to me. She heaps Civil-
 • ties upon me ; and the Regard she has paid to
 • me, by proposing to take me with her to the
 • Country, quite defaces the Character I had
 • heard of her.'

Ronancourt knew so little of the World, that he did not see into the Countess *de Millian*. He was quite ignorant of her real Sentiments, and imagin'd that his Friend had only given him such a frightful Character of her, to divert him from an Attachment to *Julia* ; and he actually reproach'd himself in private for his injurious Treatment of the Countess. ' I will, *said he*, repair the Wrong I have done to the Lady, by my Respect and Attachment to her. I will do what I can to gain her Esteem, and I hope to engage her Friendship.' *Ronancourt*, blinded by his Love, did not foresee the Pit which himself had dug, and into which he was falling. Instead of condemning his Friend, he ought to have hearken'd to him, and follow'd his Advice ; but is Love capable of taking right Measures !

Ronancourt, enchanted with his mistaken Happiness, went to find out his Friend, and told him what had pass'd. ' I have not seen *Julia*, *said he*, but that's all I want to complete my Happiness. Since I am so fortunate, *continued he*, 'tis but reasonable that, as you was so good as to sympathize with me in my Sorrow, you should bear a Part in my Joy. I am going with the Countess *de Millian* to her Seat in the Country, and to attend my adorable *Julia*.' ' Is this then the Fruit of all my Advice, *reply'd the Comedian* ?' ' My Friend, *said Ronancourt*, your
 • Advice

‘ Advice was the best in the World ; but I had
 ‘ not Power to follow it. Could I resist the
 ‘ Charms of *Julia* ? Perhaps I may hereafter be
 ‘ unfortunate ; I submit to my Destiny.’ ‘ You
 ‘ make Destiny then responsible for your Mis-
 ‘ takes, *said the Comedian* : That’s what the Im-
 ‘ prudent and the Vicious commonly have re-
 ‘ course to. But, after all, what is it you aim
 ‘ at ? ’ To make *Julia* sensible of my Love, *said*
 ‘ *Ronancourt* ; to gain the Good-will of her Mo-
 ‘ ther, and by that means to be united for ever
 ‘ to the Person whom I adore.’ ‘ I question,
 ‘ *reply’d the Comedian*, whether you will succeed.
 ‘ Have not I said enough to you of the Countess
 ‘ *de Millian*’s Temper, to prevent your enter-
 ‘ taining such delusive Hopes ? ’ He was going to
 repeat to him what he had told him before ; but
Ronancourt interrupted him, by telling him, that
 he was not unacquainted with the Countess. Af-
 ter this, the Comedian resolv’d to say no more,
 as he plainly perceiv’d that his Friend could not
 bear to hear him, if he proceeded any farther in
 Discourse upon that Topic. He had study’d the
 Heart of Man a long time, and knew how to
 improve that Study. When we are in Love,
 every thing which has not a Relation to our Pas-
 sion becomes insipid and nauseous to us ; we take
 the strongest Reasons that are urg’d against our
 Inclination as an Affront : And it often hap-
 pens, that they who are most in our Favour be-
 come odious to us, by endeavouring to deliver us
 out of a Mistake which we are fond of, tho’ it
 leads to our Ruin.

The Comedian had a very great Esteem for *Ra-
 nancourt*, and, being very loth to disoblige him,
 talk’d

talk'd no more in a Style which might make him uneasy. Just as he had shifted the Subject of Conversation, there came one of the Countess's Domestics, to let him know that he must make ready to set out next Day at nine o' Clock in the Morning. The Countess, impatient to have *Ronancourt* all to herself, had made an end of her Affairs with very great Dispatch, so that she did that in half a Day which perhaps at another time would have employ'd her a Fortnight. *Ronancourt*, being overjoy'd to see the Time so near at hand wherein he hop'd to be happy, return'd for Answer, that he would obey the Countess *de Milian's* Commands; and that he would wait to-morrow on her exactly at the appointed Time. When the Domestic was gone, 'Now, said the Count
' to his Friend, *am not I a happy Man?* I set out
' To-morrow with my lovely *Julia*; To-mor-
' row is the Day that I begin to live. The most
' fortunate of all my Days is that which will bring
' me to the Presence of my adorable *Julia*.

The Comedian assur'd *Ronancourt* that he should ever remain his Friend, and shew'd a Concern at his Departure. He earnestly begg'd him, that as soon as he return'd back to *Paris*, he would let him know it; and in an obliging manner he gave him to understand, without suggesting the least Hint to him which might dispose him to be sad, that he should always find him a Man devoted to his Interests, and one that would share with him as long as he liv'd, in every thing that happen'd to him, whether good or bad.

Ronancourt was not much concern'd at parting with so entire a Friend; for his Amour engross'd all his Thoughts; he had nothing else before his Eyes;
yet

yet he very tenderly took his Farewell of the Comedian, and express'd his Acknowledgments for the Care he had been pleas'd to take of him: He assur'd him withal, that he should never forget it; and conjur'd him to continue his Friendship for him to the last.

Ronancourt was as restless that Night as he had been for some Nights before; he was not a whit the less impatient, nor the less desirous. Nothing is more rapid nor violent than the Effects which Love produces in a Heart which it has touch'd for the first time. The wakeful Count told every Minute of the long Night; he thought that, till the Moment came when he was to set out with *Julia*, Time went back; and indeed, as to him, it never crept so slowly. One while he already fancy'd himself in *Julia's* Company; the next Moment he thought his Happiness too great to be real; and was afraid that he was only seduc'd by some Delusions, or some flattering Dream. His Heart was disturb'd by different Transports, succeeding one another. In short, he was in continual Trouble till the very Moment that he was to repair to the Countess *de Millian*. When he came, every thing was ready for setting out, the Countess and her lovely Daughter only waiting to take him in the Coach. After he had handed them in, he took his Seat. What State his Heart was then in, is not easy to ascertain. He sat opposite to the Object of his Love, just by the only Person that had engross'd his Thoughts for many Days, the Sight of whom he had long'd for in vain till then, and of which he fear'd he should be depriv'd for ever. His Happiness was so great, that he could hardly believe it. None but such

as have been in Love can conceive to what a degree the Count was rejoic'd ; their Imaginations will paint it better than I can express it to them : He was for some Moments without any Motion, and seem'd to be possess'd with any Idea but that with which he was captivated. Tho' it was the second time of his seeing *Julia*, it seem'd to him as if it was the first. In spite of the Care which the Countess had taken to hide some of her Daughter's Charms from the Eyes of *Ronancourt*, in spite of that negligent Dress which she had strictly recommended to *Julia*, it only render'd her the more amiable : That Negligence had the same Effect on this young Lady as Shades have in a Picture, when happily dispos'd by the Art of the Painter. *Julia* had nothing to set her off but the Charms of Nature ; but then they were more engaging than those which owe their Merit to Dress ; and a modest Negligence added Lustre to her Beauty. Mean time *Ronancourt* did not dare to cast his Eyes upon her : Not that he was aw'd much by the Presence of her Mother ; but his Love of *Julia* was accompany'd with Fear. With Lovers, the Understanding always follows the Dictates of the Heart, which is timorous in a Person who has Fears and Doubts.

For the first Moments, there was a profound Silence in all three. *Julia's* Case was little or nothing different from that of the Count. The Disposition of her Heart very much resembled that of *Ronancourt* ; and had she not quite so much oppos'd her own secret Inclination, an Opposition founded on the Prejudices of the fair Sex, she would have been as loving as he was. As for the Countess, her Desire to captivate the Count was

even

even stronger than ever. She had taken care to dress herself at an extravagant Rate ; but she was not a jot the handsomer. When Years have once depriv'd us of our Charms, 'tis as impossible to recall them, as it is to recall the Time itself which has stripp'd us of them. The Pains which the Countess had taken to adorn herself only made her the more ridiculous. At first she consider'd the Count's Silence as the Effect of his Modesty, and she ascrib'd it moreover to the Pleasure which she imagin'd he took in attending her. She was the first that broke a Silence which had depriv'd her of *Ronancourt's* Conversation. 'What can I think, said she to the Count, to see you so grave? Are you sorry you have left *Paris*?' 'Can I be sorry, Madam, said he, to quit a Place, which for some time will not be honour'd with your Presence? I conjure you to have a better Opinion of me.' 'Twas not to the Countess that he said this, but to the amiable *Julia*, whom *Ronancourt* made sensible of it by a Glance which he cast upon her, while the Countess *de Millian* was looking another Way. The Subject of this Conversation was too agreeable to the Countess to change it, so that she proceeded in the same Strain: 'At your Age, said she to the Count, the Heart is seldom free; and when it is form'd to please, it seems to be form'd to love. I am apprehensive that you have left your Inclinations at *Paris*, and consequently that you came away from thence with Regret. I was afraid that you only accompany'd us out of Complaisance, because you would not refuse me the first Favour I ever ask'd you.' 'Alas! Madam, reply'd *Ronancourt*, I beg you no longer

‘ longer to indulge a Mistake, which does me so
 ‘ much Injury in your Opinion. My Obedience
 ‘ to your Commands is not the only Reason of my
 ‘ complying with them: Be assur’d that ’tis more
 ‘ owing to my Inclination; and if I had been
 ‘ forc’d to stay at *Paris* after your Departure from
 ‘ it, that City would have been the most hideous
 ‘ Place to me in the World.’

Ronancourt was at least as much concern’d in Interest as the Countess was, not to break off a Conversation in which he might have an Opportunity of informing *Julia* of his Thoughts, without her Mother’s perceiving it. He observ’d in the Looks of that amiable Creature, that what he said had the good Fortune to please her. The Eyes of Lovers are the most sincere Interpreters of the Heart: ’Tis easy for our Speeches to disguise our Sentiments; but our Looks always betray them, and even without our being aware of it.

The Conversation lasted some Moments longer. ’Twas not broke off by *Ronancourt*, for he found too much Satisfaction in it, but by the Countess *de Millian*, who, applying every obliging thing which the Count said to herself, thought he had declar’d himself sufficiently; and not caring that her Daughter should be the Witness of more such Compliments, she chang’d the Discourse. The lovely *Julia* had till then kept a profound Silence; and tho’ her Age allow’d her some Freedoms, her Mother’s Presence was a Restraint upon her. The tyrannical Authority which that Lady exercis’d over her Daughter was beyond all Imagination; nevertheless, when the Conversation turn’d upon general Things, she enter’d into it. This held till they arriv’d at the Country-seat; and tho’ they

they had been four Hours upon the Road, yet they all thought it as it were but a Moment. As they enter'd the Mansion-house, the Countess shew'd *Ronancourt* all the Apartments, and made him chuse which he would have. The rest of the Day was spent very pleasantly.

The Count found every thing that was agreeable there, for the first two or three Days. *Julia* always accompany'd her Mother, and it was a Pleasure to the Countess to anticipate the Count's Wishes, by the reading of some diverting Books, by Play, taking the Air, &c. *Ronancourt* sometimes found an Opportunity of giving *Julia* to understand, tho' he address'd himself at the same time to her Mother, how delighted he was to be under the same Roof with her. He was in hopes he should steal an Occasion to speak to her unknown to the Countess; but this never presented; on the contrary he lost the Sight of her, which was the only Comfort he had, all at once.

The Countess reflecting one Day upon *Ronancourt's* Behaviour to her, calling to Mind what he had said to her since she had made an Acquaintance with him, and remarking upon the Count's embarrass'd and uneasy Countenance at the second Visit he made to her, which was little, if any thing, more compos'd since they came into the Country, she guess'd it, as she had done before, to be the Effect of the Love which she fancy'd he had entertain'd for her. Then she recall'd to her Mind the obliging Speeches he had made to her, which she thought savour'd rather of Love than Politeness; ye she was at a loss to comprehend the Reason why *Ronancourt* still kept a Silence which she imagin'd his Passion for her would have broken

broken long ago. In fine, not being able to guess at the Cause of it, she attributed that Silence to the Respect which she was confident he had for her, not without blaming herself for the same Fault. ‘ What! *said she*, have I been able to conquer a Heart, and shall not I reap the Fruit of my Victory? Will *Javelle* never declare to me that he loves me? After I have given him to understand, by a thousand Instances of my Regard for him, that he has had the Art to please me, does he still delay to tell me that he loves me? Has he not had sufficient Tokens of my Kindness for him to be convinc’d that he will run no risque in confessing it to me? I grant that a Lover may for a while be bashful; but is such Timidity to last always? Have not I said enough to convince him of my Inclination, and ought I to speak to him in that Style any more? No, *continued the Countess to herself*, I will hereafter be silent; and perhaps the Indifference with which I mean to carry myself to him hereafter will have a better Effect upon him than all the Marks of Tenderness which I am capable of giving him.’ The Countess had no sooner vented this Soliloquy, than she became more easy in her Mind; yet she could not help thinking on *Ronancourt*: ‘ Perhaps, *continued she to herself*, the Presence of *Julia* frets him, and restrains him. If this be the Cause, I can easily remedy it; she shall be out of the way when I am with him; her Company shall be no longer an Obstacle to our Happiness.’

The Countess put her Purpose in execution. *Julia* was soon enjoin’d not to go out for the Air with her and *Ronancourt*. *Julia* obey’d, but not without

without Reluctance. She was sensible that now she should often be depriv'd of the Pleasure of seeing *Ronancourt*, who she knew was in love with her; and she lov'd him as well. The most expressive Language is that of the Eyes; it had been made use of on both Sides, and Love had taken care to convince them both that their Tenderness was reciprocal. The Prohibition which *Julia* was laid under to go abroad with her Mother and her Lover, only inflam'd her Desire to see him; for great Passions do but gather the more Strength by the Difficulties which thwart them. When *Julia* was left by herself, *Ronancourt* was all her Thoughts, and Love had never before made so considerable Advances in her Heart as it did now.

The Countess having freed herself of so troublesome a Witness had several Conversations with *Ronancourt*, but she could not bring him to the Point she wish'd for. He was very backward in making that Declaration to her which she wanted: He did not so much as mistrust that she had a Fancy to him, but ascrib'd all the Civilities he had receiv'd from her to the Regard she paid to Men of Letters, and to her Ambition of obtaining their Approbation, and of passing with the Public for a Lady of Talents. After all, the Countess was weary of the Part she had acted for about two Months, and resolv'd to be very plain with *Ronancourt*. She therefore sent word to him that she wanted to speak with him; and when he was come she desir'd him to bear her Company till Dinner was ready, in a Walk at the End of the Garden. After they had taken two or three Turns, she said to him, ' I cannot imagine that
' you

‘ you are so indifferent as you would make me
 ‘ believe. From the first Moment that I saw
 ‘ you I have observ’d, that you are far from be-
 ‘ ing so easy in your Mind as you strive to ap-
 ‘ pear. I cannot see what Reason you have to
 ‘ conceal your Inclinations from me. I flatter’d
 ‘ myself that you knew me well enough to be
 ‘ under no Restraint. But since I find my Mis-
 ‘ take, I will now plainly discover to you who
 ‘ and what I am. Don’t look upon me as a
 ‘ Stranger, but trust in me as a real Friend, more
 ‘ attach’d to you than to herself. Therefore
 ‘ don’t be uneasy ; let me be your Confidant, and
 ‘ open your Heart to me. I dare say that you
 ‘ are in Love ; and for substantial Reasons I must
 ‘ know.’

The Count kept silence some Moments, not
 knowing what Construction to put on the Coun-
 tess’s Words ; and the Reflections he made re-
 tard’d his Answer. He thought that perhaps she
 perceiv’d his Love to *Julia*, and was afraid that
 the Confidence which the Countess offer’d him
 was but a Snare she laid for him to make him con-
 fess it, and then to separate him from *Julia* for
 ever. Love is always in Fears and Suspicions. *Ro-*
nancourt fram’d his Answer according to the No-
 tion he had form’d of the Countess *de Millian*’s
 Discourse to him. ‘ Madam, *said he*, if I had
 ‘ been capable of putting on the least Disguise
 ‘ with you, I should think myself guilty of the
 ‘ greatest of Crimes ; and admit that I had been
 ‘ restrain’d hitherto by a false Fear, the Manner
 ‘ in which you have spoken to me would have
 ‘ given me Encouragement. This Moment,
 ‘ wherein you know as much of my Heart as I do
 ‘ myself,

' myself, would have reveal'd my Love to you ;
 ' but I have already told you I am free from that
 ' Passion. I have hitherto been able to guard
 ' myself from the Evils of which it is the Cause ;
 ' and if you have at any time seen me absent
 ' from myself, you must only impute it to my
 ' Vexation on the score of my Family's Affairs.'
 ' Have you made an Oath then, *said the Countess*,
 ' that you will never be in Love?' ' No,
 ' Madam, *reply'd Ronancourt*, such Oaths would
 ' be indiscreet ; our Hearts are not in our
 ' own Power ; and if one was silly enough to
 ' swear to be never smitten, Cupid perhaps, to
 ' be reveng'd, would make us violate the Oath
 ' the Moment that we took it.' Since the Case
 ' is such, *said the Countess*, why are you then so
 ' indifferent?' ' For want of meeting with a
 ' Person, *reply'd the Count*, that can endear me
 ' to her.' ' You are very difficult, surely, *reply'd the Countess de Millian*.' ' Love does
 ' not depend on our Choice, *said the Count* ; and
 ' it may so happen one day or other, that I may
 ' fall in love with a Person who will have none
 ' for me.' ' You are worthy of a more happy
 ' Fortune, *said the Countess* ; and you are by
 ' Nature too amiable to fail of a proper Return.
 ' Perhaps you are anticipated ; how do you know
 ' but some Lady may have already taken a Fancy
 ' to you, for whom you have the greatest Indif-
 ' ference?' ' I know of none, *reply'd Ronan-*
 ' *court* ; therefore my Indifference cannot give
 ' her Disgust.' ' You are mistaken, *said the*
 ' *Countess*, there is a Lady in Love with you to
 ' Distract.' ' Madam, *reply'd Ronancourt*,
 ' you speak of it as of a Truth.' ' Depend upon
 ' it,

‘ it, *said the Countess to him with an Air of Embarrassment*, a certain Lady is in love with you, who cannot be happy without enjoying you, and would have told you as much long ago, if it had comported with the Modesty of her Sex.’

Ronancourt did not understand what she meant, knew not what Answer to make, and look’d upon the Countess without saying one Word. *Madame de Millian* was very much stunn’d at the Count’s Silence. ‘ What are you musing on, *said she*, did not you understand me?’ ‘ Forgive me, *Madam*; but pray explain yourself to me.’—— ‘ You are very dull of understanding, *reply’d the Countess, looking very tenderly at him*, are you willing that the Lady herself should make the Declaration to you with her own Lips? But suppose that she has already made it to you, and that the Tenderness she has for you has forc’d her to do it in spite of Custom to the contrary: What would you then say?’ ‘ *Madam, reply’d the Count, who now began to have a Fore-taste of his Misfortunes*, it would be difficult for me to tell you. In such extraordinary Circumstances no Man can judge how he would behave, unless the Case were his own.’ ‘ If that be what retards your Answer, *reply’d the Countess, with a Blush*, that Obstacle is already remov’d.’ *Ronancourt* having now no longer a Doubt of the melancholy Fate he was ready to suffer, was thunder-struck with what the Countess said last. It troubled him to such a Degree, that instead of using Discretion, and calling a new Cause, he proceeded to justify himself. ‘ *Madam, said he*, were you to accuse me again of being as dull as a Beetle, I swear

' to you, that I can't comprehend your Mean-
 ' ing.' ' You only pretend Ignorance, *reply'd*
 ' the Countess, and I am almost inclin'd to think
 ' that you take a Pleasure in being told that you
 ' are admir'd by a Lady, because you want to
 ' have it often repeated. If it be so, I look upon
 ' it as a good Omen for the Lady who is in Love
 ' with you ; but, perhaps too, 'tis from a Prin-
 ' ciple of Self-Flattery. Madam, *reply'd* Ronan-
 ' court, *who would so fain have avoided coming to*
 ' *an Eclaircissement, that he trembled at the very*
 ' *Thoughts of it,* I have too mean an Opinion of
 ' my self to be prepossess'd in my own Favour. I
 ' am not blind ; on the contrary, I am so just to
 ' my self, as to see by all you have now said, that
 ' you had only a mind to divert your self for a few
 ' Minutes. Let us leave off jesting, and talk no
 ' more of an imaginary Mistress.' ' But, *said Ma-*
 ' *dame,* suppose I should shew you the Lady we
 ' are talking of, would you still be an Unbeliever ?'
 Ronancourt saw now that the fatal Moment was
 just at hand ; he had no Power to speak ; and the
 Countess said, without any more Scruple, ' She
 ' is here before your Eyes.' She blush'd at the
 pronouncing of these last Words, and clapp'd her
 Fan to her Face, partly to conceal her Confusion :
 For, as much as she was smitten with him, she
 was sensible how unbecoming such a Declaration
 was from the Lips of a Woman. There are cer-
 tain Situations, wherein the Soul, giving way to
 the Impulses of the Heart, is distracted by the Re-
 flections of the Mind. The Countess was over-
 joy'd that she had let her Lover know how she
 was inclin'd : Nevertheless, she was a Sufferer ;
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she was put out of Countenance, and every Moment added to her Trouble. As for *Ronancourt*, he was bereav'd of all Motion. The Declaration made by the Countess *de Millian*, was a Thunderclap to him. The Ideas of Misfortunes he dreaded, started up before his Mind in Crowds; he was soon convinc'd that his Imprudence had drawn him into a Labyrinth, from whence he could never get out. 'If I flatter the Countess *de Millian*, said he to himself, if I give her any Hopes, I shall only get farther into the Noose. On the other hand, if I despise her after the forward Step she has made, I am an undone Man, I shall never more see my adorable *Julia*.' *Ronancourt* would fain have spoke out, but his Words falter'd in his Mouth: He was quite sunk under the Weight which crush'd him; he look'd upon the Ground, and when, with a Trembling, he lifted up his Eyes, he presently cast them down again. The Pause which he observ'd, and the Reflections he made, put the Countess also upon Reflection. She thought that she had been too forward in declaring herself; and finding that the Count express'd no Satisfaction in what she had said to him, she began to open her Eyes, and soon judg'd that she was mistaken in imagining that the Count was in Love with her.

Her Reflections, however, did not quite restore her to a right way of thinking. As Love always desires to be flatter'd, she presently ascrib'd *Ronancourt*'s Silence to his Surprise and Respect, and was only the fonder of making him her own for ever. She thought she could depend on the Protestations which he had made to her, that he

he had no Engagement at *Paris*. And this Supposition was a full Satisfaction to her Mind, which could not but be surpriz'd by his Silence. From that Moment she form'd a Design to marry him. She had been a Widow for a great while; and tho' she had made a good Use of her Weeds, and seem'd to have for ever renounc'd *Hymen* for the sake of *Cupid*, yet the Love she had for *Ronancourt* prevail'd over the Resolution she had continu'd in for many Years. After having recover'd herself a little, she said to him with a Smile, ' You did not expect, dear *Javelle*, such an Overture as has been now made to you. ' This it is, said she, affecting an Air of Gaiety, ' to be too amiable; one always runs the Hazard of Persecution. I offer you my Hand, she added, ' and offer it you with a considerable Fortune. I ' don't so much as enquire into your Family, or ' your Estate. Your Sense and your Education are sufficient Securities for me that I shall ' not make a wrong Choice by marrying you; ' and from the very first time I saw you, I have ' thought that, for all the Pains you take to ' disguise your self, your Birth is not inferior to ' mine.'

By good Luck the Countess her self furnish'd *Ronancourt* with a Pretext for refusing the Offer which she made him to marry her. When she mention'd his Family, he interrupted her, by saying, ' Madam, I know not what Claim I have ' of Merit to the Favour which you have now express'd for me. I have experienc'd your Goodness in many Tokens of it hitherto; but it now ' extends farther than I could have conceiv'd. ' The Esteem you have for a Person unknown

‘ does not deserve to be requited with Perfidy ;
 ‘ and I think myself oblig’d to declare to you
 ‘ who I am. You are very much mistaken if
 ‘ you think that my Birth intitles me to aspire to
 ‘ your Bed ; for, on the contrary, it excludes me
 ‘ from it for ever. I am not born of Quality,
 ‘ my Father being a Merchant, who, by the Mis-
 ‘ fortunes that often attend Trade, was reduc’d
 ‘ to a very miserable State. He is dead, and has
 ‘ left me no Estate. I have nothing to support
 ‘ me but the poor Talent which you know I
 ‘ have for the Theatre, and even that I should
 ‘ never have made use of, if the generous Friend
 ‘ I met with at *Paris* had not help’d me out of
 ‘ the Distress that I was in, by communicating
 ‘ some Hints to me for the little Play I wrote,
 ‘ which has had the good Luck to be well
 ‘ receiv’d. I confess that I have borrow’d a
 ‘ Name which was not suitable to me ; and this,
 ‘ no doubt, has misled you ; but I was oblig’d to
 ‘ disguise my own, because even after my Father’s
 ‘ Death I was sued for considerable Debts which
 ‘ he left unpaid. My true Name is *Peter de la*
 ‘ *Jare*, tho’ I have chang’d it for that of the
 ‘ *Chevalier de la Javelle*.’

Upon any other Occasion it would have been
 some Degree of Mortification to *Ronancourt*’s Va-
 nity to have talk’d in a Style that might have
 render’d him, in any shape, contemptible ; but in
 the dreadful Situation he was in at present, he
 thought no Measures too mean to extricate him-
 self out of it. The Countess could hardly give
 Credit to what *Ronancourt* had said, in which he
 had employ’d every Hint that his Imagination could
 suggest to him ; and at last he gain’d her Belief ;
 but

but yet it did not answer his End ; for she retain'd the same Esteem for him as ever. This Confession of his even rais'd her Hopes that she should win his Heart ; for she imagin'd that the Advantages he would reap by a Marriage with her, would endear her to him. ' I believe, *said she*, all that you say, ' because you affirm it to be true. This convinces me, that the Advantages which are owing ' to Birth, are only the Consequences of a happy ' Destiny ; and that in what Rank soever we are ' born, we are Controllers of our own Thoughts ' and consequently we enjoy the true Nobility ' which consists in these Sentiments. With you ' they are so refin'd, so sincere, and so virtuous, ' that I make no Scruple to put you on a Par ' with those who are descended from the most illustrious Families. By giving you my Hand at ' the Altar, I repair the Wrong done you by Fortune, and I put you into such a Condition as you ' merit. My Choice is equally approv'd by Wisdom, Love, and Virtue ; and by making you ' my Husband, I pay as much Regard to your own ' Merit, as to my tender Affection for you.'

Ronancourt was now even more confounded than ever. The Countess hamper'd him to such a Degree, that he could not get clear, and he must either refuse or accept the Proposals that were made to him. If the Latter, he should be yolk'd to a Person that would indeed bring him a considerable Estate, but for whom he had rather an Aversion than an Affection ; and he would lose *Julia* for ever. If the former, it would be declaring that he had no Inclination to the Countess of *Mil-lan*, and it would force her, if she had ever so little Vanity, to break with him, which would banish

him from *Julia*. The last was what, however, he thought the least Evil of the two, and therefore he chose it without Hesitation. Love had the Ascendant with him above Wealth; and notwithstanding the Indigence which he might hereafter suffer, and which he had already very narrowly escap'd, *Julia* had such a strong Settlement in his Mind and his Heart, that the Idea of the great Estate offer'd to him, never so much as enter'd into his Imagination. He endeavour'd to put the best Gloss he could upon his Refusal, protested, that it was not possible for any Man to have a greater Sense of the kind Offer he had receiv'd, and swore never to forget it; but he excus'd himself from accepting it, as being loth to abuse the Complaisance of a Person for whom he had an infinite Esteem. He added, that he should think it a Crime to render a Lady miserable, when he was bound in Respect and Gratitude to study her Happiness. This vague Discourse, which the Countess term'd as mere Compliments between two Lovers, did not satisfy her. She said to *Ronancourt*,
 ' If you have a mind to give me a real Testimony
 ' of your Affection, consent to our Marriage.
 ' Lay aside all this Respect, which only tends to
 ' cramp you, and vex me. Get rid of a false
 ' Delicacy which hinders you from accepting of
 ' a Heart that grants you enough to repair all
 ' the Injuries done you by Fortune; and do not
 ' make me the Victim to a Set of Compliments
 ' which are not to be tolerated but in the Hero
 ' of a Romance.'

Ronancourt, instead of giving the Countess a satisfactory Answer, repeated the very same things he had been saying, only in different Terms. He
 again

again pleaded the Inequality of his Birth to that of the Countess; what a Life of Sorrow he should lead for having taken the Advantage but one Moment of that Weakness of hers, which, no doubt, she would hereafter repent of. In short, he recapitulated the finest Maxims to her, but they had no other Effect upon the Countess, than to confirm her Opinion that *Ronancourt* had a Lover at *Paris*. ‘ I had Reason, dear *Javelle*, said she, to ask you so often, whether your Heart was free. If you had dealt sincerely with me, I should have escap’d the Troubles in which I shall hereafter be involv’d. I am indifferent to you, I shall continue my Love to you, and yet you will have no Regard for my Passion. Can you conceive any Condition in Life to be more unhappy than mine! Alas! why did you suffer me to love you to such Excess? Oh that you had told me frankly, *I am already in Love, and cannot dispose of my Heart to another*; I should have set a Guard upon myself; I should have resisted the Inclination which captivated me, and which I have too much indulg’d; I should have dictated to myself every thing that was capable of curing me: But I really thought you indifferent; I took you upon your Word, as a Man under no Engagement; and now I find the contrary at the very time when such Knowledge only avails to complete my Misfortunes. You convince me of my Error at a time when ’tis out of my Power to ease the cruel Pain which I suffer by it.’

Ronancourt was mighty glad to find what a Construction the Countess *de Millian* put upon his Refusal; and finding that she did not break with

him, which was the thing he dreaded, he was more easy in his Mind. He was sensible that it was for his Advantage not to exasperate the Countess, because her Hatred would deprive him of the Sight of *Julia*. He therefore thought it his wisest Course to pretend to be concern'd for her reproaching him ; he swore that his Respect for her was the sole Cause of his refusing her Offer, and stiffly deny'd his having any Amour. In short, he so cunningly play'd his Part, that the Countess really believ'd him, and flatter'd herself that she should, at the long Run, make him change his Opinion, and that Time would cure him of his false Delicacy, which she treated as Caprice, and which he knew to be ridiculous. ' Since your Heart, *said she*, is free, I am not so unhappy as I imagin'd. I hope that when you have weigh'd what you may reap from the Offer I make, you will, by accepting of it, render me the most happy Creature in the World.' A Servant coming to acquaint the Countess, that the Dinner was serv'd up, ' Come, *said she*, let us go and take our Places at the Table.'

All the time that they were at Dinner, she seem'd melancholy. *Julia*, not knowing the Reason of her Mother's Sadness, and *Ronancourt's* Perplexity, was so afraid that her Mother had discover'd his Regard for her, that she had much ado to conceal her Uneasiness. After Dinner was over, the Countess *de Millian* retir'd to her own Apartment, follow'd by *Julia* ; and *Ronancourt* withdrew to his, where he had the Comfort of reflecting, without a Witness, on what had pass'd. Every melancholy Apprehension started to his Mind. He saw, that let him take all the Care
he

he could, it was impossible for him to prevent having other Conversations with the Countess *de Millian* of the same kind with the former, which could not but be fatal in the End, there being nothing that a Woman will stick at who thinks herself affronted in the most tender Part. The Rage of a Woman, whose Love is despis'd, may be pacify'd for a while, but afterwards it breaks out with the more Violence for having been restrain'd. *Ronancourt* foresaw all the Evils that were ready to fall upon him: That of being depriv'd of the Sight of *Julia*, made him quake: Nevertheless, it was unavoidable as soon as ever the Countess *de Millian* should alter her Opinion. When a young Woman quarrels with her Lover, or thinks a Rival is prefer'd to her, she has recourse to Tears, and frets herself almost to Death; the Bashfulness and Timidity natural to her Youth hinder her from flying into a Passion: But a Woman of the Countess *de Millian*'s Age and Humour delivers herself up to it, without observing those Decorums which might have given *Ronancourt* some Hopes. He was sensible that the very Moment the Countess gave Vent to her Anger, an open Breach between them would be the Consequence. After having thought of Ways and Means to prevent, if possible, his Separation from the fair *Julia*, he resolv'd, at all Hazards, to acquaint her of the Love he had for her in a more clear and expressive Manner than he had done hitherto. It was impossible for him to speak to her in private, for he never saw her but with her Mother; therefore he determin'd to write to her. ' If I am depriv'd of
' the Sight of her, said he to himself, I shall at
G 5 least

' least have the Satisfaction to acquaint her with
 ' my Sufferings, and my Inclinations for her. My
 ' Eyes have hitherto, perhaps, only given her a
 ' Suspicion that I am in love with her ; but I am
 ' resolv'd that she shall no longer doubt of it.
 ' Tho' my Declaration of it should happen to be
 ' unacceptable, I cannot be more unhappy than
 ' I am ; and if I must part with her, it will be of
 ' Service to me to know whether she has taken
 ' any Fancy to me. If I am indifferent to her,
 ' I shall the less regret her Absence ; nor will this
 ' be so severe a Trial to me if I have the Satis-
 ' faction to know that she does not despise the
 ' Conquest of my Heart. Let her receive my Let-
 ' ter in what manner she will, I shall be sure to
 ' reap some Satisfaction from it.'

Fortune was favourable to *Ronancourt's* Pro-
 ject. In the Evening, before Supper was quite
 ready, while the Countess *de Millian* was giving
 Orders to one of her Servants, he stole an Oppor-
 tunity to approach to *Julia*. ' This, said he, is
 ' a Paper which I was charg'd to deliver to you
 ' in private, and now I have executed my Com-
 ' mission.' The Fear which *Julia* was under of
 being taken Notice of by her Mother, and the
 Trouble of Mind she was in besides, prevented her
 Enquiry from whom *Ronancourt* brought the Let-
 ter ; but she suspected it was from himself. At
 another time, perhaps, she would not have taken
 it, but there was not a Moment to be lost ; one
 Word might have let her Mother into a Secret,
 which might have prov'd the Banishment of *Ro-
 nancourt*. She therefore took the Letter, with a
 Blush, and cramm'd it into her Pocket. During
 the Supper, *Ronancourt* saluted her with the Lan-
 guage

guage of the Eyes as often as the Countess *de Mil-
lian* look'd another Way. She was not quite so
grave as she was at Dinner. *Ronancourt* affected
to have more Regard for her than he had ever
shewn her, which put her into a perfect good
Humour, and made her hope to succeed sooner
than she expected.

As soon as *Julia* was retir'd to her Apart-
ment, she, with a Trembling, open'd the Let-
ter which *Ronancourt* put into her Hands, but was
still doubting with herself, whether she ought to
read it. Prepossession and Timidity combated with
her Love and her Curiosity ; but at length Love
which made her take the first Step without Re-
flection, was the Occasion of the second with
Knowledge of the Cause. And *Julia* read the
Letter as follows :

Letter from RONANCOURT to JULIA.

‘ FROM the first Moment that I saw you, fair
‘ *Julia*, I ador'd you ; my Eyes have been
‘ the Interpreters of my Heart, and till this Day
‘ I have not ventur'd to tell you, that I am the
‘ most unfortunate Man breathing. I am igno-
‘ rant if my Passion disgusts you, nor do I know
‘ if I have Room for any Hopes. The Doubt
‘ in which I live, is a perpetual Torture.----Yet,
‘ as painful as it is, I should have suffer'd it with-
‘ out breaking Silence, if fresh Misfortunes had
‘ not overwhelm'd me. I am upon the Point of
‘ being separated from you. I have all the Rea-
‘ son in the World to fear that your Mother will
‘ soon have other Sentiments of me than she has
‘ at present, for I cannot conceal from you that

' I am so unhappy as to be the Object of his
 ' Love. I'll leave you to judge if 'tis possible for
 ' a Heart that is most violently in love with her
 ' Daughter to be answerable to her Wishes.
 ' She has already perceiv'd my Indifference, and
 ' my Coolness is like to ruin me; for, sooner or
 ' later, Spite will get the better of Fancy; and
 ' she will hate me as heartily as now she loves
 ' me. What will become of me then, especial-
 ' ly if I am ignorant whether you approve my
 ' Passion? Yet if I did but know that it does not
 ' displease you, I should bear all Misfortunes with
 ' Patience; and the Hopes of seeing a Change of
 ' my Misfortunes at last, will engage me to pre-
 ' serve a Life, which the Trouble I shall suffer in
 ' being depriv'd of seeing you, will soon put an
 ' End to.

This Letter acquainted *Julia* with nothing but
 what she knew before; she was sensible of the In-
 clination which her Mother had for *Ronancourt*;
 she had foreseen what would happen from it; but
 she was very much perplex'd what Course to take:
 She did not know whether she ought to return an
 Answer to her Lover; she wish'd that he knew
 she did not despise him, which she thought would
 suffice to render him constant, and to make him
 bear up under his Troubles. On the other hand,
 she was afraid that by writing to him she should
 transgress the Rules of Decency. She did not
 know the Count *de Ronancourt* by any other Name
 but the Chevalier *de Favelle*. She look'd upon
 him as a Man whom she could never hope to
 marry either with her Mother's Consent, or that
 of her other Relations, tho' she lov'd him to the
 last

last Degree. Love, whose Power was stronger than that of Reason, had taken Possession of her Heart. She comforted herself with the Thoughts, however, of having no body, if she could not have *Ronancourt*. A Heart that is thoroughly smitten, and thinks that its Love is return'd, is fortify'd against all the Evils that are attach'd to the Absence of the Lover. *Julia* was resolv'd not to leave *Ronancourt*, tho' she believ'd she could never possess him, and she thought the Conquest of him the greatest Prize; yet Decorum had the Ascendant of her Passion, and she resolv'd to return no Answer to the Letter which she receiv'd.-----*Ronancourt* watch'd in vain for every Opportunity that *Julia* might have to pop a Billet into his Hand, without being perceiv'd by her Mother. She spoke with her Eyes more to the Purpose than she had done hitherto, tho' they had already spoke very plainly. That was all the Comfort and all the Answer that *Ronancourt* had.

Four or five Days pass'd, during which the Countess *de Millian* did not seem to desire any private Discourse with the pretended Chevalier *de Javelle*; but at last the fatal Moment came. ' I know not, *said she to him*, what to think of your Behaviour. You know that I love you; that I should be glad to make your Fortune by marrying you. You swear to me that you have no Inclination elsewhere, and you still refuse the Offer which I make to you. Either you hate me, or your Heart is not at Liberty as you affirm it is; for, in short, the Reasons you assign to excuse your Denial, are of no Weight, and the more I reflect upon your last Conversation, the more trifling I think them. I take you for

‘ for a Man of Honour, and I cannot think you
 ‘ would go to deceive me. I desire you would
 ‘ tell me in plain Terms, whether I am trouble-
 ‘ some to you, and whether the Tenderness I
 ‘ have for you disgusts you? Speak to me sincere-
 ‘ ly. What Pleasure can you take in deceiving a
 ‘ Person who desires to render you the happiest
 ‘ Man in the World? I would fain know if I
 ‘ may yet hope that you will one Day answer my
 ‘ Wishes. I don’t require that you should con-
 ‘ sent to marry me this Instant. I give you
 ‘ a Month, nay six Weeks, to get rid of your
 ‘ groundless Scruples; but after that Time is
 ‘ elaps’d, pray tell me what I may trust to. I
 ‘ have said already, and do again repeat it, I
 ‘ think you a Man of Honour. I shall be
 ‘ determin’d by your Answer what Course to
 ‘ take.’

Ronancourt was extremely puzzled what Answer
 to return, while the Countess *de Millian* was
 speaking to him. He study’d which way to
 come off, but was quite at a Loss. ‘ Thought
 ‘ he, if I should tell her, she must not expect
 ‘ that I should alter my Opinion, it would force
 ‘ her to break with me intirely; and as strong as
 ‘ her Passion was, it would be too gross an Af-
 ‘ front for her to continue any Correspondence
 ‘ with me. On the other hand, if he flatter’d
 ‘ her Love, he knew that the Hopes he gave her
 ‘ would retard his dreadful Fate; but then at the
 ‘ End of the six Weeks, it would only render
 ‘ it the more severe. The Countess *de Mil-*
 ‘ *lian* being deceiv’d, would then, thought he,
 ‘ have full Reason to hate him, besides his being
 ‘ guilty of a Falshood.’ In this Quandary he
 knew

knew not what to resolve upon. The Fear of his Separation from *Julia*, made him determine to gain time; for he hop'd that in the six Weeks, which the Countess *de Millian* granted him, something might fall out that was fortunate. At the worst, he thought he should the longer see *Julia*, and have Opportunities to inform her of his Situation. He therefore said to the Countess, that she might depend on it, he had the most lively Sense of her Goodness, and that if he had not hitherto made the due Return, it was owing to a Delicacy which she herself could not blame, and that he still thought himself oblig'd to put her in mind of the great Disparity there was betwixt a Lady of her high Birth, and the Son of a Merchant; a rich Countess, and a poor Author who had nothing to support him but a small Share of Genius.

The Countess *de Millian* endeavour'd to set aside *Romancourt's* Scruples. ' I shall be more happy, ' *said she*, with you, than with the first Lord at ' Court. Besides, *she added*, I am overjoy'd to ' think that your Delicacy in regard to me, will ' incline you to relish an Expedient I had resolv'd ' to communicate to you in our first Conversation, but it was so disagreeable and mortifying to me, that I was not then able to mention ' some things which I had resolv'd to propose to ' you. I think it proper, therefore, that our Marriage should be secret. I will, nevertheless ' make over all my Estate to you after my Death, ' as well as secure a very considerable Annuity to ' you during my Life. As for my Daughter, she ' has an Estate of her own, left her by her Father, which I cannot touch; but that which I ' shall

shall give you is not inferior to it ; my Dowry being at this time the best Part of the Estate belonging to the *Millian* Family. You perceive, *continu'd the Countess*, that there's the less Reason now for your Scruples, because we shall be marry'd, and not be subject to the Censure of the World. Nay, we shall find Pleasures in a private Marriage, which we should not enjoy if it were public. We shall be in a State of Courtship and Wedlock at the same time ; and the little Constraints we shall be forc'd to submit to upon some Occasions, will only quicken our Desires.'

Ronancourt was very far from entertaining so pleasant an Idea of his future State, as it was represented to him by the Countess *de Millian*. The Expedient now hinted to him by her, quite confounded him ; such a private Marriage as had been propos'd to him by the Countess having demolish'd all the Arguments that he had urg'd hitherto against Matrimony. After the first Step he had taken to soothe the Countess *de Millian's* Passion, there was a Necessity of his taking a second. By his approving the Expedient of a secret Marriage he ran no farther risque than he did by his giving a sort of tacit Consent to the first Proposal which the Countess *de Millian* had made to him. He answer'd, that he was every day more and more sensible of that Regard for him which he knew he did not deserve.

If the Countess had not been so far prepossess'd in his Favour she must have perceiv'd *Ronancourt's* Confusion. His Trouble was such, that it appear'd even in his Thanks ; his Voice was alter'd, and he was afraid to look the Countess in the Face.

Face. Love that very Moment supply'd the Want of Dissimulation. The Countess, instead of examining the involuntary Emotions of her Lover, continued to indulge her Inclination, and explain'd those Words as a certain Pledge of his Love. He had no sooner spoke to her, but giving her his Hand she squeez'd him by it; and thinking she was certain that he would soon be her Spouse, she assur'd him, by letting some Tears drop which flow'd from her Joy, that she was devoted to none but him, and that she depended so much upon his Acknowledgment, that before they were marry'd she would make over all her Estate to him. *Ronancourt*, notwithstanding his Aversion to the Countess, could not help blushing at her Credulity, and at so great a Tendernefs which he so little deserv'd. He had need to recollect all the Affection he had for *Julia*, for fear of breaking Silence, and undeceiving the Countess. He accus'd himself at the same time of Injustice and Treachery; and the Sentiments of his Heart were so strongly painted in his Features, that his Confusion appear'd barefac'd. It was happy for him that the Countess ascrib'd this Confusion to his Love; for she was so fond of him, that she could not doubt but he had a Love for her. 'Tis a difficult Matter for a Heart fully possess'd with the Object it adores, not to take Appearances for Realities. A strong Passion leaves us neither the Time nor the Means of Reflection; it captivates and drags us away with such Violence towards what we wish, that we imagine we cannot fail of obtaining what we desire.

The Countess *de Millian* being persuaded in her own Mind that she had Love in return for her own

own, thought of nothing now so much as getting every thing ready for the Marriage. It appears strange at first View, that a Woman of her Temper, who had had several Intrigues, and who never till then thought of having another Husband, who had look'd upon a Partner of the nuptial Bed as a troublesome Tyrant, and who had even seen the Death of her Husband with Pleasure, should change her Opinion all at once, and behave in a Manner so different from what she had done all along. There is a Stage of Life wherein Women grieve to think it will be soon out of their Power to give Pleasure, and that they must renounce all Hopes of making new Conquests, all their Care being at such a Juncture to preserve what they have already gain'd. Then it is that long Acquaintance, Friendship, and a Sense of past Services, are in their Favour. A Man who has had an Engagement, and who has lov'd a Woman for a certain time, always finds something agreeable in her. He contracts a Friendship with her in a long Correspondence, which, added to his Gratitude, keeps up his Tenderness for her, and hinders it from being extinguish'd; but in order to raise a new Love, there must be other Charms than what are requisite to preserve an old one. Women know this Truth better than Men, and when their Beauty begins to decay, they take care to form an Engagement which they may be able to continue at an Age when it would be impossible for them to contract a new one. They are like those Prodigals who, having wasted a Part of their Estates in satisfying all their various Appetites, perceiving that they have but a small Income left, single out one only of all that Variety of Tastes which they

may gratify for the Remainder of their Lives. 'Tis the Fear of wanting a Lover which renders Coquettes constant at a certain Age, and which obliges Women of any gay Taste to entertain the Thought of Marriage. They think by marrying to secure themselves of a certain Retreat from the Insults of the World, and hope by contracting with a Husband to find that Security and Constancy which they dare not hope for in a Lover. The Countess *de Millian* found the Necessity of hastening her Precautions; she saw herself as yet capable of giving Pleasure, but she thought it her best Way rather to study to preserve her present Lover, than to gain a new one. She look'd upon *Ronancourt* as the Harbour where her Heart might find Shelter against the Storms that rise at the Age when Beauty fades. She had not a greater Value for *Ronancourt* than for her former Lovers; only she thought him as more necessary. She had always had very warm Amours, which were succeeded by one another; and the Possibility of gratifying her several Inclinations made her put a less Value upon them than what she had for the pretended *Chevalier de Javelle*, who perhaps if he became inconstant would not have been replac'd by another.

Ronancourt had very different Notions from what the Countess *de Millian* had entertain'd; he saw that he was on the Point of being separated from *Julia*, and that he had no Way possible to avoid the Misfortune which he dreaded. His Love for her was stronger than ever; the tender and obliging Glances which his Mistress had cast at him several times since the Letter he had wrote to her satisfy'd him that he was not indifferent to her.

This

This Thought pleas'd him, but at the same time it gave him a more cruel Apprehension of the Misfortune which he fear'd. One while he ventur'd to entertain Hopes of her Compliance with a Project he had been forming two or three Days, and the next Moment those Hopes vanish'd, and he thought it an idle Scheme. Yet he was strongly tempted to let her know what it was, to throw himself at her Feet, and propose it to carry her away and marry her. These Notions alternately assum'd a different Form in his Mind; one while they were reasonable, another while senseless, and contrary to the Respect which he ow'd to *Julia*. In fine, such was his Uncertainty what to do, and his Trouble, that he resolv'd not to reject them altogether, nor to put them in practice; he thought it the wisest Way to steer a middle Course; and therefore he wrote this second Letter to *Julia*:

RONANCOURT to JULIA.

‘ IF it be to your Indifference that I ought to
 ‘ attribute your Silence, I am the most unfor-
 ‘ tunate of Men: If to your Timorousness, there
 ‘ is nothing which I have not to fear from a Beha-
 ‘ viour that hinders me from taking any Measures.
 ‘ Mean time the Danger is pressing; your Mo-
 ‘ ther insists upon it that I marry her. Judge you
 ‘ of my Confusion, or rather of my Despair. In
 ‘ a Month’s time I must be separated from you.
 ‘ If you knew my Heart, perhaps you would do
 ‘ something in my Favour. I am not, fair *Julia*,
 ‘ so unworthy of you as I seem to be. I beseech
 ‘ you,

‘ you, by that most tender and respectful Love
 ‘ which I bear you, to tell me what I am to expect;
 ‘ and give me leave to impart a Secret to you,
 ‘ which I have hitherto conceal’d from you, and
 ‘ which I cannot reveal to you till you have told
 ‘ me whether I may flatter myself with the gain-
 ‘ ing of a Heart, for the Possession of which I am
 ‘ ready to lay down my Life,’ &c.

Julia was even more affected by this Letter than she was by the former. She saw that she was like to lose her Lover, and that the fatal Moment was but a few Days off. The Secret which *Ronancourt* wish’d to communicate to her, excited her Curiosity, which was the more eager, because it was animated by Love. ‘ What, *said Julia to herself*, can that Secret be which he wants to impart to me? What can be the Meaning of the Conclusion of the Letter, which I cannot comprehend? Does he want to inform me of any Measures that he has taken to avoid a Marriage with my Mother, and is he afraid to trust me with the Secret, without being sure beforehand of my Heart?’ At first she did not doubt but that was the Secret which *Ronancourt* wanted to discover to her, and the next Moment she was of another Opinion. ‘ If this be all, *said she*, which he wants to let me know, I can’t conceive why he says that he has hitherto conceal’d it from me. He has said enough to me, by telling me that my Mother offers to marry him; why then is he afraid to write to me what he intends to do to avoid the Marriage? No doubt he has some other Secret to tell me.’ The more *Julia* doubted, the more impatient she was
 to

to know the whole Affair. Love operated on her Heart, just as Curiosity did on her Understanding. It was impossible for a young Lady to withstand such powerful Attacks: She yielded to the Bias which sway'd her, and return'd this Answer to *Ronancourt*:

JULIA's Letter to RONANCOURT.

‘ YOU desire me to inform you how my Heart
 ‘ stands affected; but what Good will it
 ‘ do you to know? You will be but the more
 ‘ unhappy, it may be, if I should satisfy you. I
 ‘ am sorry to find that I am going to be depriv'd
 ‘ of the Pleasure of seeing you; but my Sorrow
 ‘ will be much greater if you should marry my
 ‘ Mother. Don't demand my Reasons for it;
 ‘ you can easily guess them, and I will give you
 ‘ leave to think that they are in your Favour.
 ‘ You desire a Conversation with me, to inform
 ‘ me of a Secret; but 'tis what is in a manner
 ‘ impossible: You know that my Mother never
 ‘ leaves me alone with you. I see but one Way
 ‘ left to satisfy you: Be in the Garden about two
 ‘ o' Clock in the Morning; I will be at my Win-
 ‘ dow: You know it is the Ground-room; and
 ‘ you may speak to me with all the Liberty in the
 ‘ World. I confide in my Chambermaid, who
 ‘ will deliver you this Letter.’

Ronancourt had no sooner read it, but he thought himself the happiest of Mortals. From the deepest Melancholy he was elevated to the highest Extacy of Joy: He believ'd that from henceforward every thing

thing would answer his Wishes. So different are the Situations of those who are in love, that, generally speaking, they seem to be incompatible with one another. One Moment plunges Lovers into the blackest Melancholy, and the next raises them to the most exquisite Pleasures. There is no Medium in their Manner of Thinking. Their Passion being uncontrollable always carries them to Extremes, on which Side soever it pushes them; Hopes redouble their Desires, kindle the Flame of Love in the Heart, feed the Mind with flattering Ideas, are entirely sacrific'd to the Imagination; and while they last, they represent the greatest Difficulties as the most easy things in Nature; but when they vanish, then every thing must give way to the Fear which succeeds. Reason cannot pacify a Lover who is in Alarm; every thing looks as if it seem'd to contribute to his Misfortune; every thing seems to pronounce his Ruin; and that which should be his Encouragement is often what terrifies him.

Ronancourt, who before thought himself an undone Man, imagin'd after he had read *Julia's* Letter, that he was safe against all the Crosses of Fortune. 'What Ill can happen to me, said he, if *Julia* loves me, if she gives me leave to tell her that I adore her? When she knows who I am, she will have a more favourable Opinion of me. She has no Father; she has a considerable Estate, which her Mother cannot deprive her of; what Reason can she have against giving her Consent to make me entirely happy by Marriage?'

This Idea was so pleasing to *Ronancourt*, that he was not aware of the Difficulties which any but himself

himself would presently have discover'd. He did not fail to repair to *Julia's* Window at the Hour appointed, and found her ready at the Casement. ' Speak low, *said she*, lest we be overheard; for ' if my Mother should know of this Interview, ' she would never forgive me. I can scarce comprehend how I came to consent to what you desire'd of me.'

' Let me have the Pleasure, fair *Julia*, *said* ' Ronancourt, to tell you that I adore you, without diminishing it by your Reproaches. I am ' not able to express to you how much I long'd ' for this happy Moment; I would have surpriz'd ' it even at the hazard of my Life. I was several times afraid that I should never be able to obtain it. My Eyes, my Attention, my Letters, ' have faintly discover'd my Love to you; and at ' this Instant my Lips are not able to express the ' Force of it. If you could read my Heart, let ' your Indifference be what it will now, you ' would not be so insensible of the strongest and ' sincerest Passion. What! not a Word yet, my ' adorable *Julia*? Will not the tenderest Love ' find favour with you? After having been so fortunate as to be able to tell you that *I love you*, ' am I only rais'd to this Summit of Happiness ' to be cast down into a frightful Abyss? For ' God's sake, tell me my Doom; for, be it ever ' so cruel, I cannot bear this State of Uncertainty. ' I die if you despise me; nay I die if I do not ' know how you relish my Love.'

' If I slighted you, *said Julia*, I should not have ' taken this Opportunity to see you; whereas the ' Conversation I now grant you is a sure Pledge of ' the Esteem I have for you. What I say is ' enough

' enough to satisfy you, and don't desire me to
 ' enter into a more explicit Declaration than my
 ' Condition will permit, but be content with
 ' my present Confession. If you think it not
 ' enough for you, I shall be apt to fear that it is
 ' too much for me. Consider that I neither ought
 ' nor can love any but the Person chosen for my
 ' Spouse by my Family. If this should happen to
 ' be you, I believe I should yield Obedience with-
 ' out Resistance; nay I will tell you moreover,
 ' that my Heart would be grateful for their Pre-
 ' sent: But Talents, Genius, and Merit, are not
 ' the things that determine Parents to chuse Hus-
 ' bands for their Daughters; they require Birth
 ' and Fortune.' ' I understand you, Madam, re-
 ' ply'd Ronancourt. If the Disproportion of my
 ' Condition to yours be the only Bar to my Hap-
 ' piness, that Obstacle shall soon be surmounted.
 ' I have hitherto conceal'd from you who I am,
 ' and thought it was best for me to be certain
 ' what Share I had in your Opinion before I made
 ' myself known.' ' Why, said Julia, are not you
 ' the Chevalier de Javelle? If not, pray who are
 ' you?' ' A Gentleman, reply'd Ronancourt,
 ' of one of the most ancient Families in the King-
 ' dom.' Then he acquainted Julia with the Rea-
 ' sons he had for going by another Name, and in-
 ' form'd her of the State of his Affairs. He did
 ' not then know that his Father had disinherited
 ' him, therefore he talk'd as if he should one day
 ' be Possessor of a very considerable Patrimony.
 ' Tho' you had no Fortune, said Julia, the great-
 ' est Objection is now remov'd, as long as you
 ' are the Count de Ronancourt. Birth was what
 ' seem'd to be the invincible Bar to your Happi-
 ' ness.

' nefs. My Mother would not have been the
 ' only Person that would have oppos'd us, because
 ' an Uncle, from whom I expect a considerable
 ' Estate, would never have consented to make
 ' you happy; and indeed you would have found
 ' all my other Relations as much against you as
 ' my Uncle. But there is still an Obstacle which
 ' will give a great deal of Trouble. 'Tis a Mis-
 ' fortune that my Mother has taken a Liking to
 ' you, because whenever she hears that you are
 ' in love with her Daughter, you will find her an
 ' implacable Enemy. She will revenge herself
 ' for your slighting her, and will punish me for
 ' having robb'd her of a Heart which she flatter'd
 ' herself she had conquer'd.' ' All this, *reply'd*
 ' Ronancourt, I foresee; but, after all, fair *Ju-*
 ' *lia*, since you permit me to aspire to the Hap-
 ' piness of possessing you, and as my Hopes of be-
 ' ing your Husband are not defeated, I flatter my-
 ' self that Fortune will finish what I have begun.
 ' That I adore you is what you permit me to tell
 ' you; and you convince me that you are not un-
 ' easy to perceive the Passion I have for you. My
 ' Condition is so different from what it has been
 ' hitherto, that the Satisfaction I feel does not per-
 ' mit me to be possess'd with Fear, tho' perhaps
 ' it may be well grounded. Joy leaves no Room
 ' for any other Passion in my Heart, and I think
 ' it too well establish'd there, to fear the Depriva-
 ' tion of it.' ' Your Security, *said Julia, with a*
 ' *Sigh*, must be pleasing to me, because 'tis a
 ' Proof of your Love; but take all possible Care
 ' to conceal your Designs from my Mother; for
 ' if she finds them out, she will certainly blast
 ' them. Make sure of the Consent of my Uncle,
 ' he

“ he being the only Person that can balance her Sway, and render you happy.”

Ronancourt promis’d that he would strictly pursue *Julia*’s Advice; but he begg’d her to excuse him for not returning back to *Paris* when the Countess *de Millian* went thither; and he requested another thing of her, which was, that he might come to her Window every Night at the same Hour. This last was a Favour which *Julia* made some Scruple of granting; she told him the Danger she should risque if her Mother should happen to discover it; but all she could say upon this Head had no Effect upon *Ronancourt*; he would not be deny’d, and in short was so urgent with *Julia*, that she consented to see him the next Night; and tho’ she then made the same Objection as before against any fresh Interviews, *Ronancourt* obtain’d a third, and even a fourth. At length *Julia* came to be as much in love with the Count, as the Count was with her. The tender Conversation she had with him completely robb’d her of the Remains of that Freedom which she had preserv’d when *Ronancourt* only accosted her with his Eyes. A Lover who, besides the Talent of pleasing, has that of declaring his Mind after a Manner that is amiable and engaging, has a vast Advantage over him who is lik’d, but at the same time is silent. The latter when out of Sight is out of Mind, and the Moment he disappears his Merit is eclips’d; but the former leaves a long Remembrance behind him of what he said: Tho’ absent, he is always present to the Imagination of the Lady with whom he is in love: She never forgets the agreeable things he said to her, which, after having made a deep Impression on

her Mind, pass into the Heart, where they are deeply engrav'd.

Ronancourt thought himself at the Summit of Happiness; he saw *Julia* every Night for a Month; and being to return with her to *Paris* in a short time, he made it his Business to gain the Goodwill of her Uncle; and he hop'd that he should amuse the Countess *de Millian* till he had brought his Affairs to such a State that he should have nothing more to fear, when alas! Fortune reduc'd him to a more deplorable Condition than he was in before he knew whether *Julia* was in Love with him.

The Countess *de Millian* was inform'd of *Ronancourt's* Interviews with her Daughter, by one of her Servants, who having seen him enter the Garden several Nights, was curious to know what he did there, and watching him, was Witness of the Conversation he had with *Julia*. As the Count spoke softly, he could not hear what he said, not even by the Questions which his Mistress ask'd him; but the unseasonable Hour in which he convers'd with *Julia*, was enough to enflame the Countess *de Millian's* Jealousy. She call'd to mind several Gestures and Phrases, which till then she had thought of no Consequence; but now appear'd to her as clear Proofs of her Daughter's Intrigue. She could not bear the Thoughts of her having been deceiv'd, and her Indignation being whetted by her Vanity, she look'd upon *Ronancourt's* Behaviour not only as a treacherous, but as a cruel, Affront. 'What, said she, he is not content with laughing at my Credulity, but he aims also at the Disgrace of my Daughter. He makes a Handle of the Kindness

' I shew him, and of the Love I have for him,
 ' only to baffle me, and to have a Cloke for his
 ' Intrigue. I don't wonder now at the Confusion
 ' he was in when I press'd him to explain himself
 ' clearly. If I had not been so sincere and so
 ' credulous, I must have guess'd by his embarrass'd
 ' Behaviour that he conceal'd his true Sentiments
 ' from me. He shall not long enjoy the Fruit of
 ' his Treachery. I now hate him as heartily as
 ' I ever lov'd him; he shall set out this Day for
 ' Paris, and I will forbid him my House. As for my
 ' Daughter he shall never see her more. I'll be
 ' reveng'd on his Inclination for her; and if he
 ' be really in Love with her, he shall be as un-
 ' happy as I would wish him. I should be glad
 ' to plague him with the most dreadful of Mis-
 ' fortunes. Ungrateful Man! to requite the blind
 ' Passion I was smitten with for him by the basest
 ' Treachery. Oh! that I could but be reveng'd
 ' on him according to my Wish! I would desire
 ' nothing more in this World than to have the
 ' Satisfaction of executing all the Contrivances
 ' which are the Effect of my Hatred to him.'

Ronancourt would have been in great Peril, if
 it had been in the Power of the Countess to have
 put her Wishes in Execution. A Woman who
 is animated to Revenge by Love and Vanity, is
 apt, in the first Sallies of her Fury, to be exceed-
 ing outrageous. The weaker her Reason is, when
 her Hatred is inflam'd to a certain Degree, she
 suffers herself the more easily to be misled by the
 Passion for Vengeance. Mean and timorous Souls
 are the most vindictive; they have no Notion of
 despising and forgetting Affronts; for this is an
 Effort of Virtue, which is solely in the Power of

those to whom true Glory is dearer than the Pleasure of triumphing over an Enemy. The Countess *de Millian* was so accusom'd to give way to her Passions, that she had neither Virtue to forget the Affront which she thought she had receiv'd, nor the Resolution to despise the Man who had given it; for all this while, however angry she was with him, she had and did to this Moment love him to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the Mischief she thought of doing him, she was at some Intervals inclin'd to acquit him. After the first Eruptions of her Fury, she began to examine with herself whether he was really as criminal as he seem'd to be.

‘ This Conversation, *said she to herself*, at which
 ‘ I am so much alarm'd, is, perhaps, innocent.
 ‘ Who knows but it was mere Chance that
 ‘ brought *Javelle* to my Daughter's Window?
 ‘ The Servant that advertis'd me of it, said not a
 ‘ Word to me of what pass'd betwixt them.
 ‘ Why should I think he prefers *Julia* to me?
 ‘ What could he propose by it? What could she
 ‘ do for him in his Circumstances? I give him a
 ‘ considerable Estate; I rescue him from the
 ‘ wretched Condition in which the unhappy Af-
 ‘ fairs of his Relations have involv'd him.’ Such
 Reflections as those seem'd to smother the
 Countess's Suspicions for a few Moments, but
 they soon broke out again with more Violence;
 and the Hopes she had entertain'd, vanish'd.

‘ Alas! *said she*, if *Julia* appears amiable in his
 ‘ Eyes, if she has captivated his Heart by her
 ‘ Youth, or by any other Charms, all the Of-
 ‘ fers that I make him will be to no Purpose.
 ‘ Benefits are not of so much Weight in the Heart

' as Love ; and we are apt to put a greater Value
 ' upon what pleases our Fancy, than upon all the
 ' Advantages that can be propos'd to us. Did not
 ' I myself experience this when I offer'd to make
 ' the Hypocrite my Husband ? Alas ! if he had
 ' not a Kindness for *Julia*, he would not have
 ' look'd with that confus'd Countenance as he
 ' did when I offer'd to accompany him to the
 ' Altar ; he would not have sought for idle Ex-
 ' cuses not to accept of that Offer ; he would
 ' have been fond of complying with my Desires ;
 ' nay, he would have press'd me to the Gratifi-
 ' cation of them. No, he hates me, he loves
 ' *Julia*, and, no doubt, she is in Love with him ;
 ' but I will be reveng'd on both of them. With
 ' what Insolence have they laugh'd at my Credu-
 ' lity ! They saw one-another every Day with-
 ' out Constraint ; and, no doubt, they declar'd
 ' their Love to each other, while I have only
 ' serv'd as a Cloke for their Amour. Traitor !
 ' thou hast found it an easy Task to impose upon
 ' me ! Alas ! every thing has tended to favour
 ' thy Treachery ; my Prepossession, my Tender-
 ' ness for thee, nay my very Fear. I trembled
 ' at the Thoughts of being deceiv'd ; I endea-
 ' vour'd to put a favourable Construction upon
 ' thy ambiguous Expressions. Ungrateful Man !
 ' did so fond a Love, and the Offer I made thee
 ' of such an Estate withal, deserve such a Re-
 ' quital ?

The Countess *de Millian* was in this violent
 Agony, when, all on a sudden, she resolv'd to
 have some serious Talk with *Ronancourt*, and sent
 for him to come to her. He no sooner enter'd
 into her Presence, but she said to him, with an

angry Countenance, which surpriz'd him, ' Sir,
 ' if I did as I ought to do, I should desire you to
 ' set out this Moment for *Paris*, only I am willing
 ' to have the Satisfaction of telling you what I
 ' think of you. You know how good I have
 ' been to you, so that I think 'tis needless to put
 ' you in mind of it. You have requited me with
 ' the basest Treachery, and the Love I express'd
 ' to you, has embolden'd you to attempt to ruin
 ' my Daughter.' I, said Ronancourt, *attempt*
to ruin your Daughter! ' Yes, Sir, *reply'd the*
Countess de Millian, to ruin my Daughter. I
 ' know that you are in Love with her, and she
 ' with you: I know yet more, and am not ig-
 ' norant of your nocturnal Conversation. To be
 ' sure you are not so void of Sense as to hope that
 ' I should bestow her upon you in Marriage; and
 ' is it not staining her Honour to carry on an
 ' Intrigue with her, when you cannot marry
 ' her? You shall now be punish'd for your un-
 ' worthy Behaviour. You shall never see her
 ' more; I shall set out to-morrow for *Paris*, and
 ' all I have to say to you, is to desire that you
 ' would hereafter consider me as the Person who
 ' has the most hearty Contempt for you of all
 ' Mankind, and who will make my Daughter
 ' sensible of my Resentment for her Behaviour to
 ' you.

Ronancourt was so surpriz'd at what the *Countess de Millian* had said, that he knew not what Answer to return; and really he was, as it were, so thunderstruck, that he could scarce speak. From Chance, rather than from Reflection, he resolv'd to deny his being in Love with *Julia*, tho' he made but a scurvy Defence. The Countess
 de

de Millian, however, long'd so much for a Proof of his Innocence, that she could not help giving heed to his Arguments, bad as they were. 'I would believe, *said she*, every Word that you tell me, if you give me one Proof of it that I require. Shew, by marrying me, that my Suspicions are groundless; bind yourself to me by a Knot which nothing but Death can untie, and make my Happiness and your Fortune for ever sure. 'Tis too late now to think of making idle Excuses; you must be wedded to me this very Day; all farther Delays will be but so many Marks of your Treachery. I think I have put up with Refusals enough. If I stick at nothing for you, I expect you should stick at nothing for me.'

Ronancourt was still for evading the Countess's Challenge, and had recourse to his usual Excuses, but they were to no Purpose. 'I see, *said the Countess*, what I am to expect from you; I know the Cause of your affected Delicacy. In the mean time I think 'tis proper we should part, and I will set out this Minute for *Paris*.' The Countess went instantly out of the Room, and left *Ronancourt* mortally chagreen'd. He would fain have convey'd a Letter to *Julia*, but had no Opportunity, for her Mother sent for her to come to her; and after having most severely reprimanded her, injoin'd her not to stir from her Apartment; and there she stay'd without seeing any body to speak to till the Moment she went with her Mother into the Coach.

In two Hours after the Countess's last Conversation with *Ronancourt* she set out as she had said she would. It being not possible for *Ronancourt*

to stay longer at her Seat, he was forc'd to send to the Village for Horses to carry him to the first Post-stage, from whence he went to *Paris*. He hasten'd to his Friend the Comedian, and acquainted him of what had pass'd. ' I told you before-hand, *said he*, what would happen. Thank nobody but yourself for what you suffer. You should have taken my Advice; you thought it disagreeable, but you would have found it wholesome.' ' Alas! *said Ronancourt*, the Condition that I am in demands Comfort, not Reproaches. I have need, more than ever, of your Friendship, which is the only thing that can extricate me from the horrid Perplexity that I am under. I dye if I don't see *Julia*; and without your Help I cannot see her. Alas! this very Moment, while I am now speaking, she is under the rigorous Discipline of her Mother, and for my sake feels the Wrath of an exasperated Woman, who has an Authority over her which she cannot resist. This Consideration frets me to the very Soul. I have continually before my Eyes *Julia* bath'd in Tears, and her Mother indulging the cruel Satisfaction of seeing them trickle down her Cheeks. Methinks I hear how she insults her. 'Tis impossible for me to bear my hard Fate. If I lose the only Enjoyment which makes Life desirable to me, I am not willing to prolong those Days which will know nothing but Sorrow.'

The Comedian being mov'd with Pity at *Ronancourt's* Condition, said to him, embracing him, ' Give way no longer to your Grief, which can be only hurtful to your Intentions. 'Tis necessary to fear Misfortunes before they happen; but

' but when we have found it impossible to avoid
 ' them, all that we have to do is to surmount
 ' them. It goes a great way towards the Repair
 ' of Misfortunes to form a Resolution to support
 ' them with Courage, till the Face of them is
 ' entirely chang'd. The Generality of Man-
 ' kind, especially of Lovers, are only unhappy,
 ' because they have not the Fortitude of Mind
 ' to endeavour to shake off their Unhappiness.
 ' They abandon themselves to their Sorrows ;
 ' Sighs and Groans are their Resource ; they
 ' lose that time in complaining, which they ought
 ' to employ in Action. You would act very
 ' prudently if you could cure yourself of a Pas-
 ' sion which gives you great Uneasiness, and
 ' will bring many more Troubles upon you that
 ' may be yet more vexatious ; but since you can-
 ' not make this Effort, all Methods must be
 ' try'd that can possibly render you happy. I will
 ' pay a Visit to the Countess *de Millian* ; I will
 ' tell her that you are gone to *Lyons*, and that you
 ' have sent me Word, that you shall not return
 ' to *Paris* for some time. When she knows this,
 ' she will not think it necessary to watch *Julia*
 ' so narrowly, but that you may both see her, and
 ' hear from her. I will endeavour to procure you
 ' an Interview with her ; and this done, we shall
 ' judge the better what Measures to take after-
 ' wards, and regulate ourselves by what she will
 ' say to you.

Ronancourt thank'd his Friend in the most ten-
 der Terms : He assur'd him that he would never
 forget the Service which he did him, and wish'd
 for Opportunities of making him a Return.
 ' Your Acknowledgement, *reply'd the Comedian,*

‘ is enough for me ; I desire no better Reward
 ‘ for my Friendship. By obliging you, I oblige
 ‘ myself. ’Tis as great a Satisfaction to a true
 ‘ Friend to make his Friend happy, as to be so
 ‘ himself. Depend upon it that I shall leave no
 ‘ Stone unturn’d for a Change of your Condi-
 ‘ tion.’

The Comedian did his best, and perform’d what he had promis’d. He saw the Countess *de Millian*. She was too much nettled to conceal her Vexation. She complain’d bitterly of *Ronancourt*’s Proceedings with *Julia*, and thought by professing such a Hatred to him, to conceal the true Cause of her Anguish. The Comedian feign’d a total Ignorance of what the Countess wanted to hide from him ; he condemn’d his Friend’s Conduct ; and after having given the Countess time to vent her Indignation, he told her, that *Ronancourt* was not return’d to *Paris*, and that he would not be there in a long time. This News pleas’d the Countess *de Millian* extremely. When a Woman once despairs of being lov’d by the Man to whom she has made any Advances, his Company is loathsome to her ; she mortifies her own Vanity, and calls to mind the Affront which she thinks she has receiv’d, and which, by Women, is of all Affronts, the most resent’d. Tho’ the Countess *de Millian* had forbid *Ronancourt* her House, she might possibly have met him elsewhere ; but when he was distant from *Paris*, she was free from that Danger. The Countess was the more pleas’d at *Ronancourt*’s pretended Absence for other Reasons. Her Jealousy was such, that she rejoic’d beyond all Expression to think how much her Daughter was griev’d for his Absence. She

was charm'd to think of her being separated from a Lover whom she had stole from her. But what pleas'd her more, was her being freed from any Apprehension that *Ronancourt* would, by way of Revenge, divulge the true Ground of his Misunderstanding with her, at *Paris*. The Generality of Women don't much regard the Malice of a Lover whom they turn off; and they think themselves above his Sarcasms as long as he cannot make them the Subject of Ridicule for having been abandon'd; on the contrary, they carry it fair to, and are afraid of, those who leave them, because they are the perpetual Objects of their Raillery. A Woman acts with regard to a faithless Lover just as a Man does when at Variance with a Friend that proves a dishonest Man. He is much more afraid of him than he would have been, had he thought him more virtuous.

The pleasing News which the Comedian had told the Countess *de Millian*, gave him an Opportunity to insinuate himself into her good Opinion with more Ease than he expected. In order to gain her entire Confidence, he affected to blame *Ronancourt* more than once, and his way of thinking was very grateful to her. He continu'd to visit her several Days, and still talk'd to her in the same Stile. The Countess lik'd him every Day more and more. In fine, he acted his Part so well, that she thought him a Man as worthy of her Kindness as *Ronancourt* was unworthy. She never piqued herself upon Constancy in the various Amours she had been engag'd in, tho' they had been very warm; and Reason agreed with her Temper to make her quite forget the last. The same Causes which had determin'd her to
do

do her utmost to make sure of a Lover before Age depriv'd her altogether of the Capacity of doing it, still subsisted. She cast her Eyes upon the Comedian, who had found the Art of pleasing her, and soon gave him Proofs of her Inclination to him. He was too well acquainted with the Countess's Temper not to perceive it; but as all the Advantage he propos'd from it was to serve his Friend, he pretended to be ignorant of what he plainly saw, and strove to gain time for promoting the Success of the Design that he had form'd. Fortune favour'd him; for the Countess being oblig'd to go abroad one Day, left him alone with *Julia*, to whom he had already found a Method of delivering several Letters from *Ronancourt*. He pleaded so strenuously, and supported the Arguments he made use of so well, that he made her consent to give *Ronancourt* a Meeting, notwithstanding the Dread she was under because of the fatal Consequences of the former Assignations. But Love puts half the Danger in the boldest Enterprizes out of Sight. It was resolv'd that in the Dusk of the Evening the Comedian should send *Ronancourt* to the House as a Footman in Livery; that *Julia*'s Chambermaid should bring him into her Apartment, as one of her Acquaintance who had a Packet to deliver to her, and that *Julia* should be there. They chose the very time when the Countess *de Millian*, who was to go to the Opera, was absent. Every thing succeeded to their Wish; *Ronancourt* fell at *Julia*'s Feet, ask'd a thousand Pardons for the Troubles she had suffer'd on his Account, and assur'd her, that it was the greatest of his Affliction to find her expos'd to her Mother's Jealousy and ill Temper. ' Indeed,

' said

' *said Julia*, she has treated me with less Severity
 ' than I durst have expected ; for tho' she forbad
 ' me to see you the Day that we set out for *Pa-*
 ' *ris*, yet, whether 'tis from Scorn or from Shame,
 ' she has never mention'd you since. She thinks
 ' that you have inform'd me of the Kindness she
 ' had for you, and that by shewing an Indiffer-
 ' ence, as to what becomes of you, she does in
 ' some measure revenge your Contempt. She has
 ' no manner of Suspicion that you are at *Paris* ;
 ' and did she not think that you was at a good Dis-
 ' tance from it, I should not have the Liberty
 ' that I now enjoy, and of which I should be
 ' totally depriv'd if she had the least Notion of
 ' your being here.' ' But, *said Ronancourt*, after
 ' tenderly kissing *Julia's* Hand, Will you always
 ' live in this Constraint ? Must we never see
 ' one another without being under the Dread
 ' that the Moment we are together will be the
 ' last of our Meeting, and that we are to suffer a
 ' long and cruel Separation ?' ' What can I do,
 ' *reply'd Julia*, to mend our Fate ? You know
 ' my Heart, and how glad I should always be
 ' to see you. Be assur'd, that you are not
 ' the only Sufferer by my Mother's Commands ;
 ' but I am oblig'd to submit ; and if you love
 ' me, as I make no question but you do, you must
 ' not expect that I should again run the Hazard
 ' which I have done to Day. My Mother would
 ' be outrageous against me to the last Degree, if
 ' she should know that we saw one another.'
 ' You are content then, *said Ronancourt*, that
 ' I should be the most unhappy Man living.
 ' Can you suppose that I can live without seeing
 ' you, without telling you that I adore you,
 ' without

' without swearing to you that I shall love you
 ' till Death, without assuring you that all the
 ' Fortune in the World is indifferent to me, if
 ' it be not a Means of bringing me near you?
 ' If you ever thought otherwise, fair *Julia*, never
 ' think so more. I must either possess you, or
 ' rid myself of a Life which will be an intolerable
 ' Burden. You have given me your Heart,
 ' and you have promis'd to join Hands with me.
 ' Keep your Word with me, or let Death save
 ' me the Trouble of seeing you inconstant.' ' I
 ' am not, *reply'd Julia*, and you are very cruel to
 ' reproach me so. I love you now as much as
 ' ever; I even find that your Trouble gives the
 ' more Force and Warmth to my Affection. But,
 ' after all, what can I do against Fortune, which
 ' is pleas'd to cast us down? I thought that you
 ' might, some Day or other, obtain my Mother's
 ' Consent. To marry me now is impossible.
 ' Blame nothing but your unhappy Destiny, and
 ' don't make me the Author of it. Call in
 ' your Reason to your Aid; strive all you can
 ' with yourself. I give you Advice, which I find
 ' it difficult to follow, yet is necessary. That we
 ' may the better bear our Separation, we ought
 ' to try all the Inventions that Love puts into the
 ' Heads of Lovers not so virtuous as we are, to
 ' see one another.' Alas! fair *Julia*, *reply'd Roman-
 ' court*, I neither will nor can follow such barbarous
 ' Advice; let me dye rather at your Feet.
 ' What, would you have me shun you, and make
 ' use of my Reason to contrive Means for avoiding
 ' you? Is it possible for me to do what you
 ' require? If your Heart was as much smitten as
 ' mine is, you would know how gloomy the Mo-
 ' ments

'ments are that I pass out of your Sight.' 'Do
 'you think, *reply'd Julia*, that I am more happy
 'when I am from you? Nevertheless my Re-
 'putation, my Condition, my Reason demand
 'that I should renounce the Sight of you. My
 'Mother, by depriving me of the Hopes that
 'you are ever to be my Husband, has reduc'd
 'me to the hard Necessity of endeavouring to
 'shun you, independent of her Orders.' But
 'why, *said Ronancourt*, may not I become your
 'Husband? 'Twill be your own Fault if I
 'am not. Fly from a barbarous Mother, who
 'only uses her Authority to tyrannize over you.
 'She ought to lose it from the very Moment
 'that she exercises it against the Laws of Pro-
 'bity and the Principles of Motherly Love. The
 'Prerogatives of Parents are not more sacred than
 'the Rights of Children: The Mother is bound
 'to the Daughter, and the Daughter to her Mo-
 'ther by Tyes that are reciprocal; and which so-
 'ever of them first happens to break them, is only
 'chargeable with the Violation of the Rules of
 'that Duty by which they were engag'd to one
 'another. Come, fair *Julia*, resign yourself to
 'the Conduct of a faithful Lover, who from this
 'Moment looks upon you as his Spouse, who
 'pledges his Faith to you, and takes Heaven to
 'be Witness of the Purity and Innocence of his
 'Sentiments.'

Julia was as fond of *Ronancourt*, as he was of
 her, and the Advice of so dear a Lover could not
 fail of making an Impression upon her Heart. She
 at first rejected his Proposal: He urg'd it again;
 she again oppos'd it: He insisted on it without
 being daunted; and at length Love, which was his
 Auxiliary,

Auxiliary, procur'd him the Victory. After a very long Conversation *Julia* consented to follow *Ronancourt*, and to be marry'd to him privately. She took care to carry her Diamonds with her, and Money enough to subsist *Ronancourt* handsomely, till the Countess *de Millian* should be oblig'd to consent to a Marriage which, when consummated, she could no longer oppose with Decency. She postpon'd her Departure till next Day, only to give *Ronancourt* Time to take necessary Measures for the Success of the Intrigue.

The Comedian was sorry to hear of the Resolution which the two Lovers had form'd; but as he was convinc'd that all he could say to dissuade them would be to no purpose, he did not oppose their Design; only he acted with very great Precaution, that there might be no Suspicion of his being privy to their Escape, and that he might still have it in his Power to do them Service, by dispossessing the Countess *de Millian* of the Hatred she had conceiv'd against *Ronancourt*, which his running away with her Daughter could not but exasperate.

Every thing happen'd as the Comedian had foreseen. The Countess *de Millian* hearing of her Daughter's Flight did not doubt but *Ronancourt* had carry'd her off; and she made great Search, but all in vain. She thought at first that *Ronancourt's* old Friend the Comedian was privy to the Intrigue; but hearing nothing that could give her any Foundation to tax him with it, her Suspicions abated. They were at length entirely defeated by the Comedian's Protestations, or rather by the Fancy she had taken to him, which was increas'd to such a degree that perhaps she would

would not have fallen out with him tho' she had found him tardy. Her Daughter's Behaviour giving her a Pretence for staying at home without receiving any Visits, she pass'd whole Days alone with her new Lover, who improv'd the tender Regard she shew'd to him by endeavouring to quiet her Mind, and to reconcile her to a favourable Opinion of *Julia*. He was sometimes strangely perplex'd, but had the Art to conceal it. The Countess *de Millian* explain'd herself very clearly, and he scarce knew what Answer to make. He acted much the same Part as *Ronancourt* had done before him, and was forc'd to do it from the same Reasons. He had some Months ago been privately marry'd to a rich Citizen's Daughter, who on the account of her Family was oblig'd for some time to conceal it. Therefore it was even more impossible for the Comedian to answer the Countess *de Millian*'s Wishes than it had been for the Count *de Ronancourt*. Nevertheless, as the Comedian had not the same Grounds for Fear which the Count had; and as the Countess *de Millian*, if she should happen to discover what he had a mind to conceal from her, could not deprive him of his Mistress, he was nothing near so timorous as *Ronancourt* was, and by consequence the Countess thought him more sincere. When a Lover, whose Sincerity is suspected, appears to be in Confusion, a Woman always takes it for a Conviction of his Crime. The Art of Diffimulation becomes absolutely necessary for a Man who is not in the entire Confidence of his Mistress, because the minutest Circumstances of his Conduct are canvass'd, and always interpreted to his Disadvantage. Credulous Love is blind,
but

but suspicious Love forms Conjectures upon mere Trifles. The Countess *de Millian* look'd upon the settled Countenance of the Comedian as a certain Proof of his Sincerity, and she often compar'd it in her own Breast with the Air of *Ronancourt*, whose Timorousness and Embarrassment betray'd the Insincerity of his Heart, and the Confusion of his Mind.

While the Countess *de Millian's* Thoughts were only bent on securing to herself the Possession of her imaginary new Conquest, the Condition of *Ronancourt* and *Julia* was more dismal than ever; and Love seem'd to have brought them together again for no other Reason but to make them suffer the worst of Misfortunes. When they set out from *Paris*, it was with a View to retire to *Holland*. At first every thing went well with them; they got out of the Kingdom without meeting with any Accident; but betwixt *Mons* and *Brussels* they fell into the Hands of Highwaymen, who robb'd them both of their Money and Jewels. Being therefore oblig'd to stop at a Village about a League from the Place where they had been robb'd, *Ronancourt* said to *Julia*,
 ' We are not unhappy, since we love one another and are together. We shall hear shortly from our Friend; he will send us a Supply of Money, and then we shall see what Course to take.' *Julia* thought her Lover's Arguments were poor Comfort; but she did not seem to be so much afflicted as she was in reality, for fear of increasing his Sorrow; and while she was so melancholy herself, she strove to comfort him: A Conduct never known but betwixt Lovers and true Friends; though indeed it may well be doubted

doubted if there are such true Friends in the World ; consequently it may be establish'd for a Truth, that Love is the only Passion which is powerful enough to calm Affliction, to subdue it, and to substitute Ideas of Joy in its stead, tho' the Cause of the Sorrow still subsists in us, without any Glimpse of Comfort.

Ronancourt's first Care was to write to *Paris* for Money. He had a Pair of Buttons in his Sleeves set with small Diamonds, which the Highwaymen did not happen to see : These he sent a Man to sell at *Brussels*, which was seven Leagues off, to raise Money for their travelling Expences. But Fortune, which reserv'd him for fresh Misfortunes, dispos'd of them otherwise. While this Man was upon the Road, the Lord of the Village hearing that two Foreigners had been robb'd the Night before, had the Curiosity to go and see them, and having paid them a Visit at the Cabaret where they quarter'd, he intreated them to quit such a mean Lodging, and to come to his Seat till they had receiv'd a Remittance from *France*. *Ronancourt* and *Julia*, being won by the polite Behaviour of the Baron *de Munchef*, (which was the Name of this Gentleman) thought themselves oblig'd, as things stood with them, to accept of his kind Offer, and accordingly remov'd to his House, where they receiv'd all the Marks of the greatest Civility.

Mean time *Julia's* Charms made a strong Impression on *Munchef's* Heart. Far from endeavouring to shake off a Passion which could not but be fatal to him, he thought to make an Advantage of *Julia's* unhappy Condition, and flatter'd himself that she would not resist his Presents.

With

With this Conceit he entirely abandon'd himself to his Love, which in a few Days became so violent that it was not in his Power to dissemble it, tho' he was sensible how much he was concern'd to conceal it from *Ronancourt*. *Julia* perceiv'd it, and shunn'd all Opportunities of being left alone with *Munchef*, who she had Reason to fear would then reveal his Passion to her. Her Precautions were to no Purpose; *Munchef* found the lucky Moment he watch'd for, and he discover'd to *Julia* what she dreaded to hear. She return'd a prudent Answer, but with such an Air of Virtue and Fortitude as left *Munchef* no Hopes of being ever indulg'd. The Miscarriage of the Step which he had taken nettled him, and he resolv'd to get that by Force which he could not obtain by Intreaty. He form'd a Design to carry off *Julia*, and to murder *Ronancourt*. For this end he feign'd several Days to be much indispos'd; which both *Julia* and *Ronancourt* took to be real. He desir'd *Ronancourt* to go to a Gentleman whose Seat was but two Leagues from his own, to put some Papers of Consequence into his Hands, which he said he did not care to trust with any of his Domestics, and on whose Fate depended not only his Fortune but even his Head. *Ronancourt* was exceeding glad he had an Opportunity of doing Service to a Man who had given him such a civil Reception at his House. He expected Letters every Moment from *Paris*, and it was a Pleasure to him before he left his Host, that it was in his Power to demonstrate to him how truly sensible he was of the Civilities he had receiv'd from him. In a Wood which *Ronancourt* was oblig'd to pass thro', *Munchef* had posted a Couple of Assassins:

One

One of *Munchef's* Domesticks, who went with him for a Guide, was in the Secret, and as soon as *Ronancourt* was seiz'd he was to ride away full-speed. In a few Moments after they were set out, *Munchef* not doubting but *Ronancourt* was a dead Man, and thinking he was now rid of him for ever, enter'd into *Julia's* Chamber. At first he talk'd to her about indifferent Matters, but soon after address'd her in a Style which put her into inexpressible Concern and Confusion. She begg'd and pray'd him with Tears in her Eyes to forbear; but all in vain, for the Barbarian having no Remorse, made the Chamber-door fast, and offer'd to ravish her. *Julia*, who was before so fearful, being now quite enrag'd, 'Thou Monster, *said she to him*, whom it has pleas'd Heaven to make known to me for a Curse, mind what I say to thee, if thou art so rash as to dare to come near me, I'll pull out thy Eyes; and, rather than be dishonour'd by thy base Lewdness, I'll suffer a thousand Deaths.' She had no sooner said this, but happening to spy a Pair of Scissars on the Table, she suddenly snatch'd them up, and pointing them at *Munchef*, 'Fortune, *said she*, has been pleas'd to put this Instrument into my Hand; and thou may'st be assur'd, that if thou offerest the least Violence to me, I will plunge these Scissars in thy Heart.'

The Passion with which *Julia* deliver'd herself, and the Fury that sparkled in her Eyes, frighten'd *Munchef*, and made him pause what to do. She, perceiving the Quandary he was in, resolv'd to make the proper Use of it: 'But, *said she*, if you get out of my Sight, I swear to you by all that is sacred, that I will never mention
' this

‘ this Affair to my Husband, but go with him
 ‘ from hence contentedly as soon as he returns:
 ‘ So that I shall prevent all Disturbance. Don’t
 ‘ compel me therefore by your Obstinacy to pro-
 ‘ claim so base an Action as you have been guilty
 ‘ of, and which were I to complain of it to my
 ‘ Husband would be punish’d in an exemplary
 ‘ Manner.’ ‘ As for that Husband with whom
 ‘ you threaten me, *said Munchef*, I fear him
 ‘ not.’ And then his brutish Appetite returning
 upon him, he resolv’d to gratify his Lust at all Ha-
 zards: ‘ If you have nothing to trust to, *said he*,
 ‘ but a Husband, I advise you to comply with my
 ‘ Desires in a handsome Manner.’ At these
 Words *Munchef* was again advancing towards *Julia*;
 but her loud Shrieks, and her uplifted Arm
 to run the Scissars into the Monster’s Heart, stopp’d
 him again. He try’d to catch at *Julia*’s Hand,
 in order to snatch the Scissars from her; but the
 Fair-one’s Courage was rais’d by a loud Rap at
 the Door by a Man that immediately burst it open;
 and who should this be but *Ronancourt* himself.
 He had not been above three or four hundred
 ‘ Paces from the Village when he met the very Gen-
 ‘ tleman to whose House he was going; he knew
 ‘ him because he had din’d with him more than
 ‘ once at *Munchef*’s House. ‘ I am glad I met
 ‘ with you, *said he*; I suppose you are going to
 ‘ the Baron de *Munchef*’s House. Having been a
 ‘ little indispos’d, he desir’d me to put these Pa-
 ‘ pers into your Hands, which he did not care to
 ‘ trust with any but a Man that he could be sure
 ‘ of.’ ‘ I can’t imagine, *said the Gentleman*,
 ‘ what these Papers are: I am glad however that
 ‘ I met you, and sav’d you the Trouble of going
 ‘ farther.’

‘ farther.’ After these first Compliments were past, the Gentleman begg’d *Ronancourt*’s Permission to open the Packet that he had brought to him. *Munchef* taking it for granted that it would never come to his Friend’s Hand, because he did not doubt that the premeditated Murder would be committed, had only stuff’d the Packet with some Sheets of blank Paper. ‘ These, said the Gentleman, are really Papers of prodigious Consequence. To be sure the Baron de *Munchef* had a mind to put a Trick upon you.’ The Gentleman suspected nothing more; but *Ronancourt* had a thousand uneasy Thoughts. He had a Misgiving of a Misfortune like to project from his Head, and made all the Haste he could to the Castle. Going up-stairs at once to *Julia*’s Apartment, and hearing her cry out, the Fury which possess’d him on a sudden is not to be express’d. After having burst open the Door he drew his Sword, ran hastily upon *Munchef*, and without regarding whether his Enemy put himself in a Posture of Defence, *Die*, said he, *Villain, and receive the Punishment due to thy Crime.* At these Words he ran him thro’; upon which he fell to the Ground.

The Gentleman, who had stopp’d in the Courtyard to give some Orders to his Servants, entring that very Moment into the Room, prevented *Ronancourt*, who seem’d to have lost the Use of his Reason, from making a second Thrust at *Munchef*. ‘ What are you doing, said he? What, murder a Man in his own House!’ ‘ Let me alone, said *Ronancourt*, the Wretch deserves to die a thousand Deaths. He only sent me to you that he might have an Opportunity of ra-

‘visiting my Wife. * I surpriz’d him just as he was going to consummate his Crime.’ The Gentleman, then casting his Eyes towards *Julia*, saw that the fair Lady was fallen into a Fit: ‘Go and help your Wife, said he to *Ronancourt*, while I go to lift up your Enemy.’ The Wound which *Munchef* had receiv’d was deep, but not mortal. Being rais’d upon his Legs by the Gentlemen, he took out his Handkerchief to stop the Blood which gush’d from him, and made a shift to reel to his own Apartment. Mean time *Julia* being come to herself, *Ronancourt* took her by the Hand, led her out of the House, and carry’d her to the Cabaret to which they went immediately after their being robb’d.

The Gentleman, not in the least doubting that *Munchef* had actually intended to commit a Rape upon *Julia*, gave him to understand as soon as his Wound was dress’d, what an Abhorrence he had of his Conduct, and advis’d him to hush up an Affair, which, if known, would be his utter Ruin, and not to think of prosecuting his Enemy, whose Cause was infinitely better than his own. The Blood which *Munchef* had lost render’d him so weak that he could speak but very little: Nevertheless, for all the Advice that was given to him, he seem’d resolv’d to prosecute *Ronancourt* as an Assassin; but was at length oblig’d to sue to him for Mercy,

Three or four Hours after *Julia* and *Ronancourt* were gone away, a Brigade of Marshals-men, who had long been in quest after the two Assassins that had been hir’d by *Munchef*, and had already committed several Murders, caught them in the Wood where they had lain in wait for *Ronancourt*.
When

When they found there was no Possibility of their escaping they own'd that they expected a Gentleman, who was to be brought and deliver'd into their Hands by a Domestic of the Baron de *Munchef*, whose Name they mention'd. The Exempt having caus'd those Miscreants to be ty'd, plac'd a Guard of three of the Archers over them, and went himself with four more to apprehend the Domestic. By good Luck, he happen'd not to be at the Baron's House when the Archers came, a Method having been contriv'd to get him out of the Way; but *Munchef* perceiv'd that as things stood, he was undone if *Romancourt* should proceed against him; and he had recourse to the Gentleman to make up the Matter, who easily succeeded; *Romancourt* having more Indignation and Contempt of *Munchef* than real Hatred.

Mean time *Julia* had been put into such a Fright, that she could not bear the Thoughts of staying in that Village any longer. She was still afraid of *Munchef*, whom she look'd upon as a Man that was yet capable of undertaking what he had before attempted. She therefore press'd *Romancourt* to set out for *Brussels*, there to wait for the Letters and Remittances which came from *Paris*. When they were just ready to depart, they receiv'd Tidings that were extremely pleasing. The Comedian wrote to them to return immediately to *Paris*; that the Countess de *Millian* had retir'd some Days to a Nunnery; that all *Julia's* Relations were reconcil'd in her Favour; that they sought for her every where; and that when he came to *Paris* they would favour his Marriage; and he added that, in order to remove all Scruples, he had thought fit to make it known that

the Chevalier *de Javelle* was the Count *de Ronancourt*.

This Happiness, so unexpected, made *Julia* and *Ronancourt* quite forget the Misfortunes which they had suffer'd; and such was their Joy, that they lost all Idea of the Condition to which two young Lovers may be reduc'd, who, far from their own Country, without Money and without Acquaintance, resign themselves to People to whose Temper they are Strangers. Nothing is so dangerous for Travellers in foreign Countries as Acquaintances contracted by mere Chance, in whom they trust before they have try'd them. A Traveller ought to be very diffident of such as flatter him, and seem to court his Friendship. Mankind in general is determin'd in the Choice of Friends, by three Motives: 1. The Hopes of Protection; but that of a Foreigner is commonly weak. 2. The Allurement of Riches; but a Traveller has Occasions for his Money, and if he be in his Senses he will take care not to squander it away. The third Motive is Esteem: How can we have an Esteem for a Man whom one has scarce had Time to know? These three Motives having seldom a Share in the Friendships made with Travellers, they can proceed therefore from no other Cause but a Design to bubble them, or to make Tools of them. As natural as these Reflections are, yet by an Omission which often proves fatal, many Men don't make them.

Ronancourt and *Julia* hasten'd to *Paris*, and no sooner arriv'd there but they sent for their Friend. After having declar'd to him how glad they were to see him again, they ask'd him how it came to pass that the Countess *de Millian* took
such

such a sudden Resolution to retire from the World ?

‘ ’Twas owing to me, *said the Comedian* : You
 ‘ must know that after her Love for *Ronancourt*
 ‘ was turn’d to an Aversion, she thought that
 ‘ in me she should find a Lover that would be
 ‘ agreeable : I resolv’d to take an Advantage of her
 ‘ Tenderness for me, to do you Service. After you
 ‘ were gone, I spent several whole Days with her ;
 ‘ she saw but very little Company ; at length she
 ‘ gave me repeated Intimations, that if I had a
 ‘ mind to be happy she was ready to make me
 ‘ so ; and that in the Condition wherein her only
 ‘ Child had left her, by abandoning her, she had
 ‘ need of a Husband, who by his sincere Affec-
 ‘ tion to her might make her forget her Sorrows.
 ‘ At last she propos’d to marry me in private.
 ‘ To such plain Questions I gave ambiguous An-
 ‘ swers ; but as her Passion for me was very warm,
 ‘ she put a favourable Construction upon all that
 ‘ I said to her. She lov’d me at last with such a
 ‘ Fondness, that I was really ashamed to deceive
 ‘ her ; and if I had not been afraid of hurting
 ‘ you, I should have told her the plain Truth of
 ‘ the Matter ; but I still hop’d to obtain her Con-
 ‘ sent to your Marriage. While things were in
 ‘ this Situation, the Countess *de Millian* had some
 ‘ Intelligence which drove her to Despair. I had
 ‘ been secretly marry’d to the Daughter of a
 ‘ rich Merchant, whose Uncle being dead, I had
 ‘ no longer any Reason for concealing my Mar-
 ‘ riage. My Spouse, whom I doat on, was glad
 ‘ to let all *Paris* know that she had made my
 ‘ Fortune ; and after this Declaration of my Mar-
 ‘ riage I quitted the Stage entirely. When the
 ‘ Countess *de Millian* came to know that I had
 ‘ been

‘ been marry’d a Year ago, she was in a very
 ‘ great Rage, and did not doubt but I intended
 ‘ from the first to make a Fool of her. She was
 ‘ ashamed to think what Offers she had made to
 ‘ me: She call’d to mind what I had often said
 ‘ to her concerning you; she was sure that I had
 ‘ assisted you in running away with her Daugh-
 ‘ ter: All these Objects of Grief gave her Mind
 ‘ a Turn to Devotion. Two Lovers having de-
 ‘ ceiv’d her one after another, it stung her to the
 ‘ quick. She had such a vain Opinion of herself
 ‘ as render’d all Mankind odious to her, and her
 ‘ Fear that her Advances would be made public
 ‘ to the World made her resolve to quit it.’

Ronancourt was overjoy’d to hear what Step the
 Countess had taken. ‘ Since she is become a
 ‘ Votary, *said he*, she will no longer oppose us.’
 ‘ Don’t trust to her Devotion, *reply’d the Come-*
 ‘ *dian*, for ’tis only the Effect of her Rage, and
 ‘ the common Refuge of Women in her Situa-
 ‘ tion. If it were once in her Power to hurt
 ‘ you, she would certainly do it; but all *Julia’s*
 ‘ Relations are united against her Mother, there-
 ‘ fore she must consent to your Marriage in spite
 ‘ of her Teeth. Expect nevertheless that she will
 ‘ do all she can to hinder it.’ The Comedian
 guess’d very right; the Countess *de Millian* did not
 give her Consent to it till she was in a manner
 forc’d to it by her Family. Her Devotion was
 only a Mask, under which she hop’d to conceal
 the Vexation that consum’d her. With Women of
 her Temper the Passions appear in different Forms,
 but they are always the same. Such Women
 make their pretended Devotion in the recluse Life
 subservient to the Prejudice of those whom they
 don’t

don't love, just as while they are conversant in the World, they employ their Beauty and their Coquetry to raise them Enemies, and to ensnare them. Under the Veil of Simplicity they keep up the same Pride by which all their Proceedings were govern'd: They fly to Devotion only as a Tool to gratify their Ambition and their Revenge; and they make such as they hate suffer for the Mortification they feel at being forc'd to abandon the World which had already abandon'd them.

The Hindrance which the Countess *de Millian* had given for some time to *Ronancourt's* Happiness was recompens'd by the Pleasure he had, after his Marriage with *Julia*, to find his Father reconcil'd to him, who having heard of the Match restor'd him to his good Graces, and to a great Part of the Estate he had depriv'd him of, by making an equal Dividend of it between him and the other Son, whom, after *Ronancourt* went away, he had appointed his sole Heir.

END of the NOVEL.



SOME
REFLECTIONS,

BY

MADAMOISELLE de COCHOIS,

ON THE

MISFORTUNES of MANKIND, *on the ORIGIN of EVIL, on the BEING of GOD, on the CREATION of MATTER, and on the Manner how the SOUL acts on the BODY, and the BODY on the SOUL, &c.*

SECT. I.



HERE is nothing in the Evils and Misfortunes which have happen'd in all Ages that ought to astonish Mankind. They were felt before the Century we were born in; for as soon as Mortals had a Being, they had their Rise; and the oldest of Histories we have, shew us the tragical Events that happen'd to our Ancestors.

Princes,

Princes, and great Men, whose Birth one ~~would~~ think should exempt them from common Misfortunes, are those who suffer them most; and for one happy King upon a Throne, there are a thousand who are unfortunate. Destiny makes no Difference betwixt a King and a private Subject; it gives them the same Shocks; and tho' it may steer a different Course to render them unhappy, yet it makes them equal Sufferers. No Person of what Rank soever, I will add, of what Virtue soever, is secure from its Strokes.

This Similitude of Misfortunes in Ranks so unequal, in Tempers equally inclin'd, some to Virtue, others to Vice, stuns Human Reason. The Understanding is bewilder'd, when it attempts to account for the Effects of Destiny, which acts so blindly, that it sometimes rewards Vice, and makes Virtue tremble. 'Tis even more common to find a virtuous Man a Prey to Misfortunes, than a wicked one; and we often see a Person extremely happy, whose Actions deserve quite the reverse. How can such odd Effects be reconcil'd to Reason? 'Tis vain to attempt to find out the Cause; for the deepest Study could never fathom the Secrets of a Power that is infinite; and the Arguments which the greatest Philosophers have made use of to explain things to us that are incomprehensible, have been of little Service to the Information of Mankind. We know that we are unhappy, but we don't know why; nor can we discover the Cause of it by the Aid of mere Philosophy. I will venture to say, that 'tis Rashness to pretend to a clear Discovery of what exceeds the Limits of the human Understanding; and those Arguments which appear to be the most

philosophical, sometimes throw Men into an Error.

Reason alone is sufficient to shew how erroneous and false are almost all the Systems for explaining the Origin of Evil.

Spinoza, a Man who was so celebrated for his Learning, and so venerable for his Morals, fell into the most monstrous of Errors, by attempting to account for the Cause of the physical and moral Evil that is in the World. In doing this, he was oblig'd to acknowledge Matter to be the only God. After a great deal of Reasoning, he concluded, that the Universe was not govern'd by a spiritual Intelligence; he could not bring himself to believe, that a just considerate Being, sovereignly good, and sovereignly powerful, could leave Mankind subject to so many Evils. In fine, he establish'd a System full of dangerous Errors, of which whoever only reasons by Consequence may see the Absurdity.

There is, says *Spinoza*, but one only Substance, of which all Beings are Modes. This Substance, which he calls God, is Matter, and all the Particles of this Matter are Portions of the Deity. It follows therefore from this System, that every minute Grain of Sand, every Atom, is a God. Mean time we see Bodies run to Ruin every Day; we discover the Force which every Part of Matter uses one against another to be disunited. Every thing in the Universe acts by Motions opposite to one another. It must therefore be inferr'd, that the Deity never ceases to oppose itself; and by the same Principle it must necessarily be guilty of all Crimes. It ought to be no longer said, a Rogue has kill'd an honest Man, but a criminal God

has kill'd a virtuous God. Into what a wild way of thinking does not this System mislead Men? There is no longer any Difference between Good and Evil, every one being at Liberty to do what he pleases. There is no longer a Reward for Virtue, or Punishment for Vice. When there's no Hope to encourage Mortals, nor Fear to deter them, what Inducement can they have to do Good or Harm, because then all Actions are alike indifferent, and will neither be punish'd nor rewarded? If Evil is only Evil in respect to what may be the Consequence of it to us according to the Laws, why shall we hesitate to gratify our Inclinations as long as we have nothing to fear from these Laws, and 'tis in our Power to evade them?

M. Bayle, in his *Dictionary*, has so intirely demolish'd *Spinoza's* System, that a Man must be blind who does not see the ridiculous Absurdity of it. And as to those who say that M. Bayle did not understand *Spinoza's* System, we must tell them that they themselves don't understand it, and that M. Bayle has overthrown that Philosopher's Hypothesis, in the Opinion even of several great Men who were not his Friends.

Leibnitz, with more Prudence than *Spinoza*, has establish'd a much wiser System, though 'tis scarce more satisfactory. According to the Opinion of this celebrated Scholar, God, in the Creation of the Universe, made a Choice among all the Worlds possible, of the best of those Worlds, and produc'd it. According to this Hypothesis, M. *Leibnitz* pretends to prove, *That Reason is not invincible in attacking any of the Regulations establish'd in the Universe, whether they are discover'd by the Light of Nature, or after an extraordinary Manner.*

Manner. Nevertheless this System is in the main but a glaring Chimera. What is the Signification of those various *possible Worlds*, out of which God singled *the best*? 'Tis saying nothing; for to suppose a Possibility of a thing, 'tis not enough to consider it in itself, but it must be view'd in the Light it stands, with regard to its Author. It ceases to be possible, if he who should be the Author of it cannot produce it, either for want of Power, or because some other of his Attributes opposes such Production. Now, according to M. *Leibnitz*, God would have acted contrary to his Wisdom, to his Nature, and even to himself, if he had not produc'd the best of the intelligible Worlds; therefore, any that were not so good, could not possibly exist; and, consequently, there could be no such thing as a Choice made by God out of several Worlds. This is an irrefragable Argument, and, if consider'd in another Sense, it proves the Necessity of this World, and, by Consequence, the Impossibility of others. For either it was better that it was produc'd, or it was better that it was not produc'd, or it was indifferent whether it was or was not. God does not act without Reason, because he is Reason itself. Nor can it be insisted that the Sovereign Wisdom adheres to a lesser Good: Consequently the Existence of this World is necessary, and the Existence of others was impossible: Therefore all Choice is out of the Question, the best World being absolutely necessary. The Wisdom of God would have it so, and he would have acted against his own Nature, if he had chose any not so good. 'Tis impossible for God to act contrary to his Attributes; for in that Case he would cancel his Divinity.

The

The more Light I hope to discover by the Arguments of *Leibnitz*, the more am I involv'd in Darknefs. Mean time we will try whether by adopting his System I can have a better Conception of his Idea. When I consider the Divinity forming to himself the Image of an infinite Number of different Worlds, I soar up with *Leibnitz* to him, as far as I possibly can. I penetrate the Idea of God ; I see him comparing all these possible Worlds one with another, and judging, for Instance, which of two Worlds will be the best. I conceive a Possibility that the first of these had all that is good in this, without the Evil mix'd with it ; and, nevertheless, the second is the World that exists. I must therefore infer, that God, in his Judgment, preferr'd a World wherein there is Evil to that wherein there is nothing but Good. Therefore God, by the Choice he made is the Cause of the Existence both of the moral Evil, and the physical Evil that is so abundantly diffus'd in this World ; and Evil mingled with Good is therefore better than Good by itself. This Argument may be carry'd farther ; and it may be clearly demonstrated, that if the World in general be necessarily existent, every Part of it is no less so ; consequently, the whole being absolutely necessary, *Ravaillac's* Treason, which was to be one of those Events, because it took Place, was as necessary as Rotundity is to a Circle. Nay, according to this way of reasoning, *Ravaillac's* Treason was not only necessary, but it was better than his Fidelity ; and God would have acted contrary to his Wisdom, if *Ravaillac's* Treason had not been better than his Fidelity, just in the same manner as he would have acted against his Nature if he
had

had not made choice of the best of the Worlds, by preferring that World wherein there are both Good and Evil to that wherein there was nothing but Good, which were not an Impossibility ; for, as I just now observ'd, I have a distinct Idea of it.

The Disobedience of *Adam* and *Eve* is, according to M. *Leibnitz*, a necessary Consequence of the Order which the Author of Nature has establish'd in the World. God, when he created them, granted them Free Will ; it was therefore in their Power either to obey or disobey. They disobey'd, and from that Moment they were sentenc'd to eternal Damnation ; in which Doom they involv'd all their Posterity. Mankind has ever since been subject to an Inclination for Sin ; and tho' it has pleas'd the Divine Being to deliver a small Number of his Creatures from this Doom, yet he leaves them expos'd in this Life to the Corruption of Sin and Misery ; God having, according to M. *Leibnitz*, foreseen and pre-ordain'd every thing, could not act otherwise than he has done, notwithstanding the Misfortunes which he read in the Book of Futurity, and which he knew must fall heavy upon his Creatures, because by his Nature there was a Necessity for his acting thus, and he was under an Obligation to chuse this World as the best.

To M. *Leibnitz* it may be answer'd, that the Goodness of a Being infinitely perfect, would not be infinite if it was possible to conceive of greater Goodness than his ; consequently 'tis not to be suppos'd that God gave to *Adam* a Liberty which he knew he would abuse ; but would certainly by his special Grace have render'd him happy. A mischievous

chievous Being is very likely to heap Presents upon his Enemies, when he is sure that they will make such use of them as will render them for ever unhappy. But it cannot comport with an infinitely good Being to give a Liberty to his Creatures, of which he most certainly knows they will make such a Use as will render them for ever miserable. 'Tis as a sure Method to take away a Man's Life, by carrying him to the Edge of a Precipice where one is certain he will cast himself down, as if one threw him down headlong; the former Method to destroy him is as much an Aim to take away his Life, as the Practice of the latter. God, being sovereignly good, cannot but grant every thing to Man that has a Tendency to make him most certainly happy. Now, we conceive, that Free Will is not the surest Means. A generous Man gives liberally to those whom he loves, without staying till they ask him, or letting them linger in Misery, by depriving them of the Benefits which are in his Power to grant them. The greatest Satisfaction that a Man can feel is to maintain Union, Order, and Peace wherever he can; for the Glory deriv'd from the Misfortune of another Person would only be false Glory. The greatest Proof that a Man can possibly give of his Love of Virtue, is to take what Care he can that it may be always put in Practice. Wickedness must be stifled in the Birth, for not to put an End to it till it has been a long while tolerated, is not having all that Affection for Virtue which may be entertain'd for it. The Liberty which *Adam* had, laid him open to the Attacks of his Passions, and rais'd him up Enemies so much the more dangerous as they were in his Heart. Had
he

he been depriv'd of that Liberty, he would have been depriv'd of the unhappy Right he had of making himself miserable; and he would have been secure of everlasting Happiness. We should be apt to think him who had a Number of Vassals much to blame, if quite unconcern'd at a Disorder which he was sure would break out amongst them; but we should think him still more culpable if he rais'd a Sedition amongst them by secret and indirect Methods. Evil may be as well procur'd by moral, as physical, Means. But, says M. *Leibnitz*, tho' *Adam* had Passions, it was in his Power to have resisted them. A Physician, who for the Cure of a sick Patient, should chuse a Remedy which he certainly knew the Patient would refuse to take, would be very much to blame. There would be Reason to reproach him with the Death of such Patient, because among other Remedies, there were some that would have agreed with the Patient, which he might have made use of, and which would have restor'd him to Health. Such Physician could not have a Desire of preserving such Man's Life, because he positively order'd the only Remedy of which he knew no Use would be made.

These are unanswerable Objections, if it be pretended that the Actions of Men, and the Motions of Bodies, are produc'd and occasion'd by Causes preordain'd: For, according to this Opinion, God not only knows the whole Disposition of them, but is himself the Author thereof; and by a necessary Consequence, all the Evil which results from it, ought to be ascrib'd to him. M. *Leibnitz*, in order to obviate this Objection, tells us, *That God has not permitted the Corruption in the Soul and Body of Man, by any extraordinary Action,*

tion, but that this happen'd naturally. This new Argument stands him in no stead ; for, according to his System, God is so far Author of every thing in Nature, that every thing which falls out in it, ought no less to be ascrib'd to him, than if he produc'd it for the Purpose by any extraordinary Action.

When I examine the Opinion of M. *Leibnitz* with regard to the Forbidden Fruit, and after what manner he explains the Mystery of it, I cannot help reflecting on the Notions which the greatest Men are sometimes apt to indulge. ' There's Reason to suppose, *says he*, that the ' Action prohibited drew those bad Consequences ' along with it, by virtue of a natural Consequence ; and that it was purely on this Account, and not by a Decree merely arbitrary, ' that God prohibited it. This is much like the ' Prohibition of Knives to Children ; that is to ' say, as a Knife would nevertheless wound a ' Child, though he should not be forbid to make ' use of it, in the very same manner the Fruit ' of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, ' would equally have darken'd the Understanding, corrupted the Will, and weaken'd the Mechanism of the Human Body ; even tho' God ' had not prohibited the eating of it.' This is a very particular kind of Divinity ; 'tis neither that of the *Roman Catholics* nor of the *Protestants*. Mean time I question whether the Novelty of it will gain any Adherents. There are some Things which a great Man may run the Hazard of maintaining, but which would render any Person ridiculous who did not make Reparation for those Errors by a superior Merit. As for my own Part,

I sub-

I submit to the Doctrine of St. *Paul*, who affirms
That Death enter'd into the World by Sin. More-
 over M. *Leibnitz* does not seem to me to be quite
 sure of what he says ; for thus does he explain
 himself on this Subject in the second Tome of his
Essays of his Theodiceus, p. 4. ‘ We are not suf-
 ‘ ficiently acquainted either with the Nature of
 ‘ the forbidden Fruit, nor with that of *Adam’s*
 ‘ Action, nor its Effects, to judge of the Parti-
 ‘ culars of this Affair. Mean time, we must do
 ‘ this Justice to God, to think that it contains
 ‘ something more than what the Painters repre-
 ‘ sent to us.’ It would seem by this Passage of M.
Leibnitz, as if he thought that *Moses* was only a
 Painter or a Poet. Nevertheless I will not wrong
 this great Man, for I am convinc’d in my own
 Mind that he judg’d better ; tho’ it must be own’d
 that he has explain’d himself very ill in this Pas-
 sage. Be this as it will, he is oblig’d to confess,
 that the Miseries with which Mankind is oppress’d,
 are a Consequence of eating of the Forbidden Fruit,
 every thing being so dispos’d, that one Event al-
 ways follows another ; consequently the first Event
 of our Life necessarily brings on the others which
 damn us.

It seems that M. *Leibnitz* was aware of this
 Difficulty ; for he diminishes the Number of the
 Damned as much as lay in his Power. ‘ Many
 ‘ of the Ancients, *says he*, have made it a Ques-
 ‘ tion, whether the Number of the Damned
 ‘ would be so great as ’tis imagin’d ; and were of
 ‘ Opinion that there was some Medium betwixt
 ‘ eternal Damnation and perfect Beatitude. ’Tis
 ‘ wrong, *says he in another Place*, to affirm, that
 ‘ the Number of the Unhappy will be greater
 ‘ than

' than that of the Happy. Happiness, Misery,
 ' and what leads to either, depend on the Regu-
 ' lations which Wisdom must needs have taken
 ' in consequence of its Nature, which determines
 ' it to the Best, not for the sake of any Indivi-
 ' dual, but relatively to the Whole. [*A fine*
 ' *Comfort this for the Unhappy!*] God is fully
 ' justify'd, adds *M. Leibnitz*, by the sufficient
 ' Grace given to Men, and which is truly ef-
 ' ficacious provided they have a good Will.' *M.*
Leibnitz ought to have said, *provided he inspires*
them with a good Will; because, according to his
 System, 'tis not at our own Option to have such
 good Will; and he who wants it ought not to be
 condemn'd, but only consider'd as unhappy, be-
 cause he only owes his Unhappiness to the Dispo-
 sition made in the best *World possible*, which lays
 him under the Necessity of having a bad Will:
 And 'tis from this Regulation that all the Evil
 which is in the Universe necessarily flows. It
 therefore follows, that God ought not to punish
 Men because they are forc'd to sin by a Regula-
 tion which is the best of Regulations possible. But
M. Leibnitz makes answer, ' God has a Reason
 ' much stronger, and much more worthy of him,
 ' to tolerate Evils. He not only draws Good out
 ' of them, but he finds them connected with the
 ' greatest of all possible Goods; so that it would
 ' be a Failure not to permit them. The Permif-
 ' sion of Evils proceeds from a sort of moral Ne-
 ' cessity, to which God is oblig'd by his Good-
 ' ness and his Wisdom. This is a happy Neces-
 ' sity. God's Government is the best Admini-
 ' stration possible. Supreme Reason obliges him
 ' to permit Evil. If God chose what is not the
 ' best

' best in all respects, it would be a greater Evil
 ' than all particular Evils. This Evil is so great,
 ' that God would have made an ill Choice if he
 ' had chosen otherwise than he has done. In
 ' God every Defect would be as bad as Sin;
 ' nay it would do more Harm than Sin, because
 ' it would destroy his Divinity. But it would
 ' have been a great Defect in him not to chuse
 ' the Best; for in that case he would have pre-
 ' vented Sin by something worse.' All these Ar-
 guments are only begging the Question. To prove
 that God must have introduc'd Evil into the
 World it must be demonstrated, that the Exist-
 ence of a World without Evil was impossible.
 Now we have in our own Breasts the Idea of the
 Possibility of a World's Existence without Evil;
 therefore God could not have introduc'd Evil into
 the World, because he is the sovereign Wisdom
 and the sovereign Goodness; and it is contrary to
 his Essence to be the Author of Evil: Therefore
 he is not the Cause of that which is so predomi-
 nant in the Universe. Mean time as Evil does
 exist, whence then does it come? 'Tis a real Be-
 ing; it cannot be produc'd from nothing; it is not
 produc'd by God: It must therefore be confess'd
 that, notwithstanding the Arguments of the Phi-
 losophers, the Origin of Evil is a Mystery, which
 weak Mortals will never be able to penetrate.

Several learned Men, in order to evade the
 Difficulties we have just now mention'd, pretend
 that Evil and Sin proceed from a Non-entity, *i. e.*
 from nothing. This was the Opinion of the il-
 lustrious *Descartes*, though he says nothing on the
 Subject that is convincing, or so much as satis-
 factory. An able Jesuit, who had been for a
 long

long time a Missionary in the *Indies*, tells us, in his *Account of China*, how little affected the *Chinese* were with *Descartes's* Reasons; and he owns, that neither could they convince himself. This is a curious Passage, and I will copy it Word for Word. 'Tis a Confutation of the Opinion that Evil can be produc'd from nothing.

' When 'tis objected to the *Chinese*, says the
' *Missionary-Jesuit*, that the beautiful Order
' which reigns in the Universe could not be the
' Effect of Chance; that every thing which exists
' was created by a First Cause, which is God;
' therefore, *they presently reply*, God is the Au-
' thor of Evil, both moral and natural. 'Tis
' in vain to tell them, that God being infinitely
' good cannot be the Author of Evil; therefore,
' *they will add*, God is not the Author of every
' thing that exists. If we tell them, that Evil
' and Sin are Consequences of the ill Use of the
' Free-will of the Creatures, *they answer gravely*,
' that even this proves that God is not the Cre-
' ator of every thing; for since there are other
' Beings than he who have the Power of creating,
' since there are Beings which owe not their Ori-
' gin to him, therefore he is not the sole Cause
' of what exists in the World. You may talk as
' long as you will, *said one of their Literati to me*,
' you must needs allow, either that if God be
' the Author of what exists he is the Cause of mo-
' ral and natural Evil; or else, that if God be
' not the Cause of moral and natural Evil, he is
' not the Author of every thing that exists. I did
' every thing in my Power to make him sensible,
' that Evil and Sin proceeded from a Non-entity,
' or nothing; and for this End made use of the
' Arguments

‘ Arguments and Demonstrations which M. *Descartes*
 ‘ has publish’d in his *Meditations*; but he
 ‘ despis’d the Authority of that great Man, and
 ‘ reply’d to me with Scorn, that Nothing could
 ‘ not be the Cause of Something; that if God
 ‘ was the Cause of the Good which exists in the
 ‘ Universe, and that the Evil which overspreads
 ‘ the World proceeds from a Non-entity, the
 ‘ Power which Nothing would have to create Be-
 ‘ ings would extend as far as God; which is in
 ‘ every Light absurd and ridiculous. He affirm’d
 ‘ to me, in short, that both moral and physical
 ‘ Evil are as positively Beings as moral and phy-
 ‘ sical Good: And when I objected to him, that
 ‘ Evil is a Privation, which is much the same as
 ‘ a Non-existence, just as Sickness is the Depriva-
 ‘ tion of Health; he reply’d to me, that I
 ‘ might as well say, that Health is a Depriva-
 ‘ tion of Sickness; that, in one Word, a Man
 ‘ who takes away another’s Estate from him, out
 ‘ of mere Avarice, commits as real and as positive
 ‘ an Act as another who gives Alms to a poor
 ‘ Man, from a Principle of Charity; and that,
 ‘ in short, the Exercises of the Understanding in
 ‘ both these Men are as real and as positive the
 ‘ one as the other. Whether it was my Want
 ‘ of Talents, *adds the Missionary*, or whether it
 ‘ was because the *Chinese* Language is destitute of
 ‘ any Term that is equivalent with those that are
 ‘ made use of for explaining these Points in our
 ‘ Divinity-schools, it was not possible for me to
 ‘ make him change his Sentiment.’

Thus it appears, by the Confession of an Au-
 thor equally pious and learned, that the Difficul-
 ties which put us to a stand, in the various Opini-
 ons

nions concerning the Origin of Evil, are equally puzzling to all Nations. If the Philosophers would deal sincerely, and if they would prefer Truth to the Ambition of being reputed such shining Geniuses that there is nothing which they don't comprehend, they would confess their Ignorance upon this Head, and that 'tis not in the Power of any Mortal to fathom it.

Some Persons will be apt to say that 'tis dangerous to leave a Question undecided that may furnish the Libertines with Arguments. To this I answer, 1. That 'tis easy to prove, even to Demonstration and to full Conviction, that because of the Ignorance we are under with regard to the Cause and Origin of Evil, we ought not to conceive an Idea that is contrary to the divine Providence. 2. That the greatest Men have agreed, that it was much the best Way to consider the Origin of Evil as an impenetrable Mystery, than to attempt to discover it.

S E C T. II.

IN order to my being convinc'd that the Evil which reigns in the World ought not to diminish the profound Respect I owe to Providence, I have nothing more to do than to reflect on the Existence of an intelligent Principle, more powerful than Matter, which has created and given Form to this Universe, which maintains and preserves it by his Power, and which regulates the Events in it. 'Tis true, that in those Events I perceive some that seem to me to be displac'd, and contrary to the Notions which I entertain of
Order ;

Order; but I ought to impute the Obscurity which I am encompass'd with to the Deficiency of my Knowledge, and not to any Defect in the Wisdom and Power of the supreme Being.

That there is a God is a Principle of which I am convinc'd: Every thing demonstrates, every thing proves, it to me. I know that this God must be omnipotent. From hence I infer, that 'tis impossible he should be the Author of Evil; and if I thought otherwise I should be depriv'd of my Reason. On the other hand, nothing could not produce a real Being. Evil in the mean time does exist, and is a real Being; what is therefore its first Cause? I answer, that I cannot tell. But because my Knowledge is so limited that I cannot unfold the Secrets of the infinite Being, must I run foul against the clearest Notions, and deny that there is a Providence which governs this World? To draw such an absurd Inference would argue a Man to be quite void of Sense.

If I had not full Evidence of the Existence of an intelligent Being sovereignly good and powerful, the physical and moral Evil, which I know not the Cause of, might make me doubt of a Providence: But while I demonstrate the Existence of this Being to myself, shall I go to found an Opinion upon the Ignorance which I am in of one thing, and abandon the Certainty that I have of another? I know that God exists, that he is just, that he is mighty; shall I be so mad as to conclude that he is the Origin of the Injustice that there is in the World, because I don't know the Origin of it, and because my Dimightedness cannot discover it? It is not a Harmony pre-appoint-

ed; 'tis not an absolute Predestination; 'tis not a Creation from Nothing; 'tis not the Effect of a blind Power, of one only Substance; in fine, 'tis not one of those Causes assign'd by Philosophers; and much less is it the Failure and Defect of a Divine Providence, because every thing demonstrates to me the Existence of that Providence, and the absolute Necessity of his Justice.

I cannot conceive that there ever were Men so blind and presumptuous, as to dare to deny the Existence of the divine Being; and am almost as much astonish'd to find the bulky Volumes that Men have compos'd to prove a Truth which may be as clearly demonstrated in two Pages, as that the three Angles of a Triangle are equal to two right Angles. They who can't be persuad'd of the Existence of a God without the reading of a Volume, are either weak Persons to whom the same thing must be repeated a hundred different Ways to make them comprehend it; or Libertines, who never reflect upon a thing till 'tis drove into them by mere Repetition; or pretended Wits, who will neither be convinc'd nor instructed.

Every Man, who is not bereav'd of common Sense, comprehends and frankly owns, that mere Nothing cannot produce any Being actually existent. The Beings which exist have therefore been produc'd by other Beings: And as the Beings that exist have been produc'd by other Beings, there must needs be one which has existed from all Ages, because it could not be produc'd from Nothing. Now we ought to examine what that Thing is which must have had always a Being.

In this Universe we know of but two Sorts of Beings, viz. *thinking* Beings and *non-thinking* Beings.

ings. By *thinking* Beings we must understand such as have Thought ; such as conceive or reflect : And by *non-thinking* Beings, such as are purely material ; as have neither Knowledge, nor Perception, nor Thought ; as Stones, Hair, &c. Since a Being has existed from all Ages, it must be one of these two Beings. Let us therefore see which it is.

Reason shews us at first View that 'twas not a *non-thinking* Being that was the Author of all the other Beings, and that it could not produce them, from this certain Maxim, That a Thing cannot give nor communicate what it has not itself. 'Tis therefore impossible that a *non-thinking* Being could produce a *thinking* Being ; and since it is not endu'd with Thought, it could not communicate it. It is as absurd to pretend, that Perception flows from a Substance without Knowledge, and without Thought, as to assert that Nothing is the Author and Creator of Beings. It must therefore needs be, that the First of all Beings, that eternal Being from whom all others flow, had all Knowledge and Perception ; because, without him, either the *thinking* Beings which exist must have receiv'd their Qualities from Beings which had them not, or else from Nothing ; which is equally false, absurd, and contradictory. From the same Moment that we are convinc'd that an intelligent Being has existed from all Ages, who is the Author of all Beings, we are persuaded of the Existence of a God, because that eternal, intelligent, and almighty Being is that very God.

The Folly of those who deny a Providence seems to me to be much greater than it would be for a Man who seeing the Clock at the Cathedral

Cathedral of *Straßburgh* should say, that the said Clock was form'd accidentally by the Dust that fell from the Roof of the Church, and that 'tis by such Chance that it has shewn the Hour of the Day very regularly for above a hundred Years past. The Folly of this Man, I say, would not be near so great as that of a pretended Philosopher undertaking to prove, by some miserable Sophisms, that the Order of the Universe was produc'd by Confusion and Disorder; and that this World was form'd by a fortuitous Concourse of Atoms that wander'd in the Vacuum. Is it not abusing the Liberty of disputing and writing, to go about to establish for a Truth that Bodies which have no Thought, no Knowledge, should conform strictly to eternal Laws, and never break them? Is there any Opinion so senseless as to admit that a Nature, without Knowledge, without Thought, has an Activity which never deviates from the Course it ought to pursue; and that, in the Multitude of Faculties with which it is endued, there is not one but what performs its Functions with the utmost Regularity? Is it possible to conceive that Laws which are wise and permanent, the Execution of which is never alter'd nor retarded; is it possible, I say, to imagine, that such Laws were not establish'd by an intelligent Cause? Is it possible even for a Man to persuade himself that they can be executed, and that regularly too, by Bodies that don't so much as know them, without a divine Power, and without the Direction of an eternal Wisdom?

The two Systems of the Atheists, I mean the *Spinozists* and the *Epicureans*, are alike diametrically opposite to Reason. 'Tis as absurd to

think that Order should be created by Chance and preserv'd by Chance, as it is to imagine that Matter is the only Substance, of which all Beings are but Modifications. How false and ridiculous the latter Opinion is, I have already shewn; and here I shall add what I have said before, that if, as *Spinoza* pretends, Matter was the first, eternal, and thinking Being, of which others are only Modifications, then every single Atom, every Grain of Dust, must be a thinking Being; for 'tis as impossible for a thinking Substance to be compos'd of *non-thinking* Parts, as it is for an extended Substance to consist of Parts that are non-extended. Consequently, if the Universe be a thinking Substance, there must necessarily be Thought in the minutest Parts of it; and it would be in vain to pretend, that 'tis only in certain Modifications that Thought acts, and has Power. A Grain of Sand being as much a Part of the thinking Substance as *Plato* and *Cicero*, those three Modifications must necessarily be endu'd with Perception and a Power of Motion, because 'tis impossible for a thinking Substance to be compos'd of non-thinking Parts; and it would be as contrary to its Essence, as it would be to the Nature of an extended Substance to have many of its Parts without Extent. These two things are alike impossible, and repugnant to the clearest Ideas.

When 'tis prov'd that one first, eternal, intelligent, and almighty Being must have existed, the same Reason which shew'd me the absolute Necessity of the divine Existence, tells me, that every thing must be subject to his Providence; and tho' I cannot penetrate into some things, I ought to impute the Cause of it to the narrow Limits of the

the human Understanding. A Man who denies a Providence, because he does not see the Origin of natural and moral Evil, is as void of Sense as he would be who should deny that the Objects which he sees distinctly but four Yards from him do not exist, merely because he does not see those that are a hundred Leagues off. The Being of a God is perpetually before our Eyes ; but the Origin of Evil never ; shall we deny one Truth because we don't see another ? and shall we say that one thing which we know to exist does not exist, because we don't comprehend the Cause of another ?

S E C T. III.

TH E R E are some Persons who have admitted of the Being of God, but not being able to find out the Cause of moral and physical Evil, and, being very sensible that they cannot expect to find it in God, have suppos'd that Matter was co-eternal with him, and that all the Evils which are in this Universe must be imputed to the defective Nature of this Matter, which was not to be corrected, having been vicious from all Eternity. This Opinion is very near the same as that held by the *Manichees*, those ancient Heretics, who, not being able to reconcile the Misfortunes of the Creatures with the Goodness of God, establish'd two Principles, the one good, the other bad. From the Former proceeded Happiness and Virtue, from the Latter came Evil and Matter. In confuting the Opinion of those who will have Matter to be co-eternal with God, and who deify as it were the Bad Principle of the *Manichees*, we

alike confute the Opinion of those Heretics. When 'tis prov'd that 'tis impossible there can be any Being co-eternal with God, either material or spiritual, it follows, that the bad and good Principles, which were the Sources of Good and Evil according to the *Manichees*, are altogether as absurd as the co-eternal Existence of Matter.

Every thing uncreated is necessarily infinite; for there is nothing that can bound or limit it. If Matter is eternal, it must be infinite. There are therefore two Infinities, God and Matter, who by their Nature must be equally powerful, equally independant one of the other; for what is eternal can suffer no Change, and what has been from all Eternity backward must be the same to all Eternity forward. Is there any thing more absurd than to admit of a Principle co-eternal with God, independant of him, infinite in its Extent? Is it not supposing two Gods and two infinite Beings?

If Matter has existed from all Eternity, either the Order which we see in the World must always have been the same, or there was a Beginning, when God regulated this World, and brought it to what it is from the Chaos. Now by supposing the Eternity of Matter, these two things are equally impossible. We have just shewn, that an eternal Substance cannot receive any Alteration, and that what has no Beginning cannot have an End. If Matter had been at rest from Eternity, it could never have been put in motion, it being not compatible with the Essence of a Thing which is eternal, to admit of any Alteration, of what Nature soever. If Matter had been at rest from Eternity that is past, it must be equally so in Eternity to come; therefore if Matter be co-eternal

nal with God, and consequently independant of him, 'tis impossible that he could alter the Qualities of it, and give it Motion. Nevertheless such Motion it has, and we will consider if it always had it, and whether the latter Opinion is more probable than that of which we have just now shewn the Impossibility?

If the Disposition and Regulation of the Universe have existed eternally, it must needs be that every thing which actually exists at this present existed for ever; these Mortals that now cover the Face of the Globe must have had Being from Eternity, without having had a Beginning, or the Possibility of ever having an End, as well as the Stars in the Firmament, and all the Beings that people the different Elements; for if there were Men from all Eternity, I desire to know who was the first Man that dy'd? He could not by his Nature be subject to Death; because, having not been created, he must necessarily from his Essence be immortal. If it be answer'd, that Men have dy'd from the Beginning of all Time, it makes very little more for the Argument; for if the World always existed, nothing of what has always existed could perish. Consequently, as the Sun and Stars which light us would have receiv'd no Change, nor have been replac'd by others, if the World had always existed, just in the same manner Men would have always been the same, without succeeding one another.

If the World had existed from Eternity, it would have been impossible for half the Generations of it to have had Place in it. As there cannot be Birds without Eggs, nor Eggs without Birds, how could the Inhabitants of the Air have

been produc'd? If a Bird was eternal, it could never have been form'd in an Egg; and if there was a first Egg, there was therefore a Beginning in the Generations.

Every thing shews us, that this World had a Beginning. If it had been eternal, we should not see a Change of its Form, nor find it every Day decaying, and manifestly approaching to its Dissolution. The ancient Philosophers, notwithstanding the Errors of Paganism and the Impieties of Atheism, were sensible that this World was declining; and *Lucretius* foretels its Destruction, in his Poem *De Rerum Naturâ*.

Since we perceive that if Matter was co-eternal with God 'tis alike impossible either that the Order of the Universe always existed, or that it had a Beginning, we must of necessity agree, that God is the sole Principle of the Universe, and that there is no Being but what is subject to him, and had a Beginning. They who, like the *Manichees*, establish two Principles, are in as absurd an Error as they who make Matter eternal. Reason plainly shews us, that there can be but One eternal, infinite Being.

If Men are not resolv'd to abandon themselves wholly to Scepticism, and to refuse all Credit to the ancient Historians, they must be forc'd to own, that they think it impossible the World existed from Eternity, because they plainly perceive its Decay. The Earth formerly produc'd with very little Cultivation what it does not bear now without a great deal of Labour; Men liv'd to a much greater Age than they do now, and were much stronger. There seem also to have been as considerable Changes in the celestial as in the

the terrestrial Globe. The Ancients saw Stars which have since disappear'd, and very probably are lost for ever, otherwise they would undoubtedly have risen again, and in so many Ages since, their Revolution, if they existed, must have been finish'd.

The Whole necessarily follows the Nature of its Parts; and a Body, be it what it will, is subject to the Laws to which its Parts are subject. Those of the World are subject to Corruption; the World itself is therefore subject to such Corruption, and by consequence perishable. Now every thing that is perishable, or liable to Corruption, must have had a Beginning; the World therefore was not from all Eternity, but was produc'd and created by a first, eternal Being, of infinite Wisdom and infinite Power; the Structure and Order of the Universe evidently demonstrating both the Wisdom and Power of its Creator.

S E C T. IV.

THEY who will have Matter to be co-eternal with God say, 'tis impossible that *Something should be produc'd out of Nothing, even by the divine Power*; and they admit of a first Matter, which having existed in Eternity, *à parte ante*, (as the Schoolmen call it) in Rest and Inaction, was rous'd out of it by God, and put into a Motion for Eternity, *à parte post*. We have seen that it would have been impossible, if this Matter had existed eternally, that it could have ever proceeded from Inaction to Motion; I will now actually consider the Contrarieties that are in the Existence of this pretended co-eternal Matter,

ter, and shall then prove that the Creation of the Universe has nothing in it which is contrary to Reason.

There is nothing so contradictory as what some Philosophers, both ancient and modern, have asserted touching this first Matter which they pretend to have eternally subsisted in the Chaos, and that it was therein destitute of all Form. But how can Matter be without Form, since Deformity itself is a Form? How is it possible for a thing extended in Length, Breadth, and Depth, to exist without a determinate Figure? Consequently, if Matter subsisted eternally, it must have eternally had a determinate Form; and it could not assume such determinate Form, and acquire another for that undeniable Reason which we have already mention'd more than once, it being not the Nature of an Eternal Being to admit of any Change in itself.

God cannot change the Essence of the things which he has created; he cannot make a Circle a Square, nor a Triangle an Oval. Now if God cannot change the Essence of Things created, much less can he change that of uncreated things that are independent on him. By Consequence, if Matter was eternal, it must have had a determinate Form, which it could never have lost, even by the Divine Power; the Essence of a thing that is eternal being forever the same; and what had no Beginning, can have no End. Thus much is enough to expose the ridiculous Notion of such pretended eternal Matter, void of Form, and put into Motion by God. We proceed next to the Reasons which shew that God was able to create and raise the Universe from nothing.

If

If it be evidently prov'd that new Beings start every Day out of Nothing, by a divine Power, and that we see new Substances produc'd every Moment from Nothing by way of Creation, we may well conclude, that 'tis not impossible for God to produce other Beings and other Substances by the same Power. Now a Man who will but for a Moment reflect on himself, knows at first View that there are Beings which have, by the Divine Power, been produc'd out of Nothing. Such a Man is sensible that he only began to exist a few Years ago. When I say *such a Man*, I don't mean the Matter of which his Body is compos'd, because this Matter was already created, and only assum'd a new Shape at the time of the Formation of his Body; I mean that thinking intellectual Principle which his Body contains, and which I consider as his real self. I don't believe there is any Man so mad as to maintain that he existed from all Eternity; consequently he must allow that his Existence began a certain Number of Years ago. Now because he knows by himself that he was created, why should he think it impossible for an omnipotent Being, who created a thinking intellectual Being out of Nothing, to extract out of Nothing a Being which is only material? The Creation of a thinking and intellectual Substance, requires a Power even greater than the Creation of a Substance which is only material.

They who are for limiting the Power of the Supreme Being, don't consider the Extent of it. Was it not God who put in Motion that Matter which is suppos'd to have been in Inaction during all Eternity before the Creation? Now God hav-

ing created Life and Motion, why should it be imagin'd he did not create Matter? Vegetation, Electricity, Life, Soul, are real Beings; they were created out of nothing. Therefore, as the Divinity rais'd all these things out of nothing, what should hinder him from doing the same by others? The Author of the CHINESE LETTERS has a judicious Remark, that if God had not been the sole Author of the Creation of all Beings, it would have been impossible for him to have produc'd in different Substances, things that are directly contrary to one another. Does he who draws Fire and Water from one and the same Matter, work a less Miracle than he who created that Matter? All the Philosophers who admit of the first Matter whereof God form'd the Universe, agree, that this eternal Matter had no Quality, consequently no Form. God, therefore, has, out of this Matter, void of Form and Quality, produc'd all the different Elements, that is to say, he created out of one only Nature, the Natures of Fire, Air, Water and Earth. Was there less Power requisite for all these different Creations, than for that of Matter?

All the material things which exist, have several particular Creations in them, that is to say, they are endu'd with several Qualities which could not proceed from the first Matter, and which must have been produc'd and extracted from nothing by the Way of Creation. Without these Qualities, Matter could not exist; therefore it must have been created at the same time that they were created.

A Plant, according to the System of the *Coe-ternists*, was formerly but a Body depriv'd of all Virtue,

Virtue, a Part of Matter destitute not only of Quality, but also of Form. How many things do we not now see in it, which even by the Confession of the *Coeternists*, must necessarily have been created in it? How many Attributes, Virtues, Qualities, has it not receiv'd by the way of Creation? 'Tis hot within, cold without, red in its Rind, white in its Stalk; its Pith is purgative, its Leaf astringent. From whence are these different Qualities, often opposite to one another, deriv'd? How can they meet all in one single thing? Who plac'd them there, except the Deity? And if he plac'd them therein, as we are forc'd to allow he did, is it not absurd to think that less Power is requisite for so many Creations, than for one alone?

If God had not created new Substances, whatsoever coeternal Matter may be suppos'd, it would have been impossible for the World to be what we find it; for the Qualities and Virtues which we now discover in Matter, are far superior to the Matter itself, when it is depriv'd of them. The Loadstone attracts Iron, and perpetually shews the Pole, but if rubb'd with an Onion, it deprives it of its Power. Amber has the same Effect upon light things as the Loadstone has upon Iron. Sulphur cures Disorders that attack the Skin; the Bark (call'd the *Jesuits*) fixes a Fever first, and then finishes it; Alguaric purges Phlegm; Rheubarb fortifies the Stomach; Wine gives Spirits; Water cools and refreshes; Fire warms, burns, melts or dissolves; Air, according to the Quality of it, is good or bad for our Health; in fine, every thing in Nature is endu'd with several Qualities which were put into Matter by the Means of Creation;

Creation ; why then should it be imagin'd that God did not create this same Matter which is much inferior to those Qualities ?

'Tis evident that he was able to create Matter, and that he had the Power over it : 'Tis as plain that he did create it, and that it could not exist but by the manner of Creation ; for as we have already observ'd, the admitting of two first infinite Principles, and limiting the Power of God, is falling into the greatest and most palpable Contradictions.

S E C T. V.

WE have now clearly establish'd the Existence of an Intelligent Eternal God, the Creator of all Beings, omniscient and omnipotent. We have demonstrated that he could not be the Author of the Evil which is in this Universe, and that we are quite ignorant of the Cause of such Evil ; 'tis sufficient for us to know that we ought to submit to Providence, and not to attempt to discover a Mystery which we can never penetrate. The Searches which the Philosophers have made into the Origin of Evil, have only tended to throw them into Errors pernicious to Society. *Montaigne* said wisely, ' That as to the Freedom of the Philosophical Opinions concerning Vice and Virtue, 'tis a thing on which 'tis needless to enlarge. Besides that, there are several among them which 'tis better to suppress than to publish to weak Minds.' Men ought to be accusom'd to reason only upon such Subjects as they can comprehend ; for then they would not have

have the Mortification to find, that after having study'd some things a long time, they had less Knowledge of them than before. There are Questions wherein the Man who says at once, *I know nothing of the Matter*, makes as great a Progress in one Moment, as he who has apply'd to the Discussion of them for twenty Years. The only Difference betwixt the two Persons is, that the latter, who strives to penetrate into Mysteries, is commonly guilty of dangerous Errors, and is not near so wise as the former, because he thinks that he knows what he really does not. The illustrious *Newton* condemn'd the Study of all Questions which Providence has been pleas'd to render incomprehensible by weak Mortals. 'The Difficulty, says *M. Voltaire*, of reconciling 'the Freedom of our Actions, or, as it is call'd, 'Free-Agency, with the eternal Foreknowledge 'of God, did not puzzle *Newton*, because he did 'not enter into that Labyrinth. This Free- 'Agency being once establish'd, 'tis not for us 'to determine after what manner God foresaw 'what we shall freely do. We know not in 'what way God actually sees what passes. We 'have no Idea of his Manner of seeing, how 'should we be sensible of his Manner of foresee- 'ing. All these Attributes must be to us alike in- 'comprehensible.' *Tacitus* said a more sensible thing than *the* Philosophers who endeavour'd to comprehend what God has been pleas'd to conceal from them. 'Tis safer and wiser, says this Historian, to contemplate the Works of the Deity with Respect, than to endeavour to comprehend them.

S E C T.

S E C T. VI.

THE Manner in which our Body acts on our Soul, and our Soul on our Body, has a very great Resemblance with the Question touching the Origin of Evil, and is altogether as impenetrable. I shall consider the principal Systems upon this Subject, and shew that they are alike doubtful. I will begin with that of *Leibnitz*.

According to this great Man, the Soul possesses the Faculty of forming all Sorts of Perception, and even of Sensations; so that its State in any one Moment whatsoever, is a Consequence of the State in which it was the Moment preceding. This is perform'd by certain determinate Laws; consequently without the Aid of the Senses or any external Action, the Soul has its Perceptions. I see the Light, I hear Sound: My Soul itself produces these Perceptions; at least they are that Moment in the Soul by its natural Constitution. The Body is a Machine, which God has fram'd in such a manner, that the Laws of Motion are sufficient to make it produce all the Effects in general which we observe in the Human Body. If Men, *say the Leibnitians*, are able to frame Machines to imitate certain human Actions, why might not God compose a Machine to operate mechanically every thing which a Man performs during Life, and to take in every thing that passes in the Human Body? This being very possible to God, we will suppose, *continue the Leibnitians*, a Soul and a Body which have such an Agreement together, that the Motions of the latter answer the Perceptions and Determinations

terminations of the Former. We shall thereby discover the whole of the mysterious Connexion between the Soul and the Body. God has so order'd it, that every Human Soul has its Body, whose Motions are answerable to the Alterations that happen in the Soul. And this is the Harmony which was pre-establish'd before their Creation.

The more we consider the System of M. *Leibnitz*, the more Difficulties we find in it. If it be true, as he conceives, that God created the Soul in such a Manner, that by Means of the pre-establish'd Harmony betwixt them, it has no need of receiving any natural Influence from the Body, and that the Body is conformable likewise to the Inclinations of the Soul by those pre-establish'd Laws, Men must be compar'd to double Pendulums, or rather to corporal and spiritual Puppets; for the first Motion of the Body necessarily draws on the second, and the first Thought of the Soul is indispensibly succeeded by the second. M. *Bayle* might well say, that according to this System it must be concluded, that the Body of *Julius Cæsar* so exercis'd it's motive Faculty, that from his Birth to his Death there was a continual Progress of Changes, which answer'd exactly to the perpetual Alterations of a certain Soul to that Body unknown, and from which it receiv'd no Impression. It follows also, that this motive Faculty was chang'd and modify'd punctually according to the Volubility of the Thoughts of the ambitious Spirit of *Cæsar*, and that it assum'd such a State rather than any other, because the Soul of that Emperor pass'd from one certain State to another. But
this

this were impossible. Could a blind Power so exactly modify itself in Pursuance of a Harmony often establish'd for above sixty Years? The establish'd Harmony of the Soul and Body of *Cæsar* had continued above forty Years at the time of the Battle of *Pharsalia*, and his Body had all that while exercis'd its motive Faculty in such a manner, that without receiving a new Impression, it always conform'd itself strictly to all the various Thoughts of his Soul. Can a blind Power be so properly qualify'd in Pursuance of an Impression, or if you please, of a Harmony communicated thirty or forty Years past, which was never renew'd afterwards, and which was left to itself without having ever had any Knowledge of its Lesson? This is not only incomprehensible, but also contrary to Reason. A human Machine contains almost an infinite Number of Organs; it is continually expos'd to the Shock of the Bodies that are round it, which by an infinite Variety of Agitations, excite in it a thousand sorts of Modifications. How can it be imagin'd that this pre-establish'd Harmony should never be discompos'd, and that it should always go on in the same Course without Change or Variation, during the longest Life, in spite of the infinite Variety of the reciprocal Action of so many Organs one upon another, encompass'd on all Sides with an infinite Number of small Bodies, some cold, some hot, some dry, some moist, always active, always stimulating the Nerves in various manners? 'Tis impossible but the Correspondence of the Motions of the Body with those of the Soul, must be chang'd by so many Causes acting in a manner so
opposite

opposite to each other ; nor is it possible that such Correspondence should be always conformable to the Harmony pre-establish'd.

'Tis vain for the *Leibnitians* to say that God is capable of making Machines of such curious Workmanship, that the Voice of a Man, the Light reflected on an Object, &c. should strike them precisely where 'tis necessary, so as that they may stir this way or that. There are but a few rigid *Cartesians* who admit of this Opinion ; all the others having abandon'd their Master's Sentiments upon this Head. As for the other Philosophers, they treat this whole System as a Chimera. Moreover, there is not a *Cartesian* but what has abandon'd the Notion of *Automatons*, if we go to extend it to Man ; that is to say, if we were to go so far as to maintain that God could make Bodies which should mechanically perform every thing that we see perform'd by Men. 'Tis no Limitation of the Divine Power to assert, that it could not make such Machines ; for every thing that is admitted in a Subject, must necessarily be proportion'd to its Capacity. The Nature and Essence of Things is such, that the Faculties communicated to the Creature, must necessarily be subject to certain Limitations. There is a Necessity for every Action of Creatures to be proportion'd to their Essence, and that it be perform'd according to the Character which is suitable to each of those Creatures ; consequently, the Divine Power is no more limited by saying, that God cannot make such Machines, than by asserting, that he cannot create Matter without Extent.

Therefore,

Therefore, the Hypothesis of M. *Leibnitz* ought be rejected as impossible, because it not only contains greater Difficulties than that of the *Automatons*, but destroys the Nature of things, and changes their Essence. It establishes a continual Harmony between two Substances, which not only do not act one upon the other, but which have no Knowledge one of the other.

If the Concert pre-establish'd betwixt the Soul and the Body is such as M. *Leibnitz* pretends ; if it is unalterable and absolutely necessary ; if the State which the Soul is in at any one Moment whatsoever, is a necessary Consequence of the State which it was in the Moment before ; and if the Body always corresponds exactly with the Alterations that happen in this Soul, what becomes of Human Liberty ? Is it not intirely annihilated ? All that the *Leibnitians* say to save the Freedom and Contingency of human Actions, is to no Purpose. They will never make us comprehend that, while a preceding Thought absolutely determines that which follows it ; and while the Motions of the Body always necessarily answer those Thoughts, there remains any Shadow of Free-Agency. I commit a Crime ; I stab a Man ; this Thought of mine was a necessary Consequence of that which I entertain'd a Moment before, and the latter was occasion'd by an absolute Cause, by another Thought. Thus, from one Thought to another, the first which I conceiv'd as soon as I had a Being, brought me of necessity to kill a Man, and all the Motions of my Body always tally'd exactly to those Thoughts, without either the Soul's ever acting on the Body, or the Body on the Soul ; but the whole is perform'd in Consequence of the
Harmony

Harmony pre-establish'd. To this I answer what a Poet says on a Subject not so incredible. *The Jew, Apollo, may, if he please, believe it, but, for my Part, I will not.*

S E C T. VII.

PERE Mallebranche's System of *Occasional Causes*, is scarce more probable than that of the *pre-establish'd Harmony* of M. Leibnitz. There is the same insurmountable Difficulty in both Hypotheses, *viz.* That there is no true Communication, properly speaking, betwixt the Soul and the Body.

They who admit of *Occasional Causes*, pretend that God himself is the immediate Author of the Union we see betwixt the Soul and the Body. God acts perpetually for maintaining and preserving such Union; he is, as one may say, the general Mover of all Bodies, and the Author of all their Motions; and he acts in Pursuance of the Will of that Soul whose Body he moves. For instance, my Soul is willing to move my Arm, and God moves it. I am inclin'd to throw a Stone, God extends my Arm, applies my Hand to the Stone, makes me take fast hold of it. All these different Motions are perform'd exactly while I am inclin'd to the thing, but I have no share in it; 'tis God who is the immediate Author of the whole. Nevertheless, as they are all along strictly conformable to my Will, I think I am the Cause of these different Motions.

According to Pere Mallebranche, the Case is the same with the Soul as it is with the Body. God

is

is the immediate Author of the Perceptions that arise in it: And when foreign Bodies act upon our Nerves, God gives to our Soul the Perceptions that are conformable to the Motion of our Nerves. While my Hand holds a Stone, and grasps it, I do not feel the Stone, but God gives me the Perception of feeling it. A Bell rings, which occasions a Vibration of the Air that strikes the Drum of my Ear: I have the Perception of the Sound, but this Sensation properly depends neither on the Agitation of the Air, nor on the Motion which that Agitation produces in any of my Nerves. These two Causes are only *occasional Causes*; the immediate Cause is God who gives my Soul this Perception. Finally, according to Father *Mallebranche* and his Disciples, God is not only the immediate Author of the Union which we observe betwixt the Soul and the Body, but also of the Communication of that Motion which is made when one Body strikes against another. I throw a Bowl, which happens to strike another and put it in Motion; God not only extends my Arm, makes me handle the Bowl, and deliver it, but he gives the Motion to this Bowl and to the other which it struck.

This System is attended with very near, if not quite, the same Difficulty as that of the *Pre-establiſh'd Harmony*. They are both liable to this, that if they were true, the Motions which depend on the free Determinations of Men, would often disturb the general Laws, by virtue of which, all the Motions of Bodies are answerable to one another; and any new Motion which did not take place purely by the Laws of Nature, might be produc'd by the Will of a Man, though

this happen'd only by God's Intervention, and he was the immediate Author of it.

'Tis not arguing philosophically to have perpetual Recourse to God's Concurrence for explaining every Phænomenon ; 'tis rather an Imitation of those wretched Poets, who being at a Loss how to unravel the Plot of their Play, have recourse to a Prodigy, or a Deity.

It does not comport with the Divine Wisdom that God should always act by extraordinary Methods ; and, according to this System, the Union of the Soul and the Body becomes a perpetual Miracle. 'Tis much more natural to think that God, by his Wisdom and Almighty Power, has establish'd general Rules to which both the Body and the Soul are alike conformable, in such a manner, that every Thought answers to a determinate Motion in the Body, and the Soul in its Turn is affected every Moment by the Constitution and actual State of the Body. Experience shews us that God has establish'd a reciprocal Action betwixt the Soul and the Body, and that such Action is a Consequence of a general Law ; for whenever the Soul suffers, the Body feels the Distemper ; and whenever the Order of any Part of the Body is disturb'd, the Will is no longer govern'd by Reason ; and the Man loses his Liberty when his Understanding is distracted.

S E C T. VIII.

I Think 'tis evident that God has constituted a reciprocal Action betwixt the Soul and the Body ; but such Action does not seem to me to be the Consequence of the Union establish'd between those two Substances by such as maintain the System of *Influence*. They pretend that the Soul conceives Perceptions according to the Impressions which it receives from the Body, and that the Body in its Turn makes certain Motions according to the Impressions which it receives from the Soul. How is it possible that a Body can be mov'd by any thing which has not Parts ? How is it possible also that a Substance which has no Extent, can receive Impressions from an extended Substance ? I am inclin'd to move my Arm, say the Advocates for *Influence*, and my Arm moves ; it must be my Soul therefore which gives this Motion to my Arm. I answer, that this is no Proof that the Soul communicates a certain Motion to the Arm, but only that the Inclination to move, and the Motion concur together. We ought not from thence to conclude, that the Soul operates this Motion.

The Air, say the Advocates for *Influence*, comes and strikes the Drum of my Ear, communicates Motion to one of my Nerves, and the Sensation of Sound is that very Moment communicated to my Soul ; the Rays of the Sun enter into my Eye, stir another Nerve, and my Soul sees the Light. My Body therefore must necessarily have the Power of acting immediately upon my Soul. I deny that
these

these Sensations and Preceptions are a Consequence of this Power ; for if the Nerves act as M. s' *Gravesand* has very rightly observ'd by their Motion upon the Soul, either those Nerves must by such Action lose their Motion, or not. If they don't lose it, there must be something which by its Resistance hinders them from losing it, at the same time re-establishing their Motion while it is losing it. Now, in either of these Cases there must be Resistance ; for it is impossible to conceive of a Body acting by its own Motion without something resisting it. It must needs be, therefore, either that the Soul resists in order to destroy or diminish the Motion of the Nerve, or at least, in case it does not diminish it, to supply the Diminution which is a necessary Consequence of the Action of the Body. But that which is not material cannot resist a Body. The Soul has neither Breadth, Length, nor Depth, therefore it cannot resist either for destroying, or diminishing, or for supplying the Diminution of the Motion of a Nerve ; therefore the Nerves cannot act by their Motion upon the Soul, because the Idea of Resistance cannot be separated from that of Action, and the Nature of the Soul does not suffer it to resist.

The same Difficulties occur when the Soul moves the Body ; for the latter must resist, that is to say, act upon the Soul which moves it. But how can this reciprocal Action take place upon a Substance, the Essence of which is repugnant to Resistance ?

The Advocates of *Influence* would gain no more Ground by saying, that in the Action of the Soul upon the Body, the Soul gives by the Will a new

Determination to the Motion of the animal Spirits; for the Animal Spirits being Bodies, they cannot be mov'd without another Body to impel them. But the Will of the Soul is not a Body, how then can it move them? How can one thing act upon another, make an Effort upon it, put it in Motion, without a mutual Contact of the Mover and the thing moved, and a real Pulsation? Now, how could this Pulsation be made without a Body? The Light of Nature, Experience, every thing tell us, and plainly shew to us, that nothing but Bodies can touch and be touched.

Some Philosophers who make the Soul material, think they gain a great Advantage from the Impossibility which the other Philosophers find themselves under of explaining the Union of the Soul and the Body: They say, that *Influence* has nothing in it but what is rational, and very natural, according to their System, because the Soul is capable of acting in a mutual Contact with the Body. But these Philosophers don't consider, that the Argument by which they endeavour to authorise their Error, has no Solidity in it; for, if the Soul be corporal, I ask them what it is then that moves the Soul when it makes a Motion to move the Body? If they tell me that it moves of itself, I answer, that 'tis impossible for a Body to pass from one State to another, without receiving a real Pulsation from something that gives Motion. And if they say that God moves the Soul by his Almighty Power, and that 'tis from him it receives all the different Motions by which it is agitated, and which it afterwards communicates to the Body, I would beg them to consider that this Opinion is liable to all the Objections which the
other

other Systems are, that it requires a perpetual Miracle, as well as the System of the *Occasional Causes* ; nay, that there are other Objections against it of yet greater Force ; for it seems repugnant to the clearest Notions, that the Soul is capable of Extension, and we perceive nothing in common between Thought and any of the known Properties of the Body. It seems evident to me, that the Faculty of thinking cannot be the Attribute of an extended Being. Every thing which has Extent, has Parts, and every thing which is consistent with Extent is consistent at the same time with its Parts. Now if an extended Being was capable of thinking, Thought would necessarily be entire in each of the Points of its Extent ; which is an Absurdity, or else it must be diffus'd through the whole Extent of it, and by Consequence divisible in it self, which is no less an Absurdity. Therefore 'tis plain that Thought and Extension cannot be the Attributes of one and the same Subject.

S E C T. IX.

WE have now demonstrated that 'tis impossible for a Perception of the Soul to be the Effect of the Motion of a Nerve ; and now we have prov'd, that the System of *Influence* is not more solid than that of the *pre-establis'd Harmony* and *occasional Causes*. Nevertheless it does not from thence follow, that all Influence ought to be rejected ; and if due Attention be given to some things we shall easily be convinc'd, that there must be an Influence of the Body on the Soul, and

of the Soul on the Body. But this Influence is entirely unknown to us, and we have no Idea of the Manner in which it operates ; we know indeed that it acts, but nothing more. All the Arguments of the greatest Philosophers on this Subject are but learned Reveries and sublime Conjectures.

The minutest Perceptions of the Soul which have any Connection with the determinate Motions of the Body, and, on the other hand, the Motions of the Body which correspond precisely with certain Determinations of the Soul, shew a reciprocal Influence in these two Substances, but give us no Insight into the Manner after which such Influence operates. How can we possibly know it, since the Nature of the Soul is conceal'd from us ? We know that 'tis a Being which has Ideas, which compares them together ; but we don't know the Subject with which these Properties correspond. We know very little more as to what concerns the Nature of the Body. We know that it has Extent, Depth, Impenetrability ; but our Understanding does not extend so far as to know the Nature of the Subject in which those Properties reside : How should we then discover the Union of two Substances of which we have only very narrow Notions ?

S E C T. X.

OUR Ignorance in so many things, even such as pass in ourselves, ought to render us modest and reserv'd ; but Vanity carries us away, and we are for discovering Mysteries that are the most impenetrable.

impenetrable. We are like a Man who, though scarce able to walk four Steps without leaning on his Staff, and without the Danger of a Fall, should attempt to run in a rugged Way without Help or any Support. Is there any Notion so extravagant? We fall into the most monstrous Errors, we fill our Imagination with Chimeras, and think we are Persons of very great Learning when we have thought of any Arguments that have but a Semblance of Truth, and we make use of them to give Authority to our Visions as if they were indeed evident Facts.

We should be a hundred times wiser than we are, if we only apply'd ourselves to understand the Truths which it has pleas'd God to place within our Capacity of discovering: He has given us Talents to discern and to know every thing that may be of use to us; but the rest he has conceal'd from our Sight; so that if we look ever so long, our Eyes will never be able to take in what he has not form'd within their Ken.

END of the REFLECTIONS.



LETTER

FROM THE

MARQUIS *d' ARGENS*

TO

MADemoiselle *de COCHOIS*,

CONCERNING

The INCONVENIENCIES that are inseparable
from LEARNING.



I HAVE just now been reading your REFLECTIONS on several metaphysical Questions. In fifteen or twenty Pages you have advanc'd more Truths than are to be found in some great, unwieldy Volumes written by certain Philosophers, which are priz'd by many Persons because they don't understand them, and highly extoll'd by many others, because they hope to be commended in turn by their Authors. I am charm'd at the Perspicuity with which you treat of Subjects that seem the most perplex'd and abstracted. I would advise you to keep up always
to

to this Way of writing, it being a Gift that you have receiv'd from Heaven, which is very sparing of it to others. 'Tis easy for the great Number of Pedants, who are spread like a Deluge over the Republic of Learning, to make some judicious Reflections, which are drown'd in an Ocean of absurd and impertinent Arguments; but none except those of a fine Genius are capable of knowing precisely what is necessary to be said, and of explaining it in such a Manner as may make a strong Impression on the Mind.

You ought to apply yourself to the daily Improvement of the Talents with which Nature has endued you; for the Encomia which many celebrated Writers have been pleas'd to bestow upon you in their Works would not produce the Effect they hop'd for, if they did not make you sonder of the Arts and Sciences. You have made a happy Progress in your Career, you have surmounted the Difficulties that were enough to have stopp'd you; and you have soon attain'd to that Perfection which Authors seldom arrive at without great Pain and Perplexity. You have but slightly felt the Inconveniencies that attend Learning, and you have been encourag'd by the Suffrages of many learned Men esteem'd by the Public, who have by their Approbation gain'd you that of the Public. How many Writers of Merit have struggled for Years together against the Vexation and Cares that seem to be unavoidably attach'd to the Condition of Men of Learning? The Career of Wit is even more rugged than that of Fortune; and the Courtier can raise himself with less Difficulty than the Author.

However you have by the way felt some of the Inconveniencies that accompany Learning, which must have given you an Idea of those that you have escap'd. Remember what you suffer'd from the Expressions of some People, who, either from Envy, Hatred, or Prejudice, pretended that you were only the Author of the *Nouvelles Galantes*, which came out with your Name; and that you did not write the other Works by you publish'd. Notwithstanding the Mildness of your Temper, notwithstanding all your Philosophy, notwithstanding your Indifference for Censure founded upon Prejudice or Passion, I have sometimes observ'd how you have been fretted and vex'd. If you had not had a strong Goûst for Learning, you would have been tempted to have abandon'd that Application to Things which now does you so much Honour. No doubt you remember what a certain Wit of our Acquaintance said to you one day by way of Banter upon this Head. He propos'd to you to maintain some public Theses of Philosophy; he said it would be a very fine Sight to see a young Lady of but twenty Years of Age sitting in *Cathedra* denying Majors, and proving Minors. He pretended it would have been a greater Curiosity than that *Indian* whom the *Abbé de Choisy* wish'd the Missionaries had sent from *Siam* to *France* to grant reversionary Livings to the Clergy of Paris, and to shew his black Face to *M. Grandin* and the whole *Sorbonne*, talking very properly at the same time of the ONE-THREE-GOD. You was not in a good Humour enough to laugh at this Proposition; nor had you a better Relish for one that I made to you, which would not have put you to so much Trouble. I would fain have

have had you, in the Presence of three great Scholars, compose some learned Dissertation upon the Place where the Pillar stands into which *Lot's Wife* was metamorphos'd, and upon the Nature of the Salt of which it is form'd. In treating of this Subject you would infallibly have made mention of the authentic Miracle reported by the Author of the Poem intituled *Carmen Sodom*, and ascrib'd to *Tertullian*. The Author affirms, that the Pillar of Salt into which that Woman was turn'd was still subsisting in his Time, and that *Muliebria patiebatur*.

*Dicitur et vivens alio jam corpore, sexus
Munificos solito dispungere sanguine Menses.*

Another Author reports the same thing as *Tertullian*; which additional Testimony would have discover'd your great Learning. To the Authority of the Ancients you might have join'd that of a modern Writer, viz. a venerable *Lutheran* Minister, who has written a Dissertation to prove the said Pillar still existing in our Days, but that probably God had thrown a Mist about it to conceal it from the Sight of Travellers. When your Work was finish'd you had nothing more to do, than to put a Certificate at the End of it sign'd by the three Doctors who saw you write it, and then to have got this authentic Testimony of your profound Learning registred in the Journals which are the Archives of the Republic of Letters. Railery apart.— If you durst, you would have been angry with us; but you stifled your natural Inclination, because you was apprehensive that we should reproach you with Want of Courage.

'Twas

'Twas not out of Moderation that you did not shew your Resentment, but to keep up your Reputation with us for that philosophical Genius which your Enemies, or some Persons that know you not, wanted to rob you of. In short, be this as it will, your Uneasiness was of no long Continuance ; the Public has done Justice to you ; and many learned Men of Distinction have anticipated the Approbation of the Public by their own. You have avoided the two Precipices that line the Road which leads the Learned to Fame ; which two Precipices are Contempt and Hatred. Writers whose Works miscarry fall down the former, being not so much as criticis'd, because they are not known ; and Persons of Genius are a long while before they are out of danger of Ruin from the latter. Jealousy and Envy rouse their Serpents to hiss in the very face of Merit. The bare Possession of commendable Qualities furnishes one half of Mankind with a Cause of Hatred and is an ample Field for their Criticism. I grant that you are endued with every thing that can contribute to the Happiness and Reputation of an Author. You have Wit, you have Learning, you love the Arts and Sciences, and you cultivate them. You are sprightly, amiable, good-natur'd, polite ; you are neither vain nor ambitious. These are in your Sex engaging Qualities, and capable of gaining you Hearts : But you are grossly mistaken if you think to please every body. Rest contented that you have the Majority ; in which I think you are very happy. Tho' your Virtue and Talents seem to demand that you should have Justice done you by all to whom you are known, yet there are many who will still hate you,

you, and endeavour to prejudice you with those who admire you. Such is the World we live in, that this is an Injustice which you must expect.

There are several different Sorts of Men, whom God seems to have plac'd in the World purely to exercise the Patience of Authors. All Countries swarm with a certain Set of People, who pretend to pass Sentence on the Works of Authors, without having any Taste or Knowledge. They talk without knowing what they say, and talk too as dogmatically as if they were thoroughly Masters of the Subjects on which they give their Verdict. If Verse happens to be the Subject, they are Poets; if a Point of History be started, they are Historians; and if a metaphysical Doubt is to be clear'd up, they are Philosophers. In fine, those People, if you will take their Words for it, are universal Scholars, tho' all their Knowledge is intolerable Impudence. Nevertheless they have an Influence upon the Fate of Men of Letters. For, as *Despreaux* says, *One Blockhead is always sure of a greater to admire him*; and the Decision of a Fool is receiv'd as an Oracle by other Fools, who seduce even more.

There's another Tribe of Censors, not less impertinent than the Herd of Fools, but more dangerous; and these are Critics by Profession, who shew an Air of Dislike, and even Aversion, to every Composition they see, think the best but moderate, and if they commend any Passages in an excellent Work, 'tis not so much to do justice to those Passages, as for the sake of having an Opportunity to condemn the rest of it with the more Semblance of Equity. They affect to appear impartial, and by that means do more hurt. They

sell the Praise they give at so dear a Rate, that their Commendation is almost as extravagant and as hurtful as their Criticisms.

We meet with many Persons in Life, who, tho' they have not the Self-conceit nor the Prejudice of the Fools, nor the Gall nor Knavery of the profess'd Critics, yet often do harm by their too great Credulity. They are like those Weather-cocks that turn with every Wind: They never speak their own Sense, but only what they hear others say, of whose Opinion they endeavour to be inform'd before they give their own. If they happen to be in company with a Man that rails at a Work, they become his Eccho, and blame the Whole entirely, condemning the Good alike with the Bad. If they meet with another Man who approves of the very same Piece, they alter their Opinion, commend it in like manner, and eccho its Praise as they did before its Censure. These People are as weak in their Understanding as they are in Courage. They don't think, but are mov'd, like Clockwork, by the different Impressions which they receive from those with whom they associate.

There's another Class of Judges of the Performances of Authors, who are not so venturesome as those Camelion-Critics of whom I have just given the Description. These are very doughty Censors, and yet are altogether mute. They condemn without either speaking or writing. They have an Art, like the Pantomimes, and only express themselves by their Gesture and their Looks. If you ask their Opinion of a new Book, they answer by a scornful Smile, or snuffing up of the Nose, which concealing their Ignorance hinders

ders them from saying silly things, and from entering into Discourse upon a Subject which they know nothing of. If any one, not satisfy'd with their Sneer, requires a more definitive Decision, they shrug up their Shoulders: This is a Sentence against which there can be no Appeal: And if they are press'd farther, they either turn upon the Heel, or shift the Conversation.

The Ancients have very great Men among their Admirers; but there are some who profess an Esteem for them, not because they know their Beauties, but because they furnish them with a Pretext to condemn every thing that is done by the Moderns. When they hear a new Tragedy applauded, they cry, *Alas! who that has read Sophocles and Euripides can bear such Stuff as this?* If the Subject of Discourse be a Plea or an Harangue, the modern Orators are not to compare with *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*. After all, one half of these People know nothing more of the Ancients than their Names; but this is enough for their Purpose, because those Names serve them to condemn the Moderns, and to give a Colour to the Jealousy which preys upon them, and the Envy that prompts them to declaim.

You may think perhaps that so many impertinent Judges are only to be found among the Men; but if you do you are mistaken, for the Number of such ridiculous Censors is not less in your Sex.

There are many Women who make all Merit consist only in Beauty. They mind nothing but their Form or Figure; and whatever has not some Relation to this they think either ridiculous or insignificant. They are so excessively fond of their Shape, that they don't even regulate their Food by the Demand

Demand of their Health, or of their Appetite, but by their Desire to be either lean or plump. To such Women the Sciences seem a very senseless Employment. ‘What’s History good for, *say they?* does the Hair take better Root by it? Does Poetry give the Face a fresher Colour, or Eloquence render the Complexion fairer? The Pains that are necessary to acquire these Talents make one homely; so much Reading is enough to cause blood-shot Eyes. Is it not better for Women to be ignorant of things that only make them Pedants, than that the sparkling Lustre of their Eyes should fade?’ Give them leave to talk; Age will soon make them change their Note. Time, which is always on the Wing, will strip them of their Beauty in a very few Years. As they never consider’d that they had a Soul, when the Body has lost what they count its Ornament, they will, in the Eyes even of their Admirers, be no more than deform’d *Automata*. They will then lament that they have not a sure Remedy in their Mind against the Contempt of the Public; and finding their Repentance to no purpose, they will, from mere Envy, hate those same Sciences, which they formerly contemn’d out of Pride.

There are among the Women certain Pedants and Pretenders to Wit, who boldly give their Judgment of Compositions. Your Sex, in short, produces all the ridiculous Creatures that are in ours, and such as pretend to ascertain the Destiny of Authors. In all Cities, there are Assemblies, wherein certain Women preside, who have acquir’d a Right to themselves of passing irrevocable Decrees upon all new Books. These Sentences

are

are applauded, and receiv'd with a blind Submission by some Smatterers in Learning, who have nothing to recommend them but the Praise they receive from those Women, betwixt whom and such half-learned Coxcombs there's a reciprocal Commerce of Praise and Criticism. Each of them praises for the sake of being prais'd again, and condemns what the others condemn, that they may blame what is blam'd by themselves. These Women affect a magisterial Gravity in their Discourse, and even in their Behaviour; they never think any Learning profound enough, nor any Thought sufficiently consider'd. They read no Books less than *Folios*, for fear lest they should be thought to cast their Eyes on those of Amusement, and they saddle their Noses with great Spectacles, that they may look the wiser.

There are some Women who are the very Reverse of those. They are not the Head of any Sect, and have not Esteem enough for the Learned to wish to live with them. They read no Books but such as are merely diverting, and they think all insipid, where there is not a Song, an Epigram, a Ballad, a Comedy, or a Romance. They call every Man a Babblers who argues the Case, and treat every Woman as a Pedant, who reads or writes any thing that does not relate to Love and Gallantry. There's no Medium with them; so that a Man must either talk in the Lover's Strain, or hold his Tongue.

Were I to represent all the Inconveniencies that are inseparable from Literature, I should never have done. I will now, in few Words, give you a faint Sketch of those which I have suffer'd since it was my Misfortune to commence Author.

The

The Comparison of the Vexation I have suffer'd with the Satisfaction which you have had will convince you better than any thing I could possibly say to you, how easily you have cross'd the stormy Sea on which so many Men of Learning make a tedious and troublesome Voyage. When I had written the two first Volumes of the *LETTRES JUIVES* *, notwithstanding all the Precaution I had taken to conceal it, I was soon known to be the Author. I paid the Tribute which every Work applauded by the Public must pay to certain Critics by Profession. There came out thirty-four Pamphlets against my Book in less than a Year; the Titles of which neither you nor the Public ever heard of to this Day, except perhaps of these, viz. *The Rabbi Isaac convicted of a Lye: The wandering Jew confuted: The Christian Letter, by way of Antidote to the sixty-eighth Jewish Letter: An Examination of periodical Works: A Correspondence betwixt Aristæus and Lysander, by way of Answer to the Lettres Juives.* All these Pamphlets serv'd only to make my Book known, by which means the four last Volumes sold the better. Nevertheless, instead of reflecting that Criticisms never prejudice a Performance which is good for any thing; and that they vanish while the Work stands its ground, I gave myself the Trouble to answer five or six of the unfortunate Scribblers; but so far was I from punishing them, that I answer'd their Hopes. They had not attack'd me, if they had not thought that I

* The Translation is call'd, *The JEWISH SPY*, already mention'd in a former Note,

should

should draw them out of that Obscurity which they would have remain'd in for their Lives: Their Design succeeded, and the Harm which I had propos'd to do them turn'd to their Benefit.

I thought to have been at rest after I had finish'd my *Lettres Juives* (*Anglice* the *Jewish Spy*) but they procur'd me Enemies more dangerous than wretched Authors. Many Persons thought themselves oblig'd, in Conscience, to persecute me. I was the Victim of the mistaken Zeal of many good Men; and notwithstanding all the Protestations which I made, I had the Mortification to be reckon'd as a Man who entertain'd dangerous Opinions. I compos'd several Apologies for my Sentiments, which I prefix'd to the various Editions that were publish'd of the *Lettres Juives*. My Arguments did not convince those who had condemn'd me, nor has Time defeated their Prejudice; for tho' I have been nine Years past protesting against the Injustice which they do me, I cannot alter their Opinion. I had other Adversaries as dangerous as those whose Devotion had been offended by my Writings: These were People who complain'd that I had abus'd their Nation. I had pass'd some Jokes upon the *Swiss*, which I did not think would have been attended with any Consequence; for I was always persuaded that there are a great many very ingenious Men in *Switzerland*; and there's particularly one learned Man in that Country, to whose Judgment I would submit myself as freely as to that of our best Academicians. I was severely attack'd by several Writers of *Lausanne*, to which I immediately return'd a very modest Answer. I own'd that I was in the Wrong; and in the next Edition

tion alter'd what I had said in the former. But the Acknowledgment of my Error did not content those Authors, who made it a Point to be always finding Fault with me, and attack'd me again. I was under a Necessity of resuming my Weapons. I made my Defence ; and giving way to my Resentment, did that Justice a second time which I ow'd to so laudable a Nation as the Helvetic Body ; but I answer'd my Adversaries very smartly, and by Consequence I made them my implacable Enemies. The Pleasure of getting the Laughers on my Side, has often cost me much more than it was worth. No sooner was my Quarrel at an End with the *Swiss*, but the *Spaniards* pick'd another with me that was more violent. All the Dons that were at the *Hague* declaim'd against my *LETTRES JUIVES* (the *Jewish Spy* ;) they pretended that I had not done Justice to the *Spaniards*, and that I had watch'd every Opportunity to run down their Nation. After long murmuring, they declar'd War against me all at once, by a very abusive Manifesto which they got inserted in the *Bibliothèque Française*, *Tome 23*. The Piece was written by a worthy Man of Learning, well known in the Republic of Letters. I had been us'd for some time to Literary Squabbles ; and little thinking that the Person who had wrote against me was engag'd to it by the Nature of his Employment, and to do a Pleasure to the Minister of a Prince upon whom he depended, I wrote an *Epistle Dedicatory* to him, wherein I lash'd him very severely, to the Satisfaction of the Public, who then laugh'd heartily at it, as every Reader does now who sees it ; but I wish I had never done it.

My

My Answer had a quite contrary Effect to what I expected. I hop'd that it would put my Enemies to Silence, but it aggravated them. They resolv'd to publish a certain Paper against my *LETTRES JUIVES*, and they put their Project in execution; for there came out a Pamphlet against me twice a Week. I resolv'd to demolish it, and thought either That, or my Honour, must fall. So unreasonable a Notion was only excusable in Consideration of the short Space of time that I had been a Citizen of the Republic of Letters. My Bookseller argu'd much more sensibly when he advis'd me to let such a ricketty Piece, which had been in Agonies ever since it saw the Light, dye a natural Death. I was too much incens'd to follow his Advice. I wanted to have the Pleasure of being the chief Demolisher of that Paper. I began my *Lettres Cabalistiques*, and had scarce done half of the Volume, but the Composition of my Adversaries fell to the Ground, and was so far forgot, that I don't believe there are thirty Persons in all *Europe* who know that there was such a Paper. 'Tis true, I don't believe there ever was a Performance, so wretched and so badly written.

After the gaining of this Victory, I had a little breathing Time, which I employ'd in making a new Edition of my *Philosophie du Bon Sens*, and in continuing my *Memoirs of the Republic of Letters*, and my *Lettres Cabalistiques*. The Application I gave to all these Works impair'd my Health. I read or wrote fourteen Hours in a Day; and this was the Life I led for three Years. The Physicians advis'd me several times to abandon all manner of Study, but 'twas in vain. I found all at once, tho' too late, that it had been
better

better for me if I had follow'd their Advice ; for I had no Spirits ; so that I had three or four fainting Fits in an Hour. At last, by the Virtue of Remedies, I recover'd a little Strength. I was very unwilling even to abate of my Studies ; but there was a Necessity for my abandoning them intirely ; and for near eight Months I did neither read nor write. You imagine, no doubt, that then I was easy, but so far from it, that I was expos'd to fresh Troubles, which I had never known before. The Bookseller in *Holland* who printed my Works having got an Estate, several of his Brethren took it into their Heads to give me out as the Author of other's Performances, particularly certain poor Romances ; in some of which, Persons of high Birth and distinguish'd Merit were treated very scurvily. Of all those Libels, that which I was most vex'd at seeing my Name to, was an infamous Pamphlet of about an hundred Pages, intitl'd, *A Letter from the Marquis d'Argens, with the Answers, by way of Supplement to these Memoirs*. It vex'd me so much to see my Name to the Title of such a Performance, that I was in danger of relapsing into my ill State of Health. I disown'd this Book both in the *Gazettes* and Journals, as I did also the *Memoires de Puineuf*, which were not much better, and which a Bookseller, greedy of Lucre, sold with my Name to them. To avoid therefore, if possible, being any more a Victim to the Avarice of certain hungry Booksellers, I got the following Declaration inserted in the second Part of the twenty-fifth Tome of the *Bibliothèque Française*.

‘ M. d’Argens has desir’d the Authors of this
 ‘ *Bibliothèque* to give him leave to advertise all the
 ‘ Works

' Works that he shall hereafter publish in their
 ' Journal ; and he previously disowns all others
 ' that may be dispers'd with his Name. He
 ' thought this Precaution necessary, that he might
 ' not be falsely charg'd with being the Author of
 ' Books of a certain Stamp, in which he has no
 ' Share.' I did not content myself with this De-
 claration, but even in the *Lettres Cabalistiques*,
 and in the *Secret Memoirs of the Republic of Lettres*,
 I complain'd bitterly of the Injury that was done
 me. At length I undeceiv'd those People who
 were so short-sighted as to think that such a Book
 could be mine. What did the rascally Bookseller
 do, after this, but in order to run off his Edition,
 he chang'd the Title of the Book, leaving out my
 Name, and call'd it *The Life of Mademoiselle*
Carville, an Actress at the Opera of Paris, 1741.
 Tho' my Name is taken out of the Title, 'tis put
 at the End of a Letter ; consequently those People
 who did not read the Book with its former Title,
 nor see my Disavowal of it in all the public Papers
 and Journals, if they have not the Discernment
 to distinguish my Manner of writing, from the
 Style of that paltry Scribler, will take me for
 the Author of that infamous Libel. How ma-
 ny Readers are there who have not the Talent
 to distinguish ? My only Comfort is, that the
 greatest Men have been subject to this Inconve-
 nience. How many sorry Performances have
 there not been father'd upon *Roussseau*, and how
 many such are there not imputed every Day to
M. de Voltaire ?

My Health being a little recover'd, it was not
 possible for me to be any longer inactive. My
 Bookseller, who had enrich'd himself by the Sale
 of

of my Works, press'd me to give him another Copy. I was young, and he tickled me with Flattery as an Author, which if I had been wise enough to have withstood, I should have had too great an Advantage over my Brethren. I began my *Chinese Letters* with a Design only to make two Volumes; but they took so well, that I compos'd a third and then a fourth *. There was a Translation of those Letters in High *Dutch*, printed at *Leipsic*, with the Title of *Voyageur Chinois*, or the *Chinese Traveller*. Mean time, as my Physicians had forewarn'd me, and as I ought to have foreseen, I relaps'd into that wasting Condition, from which I had with so much Difficulty been rais'd. Tho' I found my Strength diminish every Day, yet pleas'd with the Sale of my Work, I was for setting about a fifth Volume when I was overtaken with a Distemper, from which I did not recover in more than three Years. I had acquainted my Bookseller beforehand, by Letter, what would happen to me. ' You desire, *said I*, ' another Volume of *Chinese Letters*, because you ' sell them apace, and because they are lik'd by ' the Public. I can't say but these are two plausible Reasons; but my Doctor, who assures me ' that I quite destroy my Constitution by too ' much Application, thinks them very bad ones, ' and proposes to demolish them by other Arguments, which he thinks invincible. He ' says, in the first Place, 'tis better you should gain ' a little less Money, and I a little more Health.

* These are the Letters of which Messieurs *Hett* and *Browne* have already publish'd one Volume, and are about putting another to the Press.

' To this he adds, that when I am dead, all the
 ' Approbation with which the Public is pleas'd
 ' to favour my Works, will be of no Service to
 ' me. Would you know, *said he, t'other Day,*
 ' what Recompence you will get for having kill'd
 ' yourself? The People who are so fond of read-
 ' ing your Works, will say, 'Tis Pity that such
 ' an Author is dead, we shall have nothing more
 ' from his Pen. This, to be sure, must be very
 ' flattering to a Man when he is in the other
 ' World! Be rul'd by me; consider how you
 ' shall get well again; take your rest; do but
 ' very little Business; drink, sing, dance, laugh,
 ' sleep; and as for the *Chinese*, and all the Nati-
 ' ons whom you have so long visited in your
 ' Fancy, leave them to themselves.'

My Health, as my Physician had indeed fore-
 warn'd me, was so much impair'd, that all my
 Friends, and particularly General *Doys* the Com-
 mandant of *Maestricht*, and the Count *Schlippen-
 bach*, who lov'd me very tenderly, forc'd me to
 consent to go for Change of Air, and drag out
 the Remainder of a languishing Life in warmer
 Climates, where I was assur'd I should recover
 my Strength.

While I paid so dearly for the Pleasure of hav-
 ing been approv'd and applauded by the Public,
 my Enemies envy'd me even this Satisfaction.
 Being weary of running down my Works, with-
 out gaining their End, they strove to represent
 me as a Man of dangerous Principles, and they
 gave out a thousand ridiculous Stories of me.
 When *M. de Voltaire* was at *Amsterdam*, two Men
 affirm'd to him, that I was turn'd *Mahometan*;
 and not long after, he wrote me a Letter upon
 that

that Head, which made me very merry, notwithstanding the Vexation it gave me to find myself expos'd to the grossest Calumny.

I was not apprehensive that the Lyes told of me would do me any Prejudice in *France*, where I was too well known, and had too many Friends to be suspected of any Action unbecoming a Man of Quality; but I was almost mad for fear those Stories should find their way to foreign Parts. How often did not I then wish that I had never wrote for the Press? and, how often, when I thought of my Works, have I not repeated these Verses of *Racine*!

*Heureux, qui, satisfait de son humble fortune,
Libre de joug superbe où je suis attaché,
Vit duns l'état obscur où les Dieux l'ont caché!*
i. e.

Happy is the Man who is contented with his humble Fortune, and free from the gawdy Yoke in which I am harness'd, lives in the State of Obscurity wherein the Gods have conceal'd him.

The Scandals spread by my Enemies gain'd such Ground, that I was at length oblig'd, in spite of my Teeth, to break Silence, and to have recourse to a Justification, which, till then, I thought beneath me. In order to put Envy to Confusion, and to stop its Mouth, I caus'd those Pieces to be deposited with a Notary, which you find prefix'd to the last Editions of the *Lettres Juives*.

When my Adversaries perceiv'd it was impossible for them to render my Character odious to the Public, they resum'd their first Design, which
was

was to depreciate my Works. When I was travelling from *Maestricht* for *Venice*, the extreme Severity of the Winter forc'd me to stop at *Wurtemberg*. When I arriv'd there, I heard that not many Days before, a Thesis had been maintain'd against me in the University of *Tubingen*, which I was curious to see. It having been printed and publish'd at other Protestant Universities, one of my Friends easily procur'd me a Copy of it. I had been us'd for five or six Years to extraordinary Criticisms, but I own this surpriz'd me not a little. In this Work there was a very serious Examination, whether the President *de Montesquieu* and I had not clubb'd our Quills to establish the Mahometan Religion, and to demolish the Christian. Tho' I had resolv'd never to write another Answer to any thing that might come out against me, my Patience was quite worn out. I publish'd a Letter against the Professor who had attack'd me, which was reprinted in a new Edition of the *Lettres Cabalistiques*. 'Tis penn'd, indeed, with too much Acrimony, but I therein expose the Professor's Accusation to so just a Ridicule, that several other *Lutheran* Ministers who have wrote against me since, have not ventur'd to enter into a Discussion upon the Foundation of the Dispute, but have only exclaim'd against the Harshness with which I have treated their Brother. Some Weeks after the Publication of this Letter, the Professor who had attack'd me, sent his Vindication, to which I return'd a civil Answer; and so our Dispute ended. I was enter'd at that time into the Service of the Duchess of *Wurtemberg*, who had done me the Honour to make me one of her *Chamberlains*. Till then I had met with

no Enemies but in Quality of an Author; now I began to find them attack me as a Courtier: For at the very time that the Journalists of *Neufchatel* and *Lausanne* endeavour'd to trump up my old Quarrel with the *Swiss*, and reproach'd me again bitterly with a Fault that I had own'd and corrected, other People strove to do me a Mischief. To my good Fortune they miss'd their Aim, and I had the Happiness to preserve the Protection of the Princess into whose Service I was enter'd. Being afterwards oblig'd, for many Reasons, to desire a Discharge from it, she was so gracious when I was leaving her, as to offer me a Pension, for which she sent me the Patent, which I have to this Day, and runs thus, *viz.*

‘ Tho’ the Marquis d’ *Argens* is no longer in our Service, being enter’d into that of the King of *Prussia*, for which Purpose he is setting out for *Berlin*, it is our Pleasure, that in Consideration of his good and faithful Services already past, and of those we may expect from him hereafter, that he should, as a Mark of our Acknowledgment, and of the Continuance of our Goodwill to him, be allow’d a Pension of six hundred Florins *per ann.* Which as it cannot but do him a Pleasure, we have caus’d these Presents to be dispatch’d to him under our own Hand and Privy Seal.’

Done at *Stutgard* the 21st of *June*, 1742.

Sign’d AUGUSTA,

Duchess of *Wurtemberg*.

Tho’ no Man could have a more grateful Sense of the Marks of Goodness which I receiv’d from so great

great a Princess, yet I did not think it proper to accept this Testimony of it; and therefore I petition'd her to give me leave to refuse the Favour she had hereby done me, because I thought it incompatible with my new Attachment.

His *Prussian* Majesty having done me the Honour to give me a Lord of the Bed-Chamber's Key, I thought I should have Halcyon Days, with Splendor. I was enter'd into the Service of a Prince, a Protector of the Arts and Sciences, whose Talents, both natural and acquired, are the Admiration of all that approach him; a Prince good and affable, and who from the Moment that I first enter'd his Service has given me a thousand Marks of his Kindness. His Court is a Constellation of the most illustrious Characters, both as to Princes and Princesses. Two Queens worthy of equal Admiration for their Virtues, Genius, and all the Qualities of the Understanding and the Heart, are at this same Court the Objects of the Respect and Veneration of all that know them. Who could have imagin'd, that when shelter'd by so many Virtues I should not have found an Asylum against Envy? I frankly own to you for my part, that I flatter'd myself with such a Thought. Vain were these Hopes! The malignant Influence of my Stars has prevail'd, and I have perhaps been more in danger from the Shafts of Jealousy and Hatred than I was before.

You was well acquainted with *Jourdan*, that valuable Man, who was worthy of the Favour of his Prince, and whose Death was justly regretted by his and all virtuous Hearts. You lost a Protector by it, and I an unfeigned Friend, whose Memory I shall love for ever. He engag'd me

to write some Reflections on our best *French* Poets. I obey'd. No sooner was it known that I was writing it, but a Cabal was form'd against it, who took all Opportunities to give an ill Character to the very Design; and, in short, as soon as it came out, those Persons who strove to prejudice the Public beforehand exclaim'd against it without Mercy. They endeavour'd to engage some learned Men to run it down; but their Projects vanish'd in Smoke: Not one Man of Letters would humour their Spite; and the Public, which judges by itself without ever entring into the literary Disputes or Cabals, favourably receiv'd this very Work, which such Hopes had been entertain'd of rendring contemptible. Some Months ago there was a new Edition of it, considerably augmented; but, like the first, it abounded with Errors of the Press. I propose to publish another that shall be more correct.

While they were caballing against me in *Germany*, they treated me at *Rome* still worse. Not a Word had been said there against the *Lettres Juives* as long as they appear'd only in the *French*, their original Language: They were added to the Index or Catalogue of Books not prohibited, and the Booksellers sold them publicly. Two Abbés thought fit to translate and print them in the *Italian*; which the Holy Office took so amiss, that both the Abbés were oblig'd to fly for fear of being clapp'd up in the Inquisition; and their Translation was burnt. This Sentence made the Book sell very dear, so that the Price of it was advanc'd to ten Gold Ducats the Day after it was burnt. Mean time, as this News was publish'd both in the Gazettes and Journals, my Enemies

mies did not fail to make a Handle of it to shew that I was a dangerous Author. Nay, some Protestant Ministers took it in their Heads to approve of the Conduct of the Court of *Rome*. A *Saxon* Divine, a Professor in the University of *Wurtemberg*, attack'd me ; but it was in a much politer Manner than M. *Weismann* did, the Professor at *Tubingen*, whom I mention'd to you before. I answer'd the *Saxon* Doctor in a periodical Paper, and I hope my Answer convinc'd him that my Sentiments are very different from those that he charg'd me with.

After so many Attacks I hop'd to enjoy some Tranquillity, when there came out two Pamphlets together, both by anonymous Hands. What is particular in this Affair is, that the very Men who wrote them were of my Acquaintance, assur'd me they were my Friends, and deny'd their having a hand in those Writings : Yet I knew they were the Authors of them. Probably those Gentlemen, who styl'd themselves my Friends, had a mind to convince me, that *Qui fortiter amat, fortiter reprehendit, i. e.* He who loveth heartily, rebuketh sharply. Be this as it will, the two Pamphlets dy'd in the Birth. I am not willing either to disturb the Ashes of the Dead, or revive a Dispute here which is entirely at an End. You was a Witness of the War betwixt us ; you had a hand in the Treaty of Peace ; therefore I should tell you nothing that is new.

Some time after those Pamphlets came out, I wrote a little Piece, intituled, *The Dreams of the Chevalier Dormouse*. This whimsical Tract was begun and finish'd in a Week's time. One of those uncommon Men who are scarce to be

seen in ten Centuries, who have a superior Genius join'd to the Advantage of a high Birth, gave me the Plan of it by way of Merriment one Night at Supper. The Pamphlet was lik'd so, that in less than a Month's time there came out three Editions of it, and two different Translations of it into the *High Dutch*, one printed at *Leipsic*, the other at *Berlin*. I had no great Reason to applaud myself for the Success of this Work, for the most ingenious Part of it, which was the Subject of the Dreams, was not mine, and all that I did as it were was, to collect and put the Thoughts in order, which had been communicated to me by the Person to whom I was oblig'd for the Hint of the Performance. There were some whimsical things in this Piece, which perhaps would not have had a Place in another more serious one. This however was imputed to me as criminal, and it was pretended that under the Veil of Banter, and the Colour of telling Dreams, I had vented several dangerous Opinions. In fine, if some People could have had their Will, my Performance would have gone thro' as rigid an Examination as if it had been a Course of Divinity, or a Book of Controversy.

While it seem'd that I had every thing to fear from the Cabal, a Prince accusom'd to Victory over *his* Enemies came to my Aid, and put *mine* to silence. He said a Word in my Favour, and his Way of thinking, which is always just, always clear, compell'd Envy to close its Lips. Being resolv'd to improve the Leisure-Moments I enjoy'd thro' his Protection and Benefactions, I began to write that call'd *Critique de Siecle*, i. e. A Criticism on the Times. I did not think of making

ing it more than one Volume, but the Reception it met with from the Public engaged me to write a second. Don't think however that my Enemies have dropp'd their Design to prejudice me ; I dare not think I am so happy as that comes to. The first Part of this Work has been translated already into *High Dutch*. Some of these *Letters* have also been publish'd in *English*, by a Person well known in *Europe* for his Merit and great Learning, and they are actually sold off. I have been told that certain Persons gave out that I was myself the Editor of it in *English*, on purpose to expose me to Ridicule by taxing me with a Piece of Vanity of which I am not guilty : Those Gentlemen should have consider'd, that my Works are translated into so many Languages, that I could be under no manner of necessity of being myself the Publisher of the Translation in this last.

Thus much for my Literary History, which ought neither to frighten you, nor to make you turn out of the Path wherein you have already acquir'd so much Honour ; but it ought to render you careful both of your Actions, and your Writings. You have three Qualities which will always secure you from most of the Inconveniencies which I have experienc'd. Your Sex is respected by ours ; and be the Fury of the Critics ever so great, yet they have hitherto preserv'd the Regard due to Ladies who are an Ornament to their Country, and who set a noble and useful Example to other Women to cultivate the Sciences. Even when some of your Sex have forgot themselves in their Writings, and given too great a Loose to the Sprightliness of their Fancy, the Persons against whom they wrote have treated them with a Decorum. M.

de la Mothe's Answer to Madame *Dacier* will be an eternal Pattern of that Moderation with which a Gentleman ought to write against a Lady, who forgets herself so far as to be wanting in that good Nature and Politeness which seem to be inseparably attach'd to the Fair-Sex. *Racine* and *Despreaux*, tho' attack'd more than once, and even persecuted, by Madame *des Houlières*, never answer'd her, for they thought it a Disparagement for them to make Reprisals against a Woman whose Genius they admir'd, tho' they had just Cause to complain of her.

Your Temper will never permit you to write any thing that tends to violate the Rules of Equity or even of Civility. You love Panegyric, and not Satire. You are extremely tender in condemning what you think deserves Censure, and you support your Sentiments with a Modesty which prepossesses even those against whom you dispute, in your Favour. I exhort you to continue to act always with such Wisdom, of which I am ready to confess you have had a greater Share than I had. When I commenc'd Author, I was young and passionate: I was just come from the Service, and brought a Spice of the military Temper into the Republic of Letters. When I thought a Piece bad, I presently criticis'd it, and sometimes sharply. The Style I generally us'd was Irony and Banter, which commonly has a greater Tendency to raise implacable Enemies, than Affronts, which are provoking at first View, but do not sting to the quick, and are easily forgot. I had, 'tis true, a profound Respect for all great Men; but 'tis not enough to admire great Writers, we should be civil to indifferent ones, and not revile
the

the Bad. The Criticisms that were made upon my first Works had exasperated me, and the Success of those very Works made me think that I was in the right to carry it with a high Hand. The Approbation of the Public was one of the Reasons why so many People aim'd to prejudice me: If I had not been so much applauded, I had been less criticis'd, and I should have made myself fewer Enemies. If I were now to make my Entrance into the Republic of Letters, I should not be able to avoid the Adversaries which Envy and Jealousy would raise up against me; but I should have many Friends that I never had, because they thought me of a rigid and satyrical Temper, and because, notwithstanding all my Care, I could never entirely divest them of their Prejudice. Even to this Day I am a Sufferer for that Vivacity from which I am reclaim'd.

*L'impression demeure. En vain croissant en âge,
On change de conduite, on prend un air plus sage,
On souffre encor long-temps de ce vieux préjugé,
On est suspect encore lorsqu' on est corrigé.
Et j'ai vu quelquefois paier dans la vieillesse
Le tribut des défauts qu'on eut dans la jeunesse.*

i. e.

The Impression of the old Prejudice still remains. In vain do we alter our Conduct, and look wiser as we grow old, for even our Amendment then is suspected: And I have more than once seen Tribute paid in old Age for the Faults and Follies of Youth.

Preserve therefore that Mildness of Temper which Heaven has endow'd you with. I own to
M 5 you

you the Errors I was guilty of thro' the Sprigh-
 tiness of my Temper, not by way of boasting that
 I am reformed from them, but that my Example
 may be of use to you, and serve to guard you
 from the Mistakes by which I have been hurt. We
 have sometimes seen the sweetest Tempers become
 the most violent. When we give way to our
 Passions, be they ever so weak at first, they soon
 master us. Those which seem in the Begin-
 ning as if they had not Strength to move us,
 rob us of ourselves afterwards twenty times a
 Day.

*Il suffit qu'une fois dans le Vice on débute.
 Une chute toujours attire une autre chute.*

i. e.

'Tis sufficient to step once into Vice. One
 Fall is always the Fore-runner of another.

You have another Quality which will gain you
 the Hearts of many People, and free you from
 the Inconveniencies to which many Authors have
 been expos'd. You write with a Caution that
 cannot be too much commended; you never in-
 dulse yourself in any Reflection, in any Sally,
 that may offend Persons of the nicest Ho-
 nour; you only employ your Wit to for-
 tify Virtue against Vice and Irreligion; this is
 the only End you propose to yourself in your
 Writings. I have experienc'd it to be dangerous
 sometimes to attempt to discourse upon certain
 Subjects; for if we treat them with ever so much
 Precaution, one cannot avoid saying many things
 which prejudice several Readers against an Author.
 If I were now to write some things of mine for-
 merly

merly publish'd, I would suppress certain Passages that some People have been pleas'd with, but have drawn upon me the Hatred of others. 'Tis a sad thing for a Man to procure himself Admirers and Advocates at the Expence of his Peace and Tranquillity. The worst of all, and what you ought to consider often, is that 'tis impossible to bury in Oblivion what has been publish'd in a Book. The Avarice of Booksellers is such, that they will not leave it in an Author's Power to suppress what he had once publish'd. If he does this in any future Editions which he makes of his Book, the Booksellers put out others wherein they restore what he had cancell'd; and such is the Malignity of human Nature, that it inclines the Public to prefer the Bookseller's Edition to that of the Author. Now if a Man is reproachable for not avoiding the Discussion of Questions which may directly or indirectly be hurtful to Religion, 'tis Matter of Shame and Reproach for a Lady to be guilty of such a Fault, because her Sex, if not her Rank in Life, demands that Reservedness from her which is not requir'd from Men. Go on therefore to exert your Talents, but always join the *Utile-dulci*; and, by nicely discharging all your Obligations, you may be sure of the Suffrage of all Men of Honour.

I must recommend another thing to which many celebrated Writers seem not to have sufficiently attended, *viz.* That Criticisms should never be answer'd. If they are wrong, they fall to the Ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them does not defeat them: The Critics never yet hurt a good Work.

It has been the Fate of all great Men to be criticiz'd, and even abus'd; but the Pieces written against them have been no otherwise remember'd, than with a Resentment against the Authors.

'Tis the unavoidable Destiny of great Geniuses to excite the Jealousy of the indifferent Class; and 'tis the Temper of the Latter to cast their Venom upon the Glory of the Former. Do but consider how often *Homer*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, have been attack'd by contemptible Writers: All Ages have produc'd many pitiful Authors who have endeavour'd to disparage the Fame of those great Men.

As soon as a Man becomes superior to others, he raises the Hatred and Jealousy of all who have not Probity enough to do justice to Merit, or Talents enough to equal those whose Fortune they envy. *Racine* was never envious of *Boileau*, nor *Boileau* of *Racine*, because they were both possess'd of what the one might have envy'd the other for; I mean, a great Reputation justly acquir'd. *Æschinus*, when confuted by *Demosthenes*, paid a public Homage to his Rival's Eloquence; but *Æschinus* had great Probity join'd to his great Merit, and Truth prevail'd with him over Falshood. If he had not been so honest a Man, he might have thought himself not so much oblig'd to do Justice to a Person who was the Cause of his Banishment.

A Critic by Profession is so mean an Office, that few Writers of Eminence have demean'd themselves to take it up. That Employment, which might be both reputable and useful, if it was commendably exercis'd, as it was formerly by *Bayle* and some others, and as it is even at this Day by the Authors of the *Journal des Sçavans*,
is

is generally become as contemptible in the Republic of Letters, by the ill Use of it, as that of the *Neapolitan* Banditti, who murder for Money; and Envy has the same Effect on the Hearts of bad Writers, as Gold has upon those who rob upon the Highway.

*Si tôt que d'Apollon un génie inspirè
Trouve loin de vulgaire un chemin ignorè,
En cent lieux contre les cabales s'amassent,
Ses rivaux obscurcis autour de lui croassent,
Et son trop de lumière importunant les yeux,
De ses propres amis lui fait des envieux.*

i. e.

Whenever a Genius inspir'd by *Apollo* strikes into a Road unknown to the Vulgar, Cabals are form'd against him in a hundred Places; his Rivals being eclips'd croak around him like Ravens, and his Brightness being too strong for the weak Eyes of his own Friends, makes them envy him.

Consider how many Pamphlets have been written against *Racine*, *Boileau*, *Molière*, *la Fontaine*, of which you now hardly know the Titles. The Case will be the very same ere long with the Libels that have been publish'd against *Voltaire*, *Fontenelle*, *Crebillon*, the Provost of *Exilles*, *Maupe-tuis*, and some other Men of Learning, whose Works will be transmitted to After-Ages.

The Rage of some Writers is like the Avarice of the Custom-house Officers. The Former are as watchful to let no Man of Letters escape their Censure, as the Latter are to suffer no Merchandize to pass without paying the Duty. A Man of Learning no sooner comes over from the New World

World into this but he is libell'd by certain Authors. He has scarce had Time to know whereabouts he is, but he is regaled with two or three Pamphlets, in which they strive to ridicule him. *M. de la Condamine*, a Man to be esteemed for his Learning and Temper, came to *Amsterdam* from *Peru*: How do you think he was rewarded for all the Pains and Trouble which he took to determine the Figure of the Earth? Why, truly, he was scarcely landed but he was accosted by a couple of Letters from an anonymous Author. Twenty silly things are charged upon him, of which he is not capable, and he is represented as a Fool and a Filcher. When *M. de Maupertuis*, who is highly to be valued for his Learning and Genius, to be esteemed for his Integrity, Simplicity, and Equanimity, in short, for a thousand Qualities which seldom meet in one and the same Person; when *M. de Maupertuis*, I say, whom you personally know, and in whose Praise, therefore, I need add no more to you, returned from the North Pole, do you know how he was received at first? Several of the learned Class wrote against him, with a Design to bear him down, not by Arguments, but by Authority. The Ballad-singers bantered him to some Tune; the second-rate Authors insulted him; the *Abbé des Fontaines* endeavoured to ridicule him; so that this Gentleman, when he returned to his own Country, where he deserved Pillars erected to him, found only Satyrs and Cabals: But Time has done much more for him than all the Books he could have wrote against his Enemies; for the Public has undertaken his Defence, and done him all the Justice he deserved. *France* is actually proud of having produced him, and *Germany*

many thinks it a Happiness to have acquired him. 'Tis your Happiness to live under the Laws of the great King into whose Service this illustrious Person is lately entered, and you ought to reckon the Day on which you came to *Berlin*, one of the most fortunate in all your Life. There you find every thing that is capable of contributing to the Perfection of your Talents and your Learning; there the Arts and Sciences meet with equal Protection; and the Prince, by whose Care they flourish, has, in that great City, a Collection of many uncommon Geniuses, who have carry'd their several Professions to the highest Pitch. In other great Towns one sees some Persons who excel in one single Faculty, or Branch of it, but here you find Persons of a distinguished Merit in every thing that has a Tendency either to Instruction or Entertainment. The King has invited the most celebrated Scholars, and the most famous Artists, from all Parts of *Europe*. What Mathematician is there who does not know the illustrious Names of *Euler* and *Maupertuis*, and pay them Reverence? Where is the Physician that does not admire *Librekin*?

We may say of the Arts and Sciences, what *Cicero* said of the Sciences alone, That they have a Sort of Kindred with one another, and go, as one may say, all Hand-in-hand. You find this very Union between the Arts and Sciences at *Berlin*. Painting is improved to the highest Degree, by the ingenious and graceful *Psine*. Engraving is brought to its Perfection by the bold and skilful Hands of the *Smiths*. Music flourishes there, and is performed by Masters whose Merit is known and approved throughout all *Europe*: No Man in *Europe* plays on the Flute better than *Quants*; none

none touches the Violin finer than *Beuda*, and there is not a Singer that out-does *Salinbeni*, to whom Heaven has given a Shape and a Fancy answerable to the Sweetness of his Voice : Nor is dancing at *Berlin* inferior to singing. The famous *Barbarini*, and your lovely Sister, are two inimitable Dancers. *L'A* is the top Man of the World in his Way. You, who are fond of the Arts and Sciences, who cultivate them alike, and who, with the same Hand wherewith you write a Book, applauded by the Public, draw a Sketch of an Academy so well, that the great *Peine* thinks you an apt Scholar both for his Lessons and his Praise ; What can you wish for more than you have found at *Berlin* ? All your Tastes are there gratified ; and, what compleatly crowns your Happiness, you may please them without Trouble and Uneasiness. The Sovereign whom you serve, adds a Premium and a Salary to the Protection which he grants to the Arts ; and they who exercise them under his Eye, enjoy that Ease and Freedom which is not to be met with elsewhere. You should think of nothing but to honour and humour so great a Prince, whose Goodness to you, ought to be ever in your Remembrance. He has, several times, vouchsafed to encourage you by his Commendations, and to tell you to your Face, That he was pleased with your Talents. You have every thing that is necessary to deserve such pleasing Compliments ; and it would be a very unpardonable Fault if you did not strive every day more and more to deserve them. Your Talents for the Theatre are superior ; you carry away the Suffrages of those who are good Judges ; you melt them ; you inspire them with the various Motions
with

with which you yourself are agitated. Behave so that as they find in your Sister the Charms of *la Sale*, and the Activity of *la Camargo*, they may also agree unanimously that you have the noble Air of *la Couvreur*, and the Vivacity of *la Dumenil*. Every thing must needs excite you to improve your Calling to the highest Degree of Perfection; every thing must concur to render it dear to you, where you now are. At *Berlin*, they are Strangers to that odd and whimsical Contradiction of making a ridiculous and superstitious Mixture of Honour and Infamy, Glory and Disgrace. The Art of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES, which you profess, is consider'd at *Berlin* as reputable in every respect; and were Heaven now to put an end to your Days, instead of refusing you a Sepulchre, a Mausoleum wou'd be erected to you, fram'd by the Hands of all those who have a Love for the Arts and Sciences. The wise King whom you serve protects Talents in the Living, and does Honour to the Deceased who enjoy'd them, by his Respect to their Remains.



L E T T E R



L E T T E R

FROM

MADEMOISELLE COCHOIS,

TO THE

MARQUIS *de HERO* * * * ,

MAJOR-GENERAL in the Army of his
Most Christian Majesty.



Is it possible, that in the midst of the Tumult and Noise of Arms, after a Battle and half a dozen Sieges, you should remember one who deserves so little Regard as I do! 'Tis so great a Pleasure to me, that I cannot help returning you my Thanks for it. I was not willing to give it in Charge to the Marquis D'ARGENS to make you my Acknowledgments, because I thought he would perform it too faintly. I am not a Stranger to his laconic Style, the necessary Consequence of his Indolence. He would only have said to you, *Mademoiselle Cochois has a very great Sense of your Remembrance of her.* For my own part, I assure you I am charm'd with it. You cannot imagine how much it delights me to have a Share in the Esteem

Esteem of a Gentleman so sprightly and lovely as you. An Author who finds his Play clapp'd at the first Representation of it is not so transported as I was when I read the Letter which you wrote to the *Marquis d'ARGENS*. Now I speak of a Play, we read with infinite Pleasure that which you sent us, and we are getting it up to be acted forthwith. Your Friend is a great Poet. After so many good Things as you read every day, perhaps you will think me very presuming to send you Verses of my making? No matter for that, I rely upon your Indulgence; I know it well, and 'tis this that encourages me.

I am, &c.

What I enclose is an Imitation of the 9th Ode of the third Book of HORACE.

Daphnis.

*Quand vous m'aimiez, Lydie, & que l'indifférence
Ne m'avoit point encor banni de votre cœur,
Que votre ame pour moi fixoit son inconstance,
Un sceptre n'auroit pas augmenté mon bonheur.*

Lydie.

*Quand je pus à Daphnis me flatter d'être aimable,
Tant que son cœur n'a point brûlé de nouveaux feux,
Que Lydie à Cloé lui sembloit préférable,
Le sort de Vénus même étoit moins glorieux.*

Daphnis.

Daphnis.

*Pour la belle Cloé d'une ardeur éternelle ;
 Oûi, mon tendre cœur brule, & veut bruler toujours.
 Je donneroïs mon sang pour la rendre immortelle,
 Si le cruel destin en vouloit à ses jours.*

Lydie.

*Le cœur de Calais fait toute mon envie,
 Il paroît à mes yeux le plus beau des humains,
 J'abrégerois mes jours pour prolonger sa vie,
 Et ma mort le mettroit à l'abri des destins.*

Daphnis.

*Mais si le même Dieu, qui nous fut favorable,
 Vouloit nous réunir par un plus fort lien ;
 Si mon cœur dans Cloé ne trouvoit rien d'aimable,
 S'il faisoit d'être à vous son plus sensible bien.*

Lydie.

*Vous réssemblez, Daphnis, à la mer orageuse,
 Et quoique Calais soit plus beau que le jour,
 Avec vous je virois & je mourrois heureuse,
 Si pour moi vous aviez un véritable amour.*

Of the several different Translations of it into English we shall give the following, by Mr. Duke ; only 'tis to be observ'd, that he puts *Horace*, according to the Original, where Mademoiselle *Cacbois* has substituted *Daphnis*.

Horace.

Horace.

Whilst I was welcome to your Heart,
In which no happier Youth had Part,
And full of more prevailing Charms
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms;
I flourish'd richer, and more blest,
Than the great Monarch of the East.

Lydia.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield;
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verse and Fame;
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
Whose godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

Horace.

Me, *Chloe* now, whom ev'ry Muse
And ev'ry Grace adorn, subdues;
For whom I'd gladly die, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

Lydia.

Me lovely *Calais* doth fire
With mutual Flames of fierce Desire,
For whom I twice would die, to save
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

Horace.

Horace.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first Fires again should burn,
If *Chloe's* banish'd to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*.

Lydia.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is fair ;
Tho' light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would die with thee.



SOME



SOME
THOUGHTS
BY
Mademoiselle COCHOIS,
ON THE
Art of *Beautifying* the Face.

S E C T. I.



DESIRE to be thought handsome has been the most prevailing Passion of the Fair Sex ever since the Creation. *Ovid*, in a little Tract of his concerning the *Art of beautifying the Face*, speaking of the *Paint* made use of by the *Roman Ladies*, says, That the *Sabine Dames*, who lived in the Reign of their King *Tatius*, took more Care of their Fields than their Faces; that to look lovely was the least of their Aim; and that, having a fresh ruddy Complexion, they had no Notion of correcting the too deep Redness of it, but spent great Part of their Time on their Stools, at the Spinning-

Spinning-wheel. I am inclin'd to believe with *Ovid*, that the *Sabine* Ladies took more Care of their Fields than of their Features: For even our Country-women, our Handicraft-women, and all our Women in general that are oblig'd to work for their Living, are more attentive to their Occupation than to their Dress; because a Livelihood is of more Importance to them than Love, and that without their Labour they could not live; but yet, tho' they neglect themselves, they have nevertheless a Desire to be agreeable, and as soon as they can find Leisure to think about Ornament, they seize it. The Country-woman, who has work'd hard all the Week long, minds nothing on *Sundays* so much as her best Bib and Tucker; consequently I make no doubt but the *Sabine* Dames, as close as they stuck to the Affairs of their Families and Farms, were susceptible of the Desire of pleasing. If we had liv'd in their Day, we should have found, that they were not always a spinning, but that they stole some Intervals from their Occupations, which they employ'd in Dress, I mean in tricking themselves up after their Fashion, that is to say, as fine as their mean Rank and Circumstances would allow of.

The Heart of Man has always been possess'd with the same Passions; it could never divest itself of the Dictates of Self-flattery. To imagine that the Women in former Days were insensible of the Pleasure of being agreeable, is to suppose that they were not mere Mortals, but Demy-goddeses. I don't question but there were some devout Women, who had the special Grace to resist the Impulses of Self-flattery; but then such Resistance of theirs was only owing to supernatural

natural Aid; and, in spite of all their Care, they were not exempt from that Vanity against which they strove; for their Endeavour was not to root it out, but only to tame it, and to weaken its Impulse.

This Desire of pleasing, so natural to the Women, puts them upon contriving every thing that may contribute to set off their Beauty. Such as are not handsome by Nature, have recourse to Art to supply the Defect; and those to whom Nature has been liberal enough of Beauty, fancy that it may be increased, and rendered perfect, by Art. If this Art was only employed in the Dress of the Head, the Body, or the Leg and Foot, I should not think it blameable; but 'tis often employed in dawbing the Face with Beauty Washes, and greasing it with Paint. The Men exclaim against this Fraud; they think the Attempt to impose upon them a Crime: And, whether it be so or not, is what we are now to consider.

S E C T. II.

TH E R E are many Men who seem to justify the Women's painting their Faces, by the Ornaments which they affect themselves. Why is there any more Harm in a Woman's endeavouring to conceal a Blemish in the Face, by means of a Pomatum, than in a Man's hiding his grey Hairs under a light Peruke? If it be a criminal Dissimulation to offer to impose upon the Eyesight, and if it be a Fraud to attempt to put on an external Appearance, contrary to the Truth, the Man who wears False-hair, False-teeth, and False-eyes, is, at least, as much to be blam'd as the

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Woman who disguises the Complexion and Colour of her Face. Now where is the Man who scruples wearing a False-tooth, to supply a natural one that is wanting? a glass Eye, if he has lost one? or a Peruke if he is bald? I don't see what Foundation the Men have to charge the Women with Deceit, in endeavouring to appear more beautiful than they are in reality, when they themselves set them the Example of having recourse to Art for the Correction of Nature. One Sex ought not to be indulged more than the other. When the Men exhibit themselves, in all Respects as they really are, then they may be allow'd to complain of the Women, for endeavouring to appear to them what they are not.

In short, the Men ought to like the Women the better for taking so much Care to look lovely in their Eyes: Nay, I will venture farther to say, that there are many Lovers who would be extremely mortified if their Mistresses were to follow their Advice, and to appear in their Presence without Disguise. They take their Complexion to be Fair, whereas 'tis Swarthy; they imagine the Hair of their Head, and their Eyebrows, to be Black, but 'tis Sandy: In fine, they see many other Beauties in their Features, which, were they undisguised, would prove Defects, if not Deformities. They would lose the Satisfaction they enjoy, if they saw things in their true Light; and their Curiosity would be the Means of cancelling their Love.

A Man whose Mistress paints, and who is solicitous to know whether, by that Means, she disguises any Defects, and who, after having discovered that she lays on the White, would have her appear to him what she is in reality; such a
Man

Man is in as bad a Case as that Citizen of *Argos* whom *Horace* speaks of, who sitting at the Theatre, where was neither Actor nor Speaker, fancied he heard the finest Tragedies that were ever play'd, and continued sitting whole Hours together in the Attitude of a Man who both admires and applauds. But, unluckily for him, his Kindred were for dispelling his Delusion; and, having tried all Means to undeceive him, they effected it. When he came to himself, *Oh cruel Friends!* said he, *you have not cur'd me, but rather kill'd me, by taking me out of so pleasant a Delusion; 'Twas an Error, I own, but such an Error as gave me a Taste of the most agreeable Pleasures.* When a Woman has a Complexion whiter than Snow, mingled with a Cherry-colour exceeding the Rose, is it not, as it were, giving her Admirer his Death's Wound to shew him her pale Face pitted and scarified with the Small-pox? 'Tis the Imagination only that makes us happy; let us indulge the Lover, therefore, in the Pleasures which it gives him, and not be so rigid as to offer to accuse a Lady of Fraud, whose Imposition serves so good a Purpose as to render the Man happy whom she thereby deceives.

If we may believe an ingenious Gentleman, and one who knew the World, *viz. la Bruyere*, the generality of Men think those Women who paint, more disagreeable when they have laid on the White and the Red, than when they shew themselves as they really are. I make no Doubt that a Woman, who is known to be dawb'd with Paint, must create some Disgust; but this is quite out of the Question, which is, Whether a Woman who has the Secret of laying on the Paint so artfully as it cannot be known, appears the more homely?

Every Day's Experience proves the contrary ; and, if she suffered by laying on Paint, no Doubt she would not make Use of it. We will hear what *la Bruyere* says, and then give in our Answer. ' If, ' *says he*, Women only strive to appear handsome ' in their own Eyes, and to please themselves, ' they are in the Right, without Doubt, to take ' what Course they think fit to beautify themselves ; and, in the Choice of their Dress and ' Ornaments, to follow their Fancy and Caprice. ' But if 'tis the Men whom they would charm, if ' 'tis for them they wash, or paint, I have collected their Votes in that Case, and assure them ' from all the Men, or the greatest Part, that the ' White and Red they use, make them look hideous and frightful ; that the Red alone makes ' them look old, and disguises them ; that they ' hate as much to see Women with White Lead on ' their Faces, as False-teeth in their Mouths, or ' Wax Balls to plump out their Cheeks ; and that ' they heartily protest against the Art they use ' to make themselves ugly.' I don't think some of these Reflections just. True it is, that the Men don't love to see White Lead, and other Drugs upon the Faces of Women ; but it is no less certain, that when the said White is apply'd with Art, and is not perceiv'd, it does not give the Countenance a disagreeable Cast. Many Women lay on the White so nicely that no body knows it. They thereby appear beautiful ; whereas, without it, they would seem disagreeable. As to the Red, I don't think I need to insist upon it, because when it is laid on with Moderation, nothing adds more to the Beauty of a Face. This is granted even by the Women who make

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no use of it; and so far is it from making the Sex look old or ugly, that it gives a Briskness to the Eyes, corrects the Paleness of the Complexion, and renders the Air of it more agreeable; I always mean when 'tis laid on with Moderation. 'Tis plain, therefore, that all that is true in *la Bruyere's* Argument, is, that the Men have no Fancy to a Face which they know to be painted. That Author was under no Necessity of telling the Ladies, that he had collected the Votes of all the Men upon this Head, and that he pass'd a definitive Sentence on them, in their Name. There is not one Woman, especially among those who paint, but is very well convinc'd, that she will not appear amiable if the Imposition be discover'd; consequently, she endeavours all she can to hide it. There are two things which a Woman of Fashion never owns, *viz.* the Use of white Paint, and the Year she was born in.

I really think the Men unreasonable to expect, that a Woman, who has a homely Face, which might be render'd beautiful by laying on White, should be debarr'd from the Use of it. I don't blame them for not liking her, if they happen to discover that her Beauty is borrow'd; but I condemn them for not allowing such Woman to do what she can to repair and conceal the Injuries done to her by Fate. Is it not natural for every one to seek their own Advantage? Why then shou'd a Man desire that a Woman who does not please his Taste, should not appear amiable in the Eyes of another? There is a Cruelty in such Behaviour which is unpardonable.

I am not surpriz'd to hear a Man say, *I don't like this Woman; her Beauty is borrow'd; I know that*

that she lays on White. As tempting as she appears, she makes no Impression on my Heart. But I think it very extraordinary to hear a Man say, ' I have ' a Mistress who is indebted only to Nature ; ' Heaven has adorn'd her Person with every ' Charm : For this Reason, I can't bear that ' other Women, who are not so pretty as she is, ' but even quite homely, should endeavour to ' please any Man, and have recourse to Art to ' repair the Blemishes of Nature.' One may very well return to such a Man for Answer, ' But, ' pray why do you trouble yourself about what ' People do with whom you have no manner of ' Concern ? ' Oh but, *he will reply*, I love to be ' frank ; I don't like that People should make ' use of sinister Arts to acquire a thing to ' which they have no natural Right.' ' Alack-a-day, *says I*, what's that to you, Mr. *Man-* ' *bater* ; give People their Way ; don't force the ' Women who are so unhappy as to be homely ' by Nature, to appear always such ; and ' don't insist that they who think them hand- ' some, should be undeceiv'd in their Mistake.'

S E C T. III.

I Believe I have said all that can be said to excuse the Practice of *beautifying* the Face ; we will now consider what are the Inconveniencies of it. 'Tis a difficult Matter for People not to transgress certain Bounds, and to keep a just Medium betwixt what is useful and what is superfluous, betwixt what is legal and what is illegal : But the

the Women especially are apt to carry things to Extremity when their Beauty is concern'd. The Passion of being thought handsome, which bears Sway in all their Actions, hinders them from stopping at a certain Boundary, beyond which the very same things which were good or indifferent before, become then pernicious and worthy of Blame. Several pretty Women, having observ'd that the homely ones had the Art of concealing the Defects of their Physiognomy, have thought that they themselves should look still more amiable if they us'd the same Art; and it has happen'd that they have thereby ruin'd their Complexion. Nothing dries up and wrinkles the Skin so much as the white Paint. A Woman that has naturally an coarse Face, runs no Risque by making use of it; but in a handsome Face, it soon destroys the Charms which it has receiv'd from Nature. A Woman of amiable Features, who lays on White, acts as madly as if she cut and slash'd her Face meerly to have the Pleasure of concealing the Scars of the Wounds. The most charming Face soon becomes full of Wrinkles by the Use of Paint. Is not the Ruin of a Woman's Complexion a very dear Purchase for the Pleasure of appearing a little fairer? Is it not changing a real Advantage for an imaginary one? Is she not guilty of an Action which she will long repent of to no Purpose? I have known several fine, Women, who, by making use of Paint, have so far spoil'd their Complexion, and wrinkled their Skin, that they were afraid to see themselves in a Looking-glass till they had laid on their White-wash. They thought their Faces look'd frightful, compar'd with what they did heretofore. If a Woman

man is excusable at any time for using Paint, 'tis when she has nothing to lose, and is not afraid of the Ravage which Paint makes upon the Face.

The Number of pretty Faces dawb'd with the White, is very far short of those which are only lick'd over with Red. There are Countries where all the Women make use of this. In *France*, indeed, the vulgar Women durst not be seen to have it on, but in *Russia* the very Country-women that go to the Markets to sell Butter, lay it on as much as our Ladies of Quality. If the Use of the Red was moderated, and if none laid it on but the Women who want a Colour, I should not think it extraordinary; I should rather judge it to be very reasonable. The Red has nothing in it that is unbecoming or disgusting; consequently it has not the Inconveniencies of the White. When 'tis us'd with Moderation, 'tis imperceptible, and cannot be distinguish'd from Nature. Mean time it gives a thousand Graces to the Face, and sometimes lends the finest Skin a Vivacity, without which, the most perfect Lineaments are tarnish'd by a Paleness that takes off all their Lustre; but by an astonishing Abuse, many Women come to have homely Faces by the very means which they make use of to beautify them. They don't endeavour by the laying on of the Red to imitate Nature, and barely to correct the Paleness of their Complexion, but they put on the Red so thick, that if they were really such as they become by Art, the Thoughts of having such a fiery livid Face as they have made it by the Red, would break their Hearts.

The Quantity of the Red which the Women lay on in *France*, and some other Countries, has render'd this Paint hateful to the Women of many
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Nations; but both Classes go to the Extreme. There are certain Courts in *Germany* where the most accomplish'd Beauty has a Look that is languishing, and chuses to have a Countenance as pale as Death, rather than to give Life to its Charms by a little of the Red. On the other hand, at *Paris* there are Women who would think themselves frightful if they did not paint with Red to such a Degree, as to make themselves ugly, tho' by Nature they are handsome. The *German* Lady is like a sick Man who from Whimsy or Prejudice will not swallow five or six Drops of a Remedy that would certainly cure him: And the *French* Woman acts as void of Sense as another Patient, who being directed to take so many Drops of the same Remedy, and no more, swallows a large Glass full, and thereby contracts a much more dangerous Distemper than what he had before.

S E C T. IV.

WE will finish these Reflections with a Word or two more, and reduce them to certain Maxims which are simple but true. A homely Woman who lays on the White, is excusable; she endeavours to repair the Injustice done to her by Destiny; but she cannot be lik'd, nor indeed can she expect it, if it be discover'd that she paints. Nothing is more disgusting to a Lover, than a Face which he knows to be lick'd over with white Lead, Honey, the Powder of Snail-Shells, Gum,

Gum, and a thousand Drugs, of which the several Paints are mix'd up. A pretty Woman who makes use of the White, is as inexcusable as a Person, who, when he may speak the Truth without any Danger, even when 'tis a Disadvantage for him to lye, yet is guilty of an Untruth, merely for the Pleasure he has in telling it. As for a pretty Woman who paints, her Crime is her Punishment; for she becomes thereby so homely in a little time, that she is oblig'd to paint out, of Necessity.

The moderate use of the Red is one of the safest Methods that Women can try to set off their Beauty: But the use of it, as it is now practis'd by a great Number of Ladies in *France*, is altogether as ridiculous as it would be to cover the Face with a red Mask.

F I N I S.

